

THE

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# SILENT HUNTER;

OR,

THE SCOWL HALL MYSTERY.

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BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

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# THE SILENT HUNTER; OR, THE SCOWL HALL MYSTERY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CUSTALOGA THE WYANDOT.

AN old owl that had been blinking and staring, during its sleepy watch, in the deep hollow of an ancient beech, in company with a rare brood of horned young—little goblins of the woods—was beginning to wake up and prepare for its night's adventures, the more readily that for some time its peace had been disturbed by the noise of certain daring birds of day, which, as evening drew in, came near and began to settle down on some of the topmost boughs, there to roost for the night. A jay, a twittering blue-bird, and several noisy cawing crows, had waked the owl, which peered out with its great goggle eyes, as if to be quite sure that it was night and a goodly time for owls to wander.

The beech stood on the very edge of a small open space, almost circular, and about twenty yards in length and breadth, beneath the leafy and magnificent arches of a virgin forest, not many miles from the Scioto and Ohio rivers. In the days of which we speak there were tangled thickets, and spreading trees, and Indian tracks, and the lairs of panthers and wolves, where now are cities; there were Indian wigwams where the plow now passes; and there were battles and skirmishes where fair ladies now ramble on foot, or on Narragansett steeds, in perfect safety.

And yet it was to a certain extent inhabited, though the log-huts plantations, and block-houses were situated at a considerable distance from each other.

The night had hardly set in, the owl had scarcely taken its departure, the wind had but just ceased its lullaby to the wearied universe, when out burst upon the blue heavens the bright effulgence of the moon and of her tiny twinkling handmaids the stars, shedding over the whole scene a beauty and a radiance, a devotional calm and a loveliness, which are beheld nowhere but in those choice bowers where nature sets up her temple amid flowers and green leaves, and where the crumbling bark and pith of ages fall unheeded to decay upon the richly fertile soil, enriched in turn by the falling leaves, the aged tree, the too-ripe acorn, and the triangular beech-nut.

The open glade, which some sudden whirl of wind had swept of its leaves, was now by the light of the moon made clearly visible to the eye, and a little bubbling spring was distinguished bursting up in its midst, which, falling away to the south, was lost beneath the leaves that had been piled up like a mimic snow-drift in the corner.

This was the Blue Spring, the source of which, a little further on, was a small stream, flowing beneath a long and matted arch of overhanging trees all the way



through the forest, until it fell into the Scioto and was utterly lost, or so commingled with its more huge associate as no longer to be distinguished.

And what is this that comes with stealthy step and slow, gliding like the ghost of the old dwellers in the wilderness, behind the ancient beech-tree?

It is a human shape, or something that has assumed one of the wilder and more terrible forms of humanity, which, without a sound, without noise of footfall, without step as it were, comes floating over the surface of the earth, peering cautiously through the trees, harkening for the humming—one would think—of the glow-worm, if human ear could detect such sound, and fearing an enemy behind every tree, a hostile savage under every projecting, leafy bough. At last, as if satisfied that there was no danger, the mysterious stranger advanced into the open glade, keeping, however, still within the deep shadows of the trees.

Had there been any eye to see and take in all the wondrous effect of that scene, it would indeed have been struck by the place and the man in no common way.

It was a tall Indian, in his war-paint; and as the moon fell for an instant on his face, it might have been seen that he was far more handsome than those red and untutored savages usually are. It was a stern face, as far as such a thing can be in one with certainly not more than twenty summers on his head; but mouth, eyes, nose, chin, all combined to make him as comely and majestic a specimen of God's greatest handiwork as is often found, even amid the luxuriously brought up, those who temper refinement and luxury with hardy exercises and abundant nourishment.

His face, too, appeared under all the painful disadvantages of that Indian painting, which the ingenuity of the savage aborigines

had devised, to denote not only a man's peculiar tribe, but his mood of mind, his temporary occupation, and the very object with which he prowled through the shadows of the forest, or lurked in the deep and romantic glens of the woody hills.

The warrior who stood in the open glade of the forest wore moccasins, leggings that reached from ankle to waist, from the knee down all hung with fringe, while over his shoulders was cast a kind of blanket-cloak very richly ornamented. Various trifles hung from a collar over his chest, which was strangely tattooed with a hand clutching a knife, while his head, which was covered with hair, contrary to the usual custom, was adorned by several eagle-plumes.

By his side hung a glittering tomahawk, a long knife whose hideous uses are well known, a shot-pouch and powder-horn; and in his left hand was a rifle, on which he leaned, as he slowly and deliberately took in every feature of the scene. His piercing black eyes seemed to dart into every nook and cranny of the place; his ears were erect, and he evidently listened with all the usual keenness of the child of the woodland hill and plain. At last he seemed satisfied, for he leaned carelessly on his gun and uttered a few faint imitations of the owl's well-known hoot.

Another form glided through the trees along the trail by which the Indian had come, and in two minutes stood by his side.

The new arrival was much shorter than the Indian, and his garb, step, and manner, marked him at once for a white man. He wore high boots instead of moccasins, leggings, a handsome hunting shirt, and a cap of bear-skin, while his only weapon was a rifle. On his back he carried a large knapsack, a novel thing to see strapped to the shoulders of one who appeared on the war-path. He stepped carelessly forward until he stood near the Indian.



"A lovely spot, Custaloga, and one I could sit down and sketch with all my heart," said the white man, gazing with earnest look at the small, open clearing, and the bright heavens that lay an azure sea above the tree-tops.

"My brother loves much to see the forest tree on his book," replied the Indian, in a softer voice than in general belonged to his race; "and his fingers make the paper look like the oak and the beech. Custaloga is a warrior; but when the hatchet is buried, he looks at his white brother and smiles. But it is night, and the wolf prowls in the woods; my brother has a scalp, and he would not like to walk home to the block-house and the White Roses with a bare head."

"You've an uncomfortable way of talking, red-skin," said the other, passing his hand uneasily over his head, as if to be sure his natural covering was all right; "still, if you had not spoken of Amy and Jane, I think I should have squatted down and dashed off that clearing. It's mighty tempting, Eagle-Eye."

"My brother is a great medicine, and he can make a piece of paper look like a leaf, or a bounding deer, or a girl's soft face—but he is very wise, and he will look round in the woods and watch, when Red-Bird and a hundred Shawnee warriors are thirsting for his blood."

The young man, whose sunburnt skin and wild garb did not conceal a pleasant, handsome face, clutched his rifle and looked warily around.

"I'm not a man to be easily skeered, Custa, and that you know. I have hunted, and painted beast, bird, and flower, up and down, within reach of these vagabonds more than once; but the mention of Red-Bird and a hundred of his painted Shawnee imps, is enough to make a man creep about in his shoes as if he were fearful of raising the ghosts of the forest-trees. I say, then, to cover, in the name

of heaven. I would not give a chip-muck's tail for both our scalps, if we were circumvented by that noted rascal."

"My brother speaks like a brave. When his enemies come like the falling leaves of the forest, which no man can count, he will hide, that in the morning he may watch for the time when he may fight like a man. Come."

And the Indian left the open glade, turned the oak, after obliterating even the faintest sign of a trail, and entering a thick, short bush that seemed to grow out of the trunk of a huge tree that had fallen three years before, stooped down and concealed himself beneath the dense, overhanging foliage, in all these acts being faithfully followed by his white companion. They did not speak, they hardly appeared to breathe; and the whole scene sunk into the same calm which had so long prevailed.

Custaloga was a young Indian, who, having on account of his youth been much taken notice of by a white family under peculiar circumstances, had repaid their kindness by a single-hearted devotion which was the admiration of the educated and thoughtful, but the scorn of those rude beings who had learned under terrible and ghastly teaching to treat the Indian as a wild beast. Custaloga had been taken prisoner when twelve years old, having been found skulking round a house during a hot contest with the red-men. His captors had kept him for some time a regular prisoner, until mutual confidence being gained, he was allowed to roam about on parole; and had, with a readiness which was singular in a Wyandot, acceded to the wishes of his friends to stay a certain time with them. His bargain had been that he was to hunt, shoot, and roam the forest at will, on condition of his returning at stated periods to Cane-Brake House, as the residence and block-house of Judge William Moss was called.



Strange to say again, Custaloga, called by the Indians Eagle-Eye, had become as obedient as a child in the hands of Amy and Jane Moss, the lovely daughters of the settler—at all events, in many things which were strange and new to his race. He had actually been so far persuaded as to learn to read and write.

The people of the district marveled much, and told the judge he was nursing a serpent that would bite him sorely; but the judge had nothing to say when his good Mary, who had since died, or his dear Amy and Jane, willed a thing.

Still he was often uneasy, and became truly alarmed when Custaloga disappeared for a whole year, and was believed to have entirely departed. He shook his head and hoped no harm would come of it, while Amy and Jane sorely grieved for their lost pet—for one they had begun to look upon with warm friendship, and whom they earnestly believed they had plucked whole from the fire.

One evening they were sitting at their last meal, beneath the shadow of their strong block-house, talking of the affairs of the colony, and of the war waging with certain tribes of the Indians, when a canoe floated up to a little wharf on the river, a single man came on shore, and up glided Custaloga after twelve months' absence, and took his seat at the table as if nothing had happened. He had been hunting, he had been on the war-path with the remnant of his tribe, and had now returned, hoping to be useful to his friends, because there was a talk of a great insurrection of the red-skins of the English party.

Dick Harvey, the Painter of the Woods, his companion on the present occasion, was a young man who, to undaunted courage and an ardent love for the life of the wilds, united a keen relish for art—not for art as studied in the towns of the civilized parts of the world, but art fed by the dew-drops in the

morning, by the genial sun during the day, and cradled at night beneath the vast, leafy canopy of nature's woody plains. The young man had now been three years hunting, fishing, and painting on the Ohio and its tributaries. Here he met Custaloga, received a service at his hand, was grateful, and friendship thus kindled had become of a very warm character.

Having now briefly told all that need be known at present of the two men who lay in that dreary ambush, we return to our narrative.

For about half an hour after Custaloga and Harvey had retired beneath the thick and bushy shelter of the mossy skirts of that rare old tree, which enabled them to lie also deep within the general gloom of the forest, not a sound was heard save the whispering of the wind, the rustling of the tree-tops, and the faint rippling of the little stream below.

The silence was, however, broken at the end of that period in a very marked manner. A man came running through the woods for some distance, stamping, crushing boughs beneath his feet, and in every way exhibiting a complete want of caution quite foreign to the habits of a true frequenter of the wilderness, where in those days men scarcely spoke above their breath, or trod but with the terrible caution of a panther, or the peculiar stealth of a tiger-cat.

In a few minutes the noisy intruder stood on the edge of the open glade.

"Golly!" said the stranger, a powerful and middle-aged negro, "golly! Yah! yah! I declare I's out of wind. What de meaning dat big red-skin make de 'pointment yar? Dis child cold. Him hear de ole jay, pick up sticks for de ole man burn de nigga wid. Golly! Dis ugly place, dis dark. Dis child no degree to dis speculation. My! What dat? I tink I yar de crack ob de whip! No! Some ole 'possum grin at de moon,



ngly an'mal, 'possum—steal de ole hen, suck de egg. Well, what dis nigga down yar for, eh? No laugh—no fun—dis nigga mean blood—yah! yah! yah! Dey tink me in bed—dey berry much misbetaken. Why de young massa hit me, eh? Golly! golly! golly! Don't hurt dis child! Oh! hah!"

"My brother talk like old woman—tell all his secrets—why not silent wait till chief come?"

The negro—who, when struck familiarly on the shoulder by some one who had glided like a shadow to his side, had almost fallen to the ground—now peered cautiously over his raised arm, his knees shaking, and his face exhibiting signs of the most abject terror, which slowly subsided as he recognized an Indian of the Shawnee tribe, nearly naked, painted with all the fantastic horrors which appertained to a warrior on the war-path.

"Golly!" began the negro.

"Hush!" said the savage, walking away and taking up his station within the inside edge of the glade, about four yards from the hiding-place of the Wyandot and the white man. The negro, thus warned, immediately did the same and seated himself alongside the red-skin, who calmly filled his tomahawk-pipe and began to smoke.

Several other red-skins now came gliding in with the same cautious step, until fourteen were collected, all of whom seated themselves in the same way, lit their pipes, and commenced deliberately to smoke. At the same time, and at some distance, two warriors stood erect, each near a tree, having taken up this position to act as scouts while the others deliberated.

A dignified pause ensued, and then up rose a warrior, of middle age, in all the paint and panoply of war, covered with medals and silver ornaments, and holding in his hand a short gun, which shone brightly in the moon as he moved it to and fro.

He extended an arm, and pointed to the east, speaking in his own dialect, with which the negro was sufficiently familiar to understand the general drift of the matter.

"Ages ago, from the far-off country under the sun, came the Long-knives, a people of men without hearts, with fiery bows and arrows, and very fond of land. They had a fire-water which was very hot, and which warmed the poor Indian, but made him ill and killed him by-and-by! But the Indian was a fool; he loved the drink of the pale-faces better than his ancient hunting-grounds; he drank Iscadaywabo! and the Sheemook-men, while he was dead with drink, made him sign away his lands. The red-skins, the children of the Manitou, awoke, and they found themselves without land. Well, the forest was large, and they went away and buried themselves within its shadows, leaving a long way between them and the pale-faces. But one morning the white men came crying, more land, and they took it; and they told the red-skins not to hunt, but to hoe the ground like squaws; and some cunning men among the men from under the sun made friends with the red-men and disarmed them. Every day they ask for more, for more land, and they take it."

The speaker stopped, leaned his gun against a tree, rested one hand on his chest, and held the other on high, and then continued:

"Where are my people? The leaves of the forest are red with their blood: there are no beasts for them to hunt; they will soon starve; and the pale-faces will have all. But the red-skin is a man; his heart is the heart of a warrior; his hand is like lightning; his feet like the running stream which leaves no mark; his eye is like the eagle in the clouds—let him dig up the hatchet, let him start on the war-path, let him come down like the whirlwind, and the wigwams will be filled with gladness."



He then, amid an unchecked murmur of applause, explained that a general feeling existed among the Indians to have a simultaneous rising of all the red-men against the odious whites—that an early day would be fixed for the explosion, and that, as a good omen for success, there was present a negro in the service of one of the whites, who was ready to deliver into their hands a fort well supplied with arms and ammunition, and many rich treasures, on the sole condition that, in addition to a fair share of the plunder, he was to have all his own people spared and the white women—the men he gave up to them, one and all.

“Ebbery word true,” said the negro, rising as the other ceased; “dis child do it too—him laugh up dah ’toder side de mout’den. Yah! yah! yah!”

With this grim attempt at oratory, the negro sat down.

All the warriors present subscribed to the terms offered by the negro, and then, after some brief arrangements, and after appointing a meeting between Red-Bird and Jonas, the warriors drew their cloaks round them and retired the way they came; and in ten minutes the glade was as silent and abandoned as if it had never been disturbed by the presence of these grim instruments of death in the worst and most fearful form.

Full a quarter of an hour passed before even a rustling was heard in the bushes. Then the Indian cautiously raised his head, peered round into the gloom, listened, peered round again, and then crawled forth like a snake, followed by Dick Harvey.

“Well,” said Dick, in a low whisper, “if that ain’t as bloody a conspiracy as ever was hatched in half an hour. That horrid nigger—old Spiky Jonas too—won’t I kick his shins—the skunk, the pole-cat, the ’possum—I’m up to him now.”

“Ugh!” interrupted the Indian,

laying his rifle on the hollow of his arm; “Custaloga is hot—his tongue is parched—the words of Red-Bird were like fire—the song-birds of the cane-brake must be saved. Custaloga will drink, and then he will talk with his white brother.”

The young Indian advanced into the open glade, stooped, drank a deep draught out of a gourd he carried at his side, and then seating himself, drew forth food, which he handed to Harvey.

“Eat; we shall leave a long trail behind us before morning.”

“You intend going up to the block-house first?” asked the painter, anxiously.

“Most danger there—the White Lily of the plain is hid in the wood—the block-house is big, everybody sees it, and there is one inside to open the gate.”

“True, red-skin—and as I always do say, I am in your hands; I’ll go through fire and water for either Amy or Jane Moss.”

The Indian pressed his hand warmly, and then they ate in silence. When they had finished, they drank again, stood up, and then Custaloga led the way into the forest, with the air of a man who had a long and dangerous trail before him, through, to all appearance, a trackless wilderness.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

It was a lovely spot and a lovely morning. Nature had made it beautiful, and it could not be said that the hand of man had in any way taken from the native charms of the place. The advent of human beings may sometimes spoil the outward appearance—it generally gives animation and motion to what, still and deathlike, wants an attribute of beauty.

A belt of tall thick woods skirted on three sides a large clearing, partly natural, partly the handiwork of the pioneers of civilization, as might be seen by the



charred stumps and the cultivated meadows and fields that were richly ripening under the influence of an autumn sun. There were half-ripe cornfields, an orchard, a few meadows near the river, a haystack of last year, a garden fenced round with some show of care and taste—the whole occupying at least two hundred acres, cleared, cultivated, or preparing for cultivation.

But a little time before it had been a virgin wood, where not an ax had ever been heard, or aught of the white man known, save the crack of a terrible rifle in the hands of some daring hunter. And then several "broad-horns" had come, and axes had played their part, and fire had assisted, and log-huts had arisen. But such is man! The log-hut was soon discarded, and the double house had taken its place, while

*"To cultivated fields the forest changed,  
And where the wild beasts, now the tame ones  
ranged."*

By an effort of man's industry and ingenuity a spot of useless desert had, in fact, become a pleasing abiding-place, and the center of what soon would be a bustling neighborhood. And when we remember what the earth was given us for, why should we regret the loss of some wild beauty of scene, when in its place arise huts by the moss-covered rock, cottages on the slope of the hill, corn in the field, fruit-trees round the houses and everywhere abundance and happiness for man? Such was rising here on the banks of the Scioto river.

But the principal feature of the whole scene was the residence of the owners of this farm, in what, in the days of which we speak, was a thinly-peopled district, on the outskirts of civilization, infested by the wild Indian, with whom its owners had to do battle at one time or another for every inch of ground. In the days when the history of that time shall be written as ancient history, few will be-

lieve or credit the stories of what is called the dark and bloody ground of that place, where once wandered, in their panoply of paint and war, the wild men of savage heart, who only gave up their territory after fearful struggles; few will understand or credit any more the history of the hardy white pioneers, who first began to contest with them their exclusive right of hunting in the vast primeval woods of the mighty continent. The dwelling, or collection of dwellings, was inclosed by a stockade or line of palisades. These palisades were formed of quartered oak, which had been cut in the neighboring woods, ten or twelve inches in diameter and fifteen feet high, including the portion sunk in the soil, which was about a third of the whole length. Outside the earth had been banked up, thus forming a ditch, which, without much difficulty, could have been filled with water, had the calm existence which these wanderers had hitherto met with warranted this precaution.

The palisades, we have said, were of oak, the smooth side of which was set outward, and the whole strengthened by stout ribbers or wall-pieces, "pinned to them." To the left, toward the wood, was a gate of sufficient width to give passage to a wagon, and which served to admit the cattle at night. This was now, however, securely fastened on the inside, those within the palisade having sufficient respect for their own safety not to neglect this precaution.

On the fourth side the place was defended more by nature than by any fortification from the hand of man. The palisade at each end jutted out into the river about half-a-dozen yards, and rendered crawling round that way difficult. There remained a possibility of danger from the river itself. Here, however, thick and sharp stakes had been stuck in the ground, very close together, forming a



kind of *chevaux de frise*, which was not without its advantages, seeing that behind them lay sturdy watchdogs of the wolf and St. Bernard breed, that would not fail to give the alarm before any enemy could make an entrance that way. In the center of the water-line of defense was a kind of wharf, not more than ten feet long, which was quite open to the river on ordinary occasions, but could have a barrier erected in a very few minutes. This was guarded day and night by the two largest dogs of the troop, animals that were so attached and devoted to their masters as to feel no sympathy even for the blacks of the establishment, who cordially returned their hatred, transferring *their* affection to a certain lively cur dignified with the name of Turk.

Within this fortification, which in those days was much needed, there were several buildings; none, save one, remarkable in appearance. There was a very neat and well-built residence, one story in height, with a covered walk in front, which occupied the whole left frontage of the space within the palisade. Behind this, as well as to the right, were out-houses and dwelling-places for the blacks and for the humbler white dependents of the family. A garden, in the case of the more aristocratic habitation, filled with flowers chiefly in bloom, ran along nearly the whole frontage of the location; that before the department devoted to the negroes and servants being composed of more useful "stuffs" than the beautiful ornamental products of the "master's plot," as it was called. A wide path, well kept and rolled, divided the two, and marked the clear difference that existed between those who were born to command and those whose lot it was to obey; a difference, as far as the whites were concerned, very much narrowed by the issue of that contest which had been raging between the mother-country and

her half-emancipated colony, now an independent and free nation.

In a most conspicuous place, between the two parts of the extensive farm-buildings which Judge Moss had thought proper to erect, for some reasons of his own, so far away from what was then called civilized settlements, stood a building which was the admiration—in fact, in some instances, the envy—of the whole border for miles away, wherever its reputation had spread. It was a block-house, erected for the defense of the farm from the inroads of the red-skins, whose wigwams and fires were at no great distance to the west and north.

About twenty-eight feet square in the basement story, it was thirty in the story above, which thus projected over the one below—a plan generally adopted in all American block-houses—with a view to defending it the more easily when at close quarters. Few Indians would venture to assail the doors and windows of such a building, when its inhabitants could fire directly down upon their heads. The materials of this sylvan fort were, as would naturally be expected in such a locality, all wood logs, a foot in diameter, roundly squared, and not only bound together by an ingenious system of dove-tailing, but by mortar carefully poured in wherever an interstice was observed. Thick oak shutters, solid wooden bars, a smooth and shelving roof, too acute to give long resting-place to any fiery missile, completed, with several loop-holes, the outward appearance of a block-house, which, though it had never yet been used, was not likely to be long before its value would be appreciated, if the rumors from the frontier were true.

It was the summer of 1799—or rather the fall of the leaf was at hand, the summer having nearly passed away; and within a few days hints and scraps of information had reached the ears of many



in that neighborhood—those of the Big House almost alone excepted—of a harassing and destructive war with the Indians having commenced; a war made all the more fearful by its being conducted by whites who had deserted their homes and kin to league with the red-skins. The fatal massacre of Wyoming—with all its hideous details, was ten years

happened on the beautiful plains of the Susquehanna had not found imitation on the Scioto or Ohio waters. But within a few weeks facts had

le was going on between and Congress below, had the devastating curse of war, and now, when peace was declared, was to be

would never have imagined that events of such a fearful character picturesquely fort. The Scioto swept calmly by, wide, still, and shallow; and though to the west it turned sharp round, and brought a projection of its bank within generally about sixty or seventy feet across. The banks were almost wholly shaded by trees on this side, and a little up the stream several logs lay in the water, having fallen there naturally, or having been cut down and left to rot.

The dawn had not streaked the sky many minutes, when the clatter of hoofs was plainly heard in the distance, and a tall, bony horse came in sight of the block itself, though it and its rider, or rather riders, could not be seen from that building. As if they had no wish to be discovered by any one who might be on the lookout, the horse was suddenly reined in, and the two beings that had clung to his back leaped off, and

on the saddle, was the negro we have already alluded to; the other was an Indian.

He was, however, no common red-skin, and in even those wild settlements would have excited a thrill of horror in any white man or woman who had confronted him. He was an

Wheeling; Mr. John of Vir-











friends, the pipe of peace was

Why has a black snake crawled between the white head and his friends?"

The glance of the drunken In-

time fall of a wonder which, had he been a grave warrior, he would not have betrayed. He said nothing, however, allowing the two young men to unfasten him from the tree and bind him afresh, without a word or a struggle. They then advanced to where the fallen logs lay, and Custaloga drew from an admirable *cache* of his own mak-

them all. They motioned Shawnee to enter, and, when

into the stream toward the house. They no longer added wami, casting glances at the forest on the opposite shore, which they knew to be so big with

heart.

glided to within a few feet of the wharf, and were pushing the ferry-boat to enter a harbor, when a loud, clear, and somewhat authoritative

Custaloga bounded to the shore

but elegant costume, appeared to him at once as J

hand-some man—one would

claimed the judge, shaking like a

"Must be brought home," continued the Indian, who, with his friends of the block, spoke very simply.

I might have naught to do against the old country that gave me birth, nor the new one I had adopted."

Custaloga listened with an air of some surprise, but the glance vanished as he looked uneasily around.

"Where is the black man?" he asked.

"In the kitchen, eating."

"Have the Shawnee taken to the house?" said Custaloga, who then moved rapidly

well acquainted with every part of the place, the Indian moved along without noise, and soon

in, he saw the black surrounded by the whole sable community, eating and talking with all the importance of a traveler, after a journey in a far-distant and unknown land.

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on a

At he was discovered.

"Golly! golly! Was



collar, waved the sharp . . . block, leaving the others in the kitchen huddled up in a corner, in great alarm and surprise at what they had seen. At the gate of the block they met Judge Moss and Harver, with the Shawnee in safe custody.

"Golly!" said the negro, as he gazed at the late com . . . of his ride.

"I am a magistrate, and as such I have a great mind to try you both on the spot," said the judge.

gained a knowledge of all that had passed. "What has made you want to betray me, you black rascal?"

The . . . and made no reply.

Custal . . . room of . . . log, and then led the way to a . . .

after tying them in such a . . .

on the outside and left the block-house, which he further committed to the guard of a stout . . .

negro, and, indeed, despised his whole race, though . . .

went were excellent, faithful; and . . .

was the custom when he resided at the block, washed off his paint, . . .

dress, and stood erect, a . . . handsome but tanned frontiersman.

"Now then, Custa," said the judge, affectionately patting . . .

for your . . .

and . . .

the . . .

the . . .

the . . .

the . . .

the . . .

the . . . however, the observant Moss could catch its meaning, it was gone and replaced by the Indian's usual calm look.

"Give no thanks," said Custaloga, "you are my friends here. . . big house is not full—Any must sleep to-morrow with her father and sister."

"She must! she must!" exclaimed Moss, eagerly, while his whole expression changed to one of care and anxiety. "How is it to be done?"

"Who has the Fair-Hair gone to the Crow's Nest?" asked Custaloga, musing.

"Clara, the wife of Walter Harrod, she who was her foster-sister, . . .

went down to Crow's Nest to stay . . .

man is strong. I wanted her to . . .

one was like a sister."

"Good," said the . . . dot, his whole face . . .

intelligence and delight, and, as . . . in

a strange way the two ed . . . he had received . . . of the woods

and that of . . . good girl. . .

They were entering the breakfast room, where Jane Moss, assisted by a negro girl about sixteen, was making coffee and seeing to the proper arrangement of . . .

beneath the exuberant plenty . . .

Jane Moss was not more than . . .

delicate features, a profusion of . . . golden locks unconfined and . . .

eyes, blooming cheeks, a little, . . .

star teeth, a pretty, . . .

home, of gentle, almost infantine . . .

ten miles . . . her for a mere pretty . . .

doll, . . . when her beautiful sister, . . . admiration of the . . .

whole country, was present. But . . .







of the Indian, set the whole of the men in the block on the alert. Hides were brought out and clean sentries appointed, and the whole farm assumed the character of a place in a state of siege. Harold, as the most experienced hunter in the block, started into the woods as a scout. His orders were to beat the forest cautiously in all directions, and return at night to report what he might have seen.

Scarcely had he departed when a couple of horsemen rode up on the opposite bank and demanded to be ferried over.

"My son! Heaven be praised!" cried the judge, whose whole affections and thoughts were centred on his only child, "that is Barton and a strong arm. I fear Amy will to dislike him much. Sip, make haste and ferry your young nephew."

"Massa—Sip him nebbber."

The black pushed off rapidly as the block garrison was strengthened. He was a keen sportsman for his age, and a fine rider. Bring- ing with him a horse and a gun, who

ed first at one and then at the other with startled surprise.

"Have you seen or heard nothing of the Indian?" asked the judge, anxiously.

"Nothing, my dear sir," replied young Charles Moss, heartily.

"Red-skins!" exclaimed Squire Barton, with a sneer; "I'd eat all in this part of the world."

"Then you had better begin with the one who is prisoner in the block," said the judge, gravely.

"A red-skin in the block a prisoner!" repeated the son, more earnestly.

"Some boasting fool of a Wyandot, or a follower of your friend, Custaloga," again said the squire, who always spoke of the Shawnees with contempt.

"Ay! ay!" said the judge, shaking his head, "'tis the custom of youth to scoff and doubt. The red-skin is a scout of the Shawnees, and was captured by Custa himself, who overheard a plan last night to attack and destroy this—my dwelling."

"That Custa will lead you into a trap," said the squire, "I have no doubt. I have seen him do so many times. But I will not let you go to your house; for this reason, I excuse your general dislike of red-skins. But Custa speaks the truth. Had I doubted him, I have the corroborative evidence, as we say on the bench, of honest Dick Harvey, and the negro himself did not deny it."

"What negro?" said young Moss, anxiously.

"Spiky Jonas, my son," replied the judge. "I have no doubt of not what I have done to wound his feelings, but the black had given us up to the slaughter."

The son, who was a very brave and generous man, was very much affected by the judge's words.



"It seems, dear Jane," said the young man, smiling, "we have been in time. Where is Amy? 'Tis strange she is behind."

"She is at the house," replied Jane, casting down her eyes.

"Good heavens, and you are all so still!" cried Squire Barton, impatiently. "If there are Indians in the woods, she should be fetched home without an instant's delay."

"She will be fetched home by Captain Harvey," said the judge, quietly.

"Pooh! But how long is it since they started?" asked the other.

"They sleep. When the night came they started; they traveled for seven hours in the forest yesterday even, and 'tis but right they should be weary and sore-limbed. Besides, Custa says that they are all well."

"I have no doubt of it, judge, not the least," said the squire; "but as you will. Since we must wait, I am for accepting Miss Jane's hospitable offer of breakfast. We, too, have traveled through the woods all night, and though neither Indians nor mad artists, are weary and sore-footed."

"Then come in and eat," said the father, pushing his son affectionately before him. "I am right glad to see you, and I am sure the others were here likewise!"

The whole party were soon in the breakfast-parlor, where a hot and inviting board greeted them, and the first sound of an arrival.

Two travelers sat down at once, and for some minutes nothing was said.

"You are all well," said the judge, "and I am glad to see you."

"Yes, we are all well," said the squire, "and I am glad to see you."

very admirable copy of his father, though somewhat taller, and with an apparently more open and frank brow. He wore an elegant hunting tunic, a shirt-collar very wide and turned over, an ornamented horn and knife-case, and carried in his hand a small, light rifle, recently imported from Europe.

Squire Barton was a man about five and thirty, or more, one of those men who, by shaving off every particle of hair upon the face, contrive to assume a perpetual juvenility. He wore short, dark hair, and a high forehead, but exhibited every particle of it to view. It was a low, white forehead, kept thus fair by a cap which was almost always drawn over his eyes. His eyes were the feature that struck most observers; they were so cold and chilly-looking, and yet were keen.

one solitary change of expression. Judging a man's personal appearance, generally are first struck by his eyes, no woman was ever known to smile.

Barton. A

had placed a thick beard that James Barton never allowed to rest without attack from a sharp razor.

A plain ill-favored man was James

estate, but in large sums of funds, which in those days, despite the new republic and the loyalty of the people to the noble founded by Washington and his comrades, gave him great and marked consideration.

And yet, as it was not the wealth he so notoriously enjoyed that



influenced young Moss, many persons wondered at the constant companionship of the dery and impetuous youth with the cold, sneering squire.

The fact was that Squire Barton was to his friends the most hearty of mortals and the most genial of

glass, and could set the table in a roar. Then he was a keen sportsman, knew how to track 'coon or deer, to crawl upon a herd of car, or hunt them with the fiery knot at night. He could find

way at any time through the trackless forest, and had met alone and unharmed more adventures with Indians than Boone or Fle-

success.

of Amy Moss, the lovely elder daughter of the j , and, she was not yet eighteen,

too, an accepted suitor. It was however, that, though the young girl had accepted him

favor now, and did not even accept his presence and his address-

and the tenderness one  
a favorite and cherish-

at party was cheerful

enough under the circumstances; and then, when it was over and the squire had kept up a fire of banter for a while with merry Jane, he intimated his wish to rest—a wish warmly seconded by young Moss. A large room, so arranged that they could start from it at early dawn, without disturbing any one, was always ready, and there they went. The younger man, without any hesitation, jumped into bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Not so Squire Barton. He drew a chair near the window, which was open, and, lighting a pipe, began at the sentinel who had recognized

Harrod always gave of what followed, an account substantially true in every particular, though involving no explanation of subsequent events. He was smoking, while away the time, his

door, and the squire was smoking. Presently, his tobacco ran out, and after cursing his ill-luck, he was about to put away his pipe, when the squire spoke.

"Harrod," says he, "I see you have no more tobacco here. I do not like to wake young Mr. Moss, or I should

not have the squire here. He then hurried back and found the squire whistling, with his back to the window, his gun all safe and removed, and not a sign of any



change. Then he and the squire  
amused a while, after which Mr.  
Barton said he was sleepy, closed  
the window, and appeared to go to  
bed.

Nothing more passed for twenty  
minutes, at the end of which time  
he was relieved.

About two o'clock in the after-  
noon Harvey came out of his bed-  
room, armed with the gun, the result  
of the night, with his gun in  
his hand, with which he walked  
into the ornamental garden, and  
began to clean and polish it up  
with great gravity. It certainly  
was a little dirty from two or three  
days' outlying in the woods; but  
then that was the work of a quar-  
ter of an hour, and Harvey kept  
polishing away with his soft leath-  
er for more than twice that time,  
and whistled, as if to keep up his  
spirits, a tune from some popular  
ditty of the day.

If the gentle reader has ever  
been in love, he will understand  
why Harvey stood patiently polish-  
ing his gun-barrel, looking at the  
door and window, and at the same  
times, when we explain that he  
stood beneath a latticed window,  
at which he covertly glanced every  
minute or so, until his color light-  
ened and his eyes flashed as two  
wavy ringlets shook behind the lit-  
tle white curtain, and then Jane  
Moss might have been seen taking  
her seat near the window, with  
some work in her hand.

"Is that you, Mr. Harvey?" said  
Jane, in a tone of well-attended  
surprise; "I had thought it was  
Harrod whistling to pass the time  
while waiting guard over the  
prisoners."

Harvey looked somewhat con-  
fused, and indeed at being mis-  
taken for Harrod, being too sim-  
ple in love to detect the artifice  
by which pretty Jane Moss con-  
vinced her having been drawn to  
the window by a knowledge of  
the hunter's presence. Like many  
of the young men of the time, he  
was not a little of a dandy, and  
the centre of his was certainly with-

out guile. His reply partook of  
this feeling, then, and Jane Moss  
was not deceived.

"I thought Miss Jane too quick  
to mistake me for Harrod," said  
me for big Harrod. But the after-  
noon of the day it is pleasanter than in  
the morning."

"Is that meant to excuse your  
evening visit, Mr. Harvey, or is it  
a direct invitation to me to come  
out of my cell?"

"I should not presume to invite  
Miss Moss to come out of her cell,  
but if she will, I should be very  
glad to see her. I am sure my  
charm for so keen a lover of the  
beautiful as you, I should advise  
you to come out and sit on your  
old seat," said Harvey, timidly.

"If Mr. Harvey has not quite  
forgotten the promise which he  
made him a visitor to the bench,  
his old pupil will come out and  
sit on his old seat," said Jane,  
looking at him with a smile, and  
then she turned away, and Harvey  
was left alone, and he was very  
glad to see her. I am sure my  
charm for so keen a lover of the  
beautiful as you, I should advise  
you to come out and sit on your  
old seat," said Harvey, timidly.

"I am sure my charm for so keen a  
lover of the beautiful as you, I  
should advise you to come out and  
sit on your old seat," said Harvey,  
timidly.

"I am sure my charm for so keen a  
lover of the beautiful as you, I  
should advise you to come out and  
sit on your old seat," said Harvey,  
timidly.

"I protest—" said Harvey, but  
Jane was gone. "How sweet and  
lovely is this world?" he said to  
himself, as he looked at the  
door and window, and at the same  
times, when we explain that he  
stood beneath a latticed window,  
at which he covertly glanced every  
minute or so, until his color light-  
ened and his eyes flashed as two  
wavy ringlets shook behind the lit-  
tle white curtain, and then Jane  
Moss might have been seen taking  
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"I am sure my charm for so keen a  
lover of the beautiful as you, I  
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"I am sure my charm for so keen a  
lover of the beautiful as you, I  
should advise you to come out and  
sit on your old seat," said Harvey,  
timidly.



humble soliloquy; and with a check quite pale with emotion, he hastened to meet her. Jane was herself as timid as a fawn, and feigned to be intent upon her picture to give herself a countenance. She sat beside it. But all her joyous manner was gone. She was grave and earnest.

"Mr. Harvey," said she, when he had ventured to seat himself about a foot away, "you and that noble Custa are about to enter upon a dangerous journey. Your object is a sacred one—to fetch my sister home. Heaven will bless your efforts. But be careful of danger. We expect you back to defend your friends here."

"And, please God, we will come," replied Harvey, solemnly. "Who would not die to defend you and your sister?"

"You are very chivalrous," said Jane, with a faint laugh. "I know that Custa will stand by us to the last, but we have no claim on Mr. Harvey."

Oh, the waywardness of woman's heart! In Jane's mind thoughts could have been known.

"I know not what I have done," replied the young man, sadly, "to make you doubt me; and there is some truth, perhaps, in the words that you have no claim on me, if you mean that I am not a relative, nor an old friend; but, Miss Jane, I do believe that no old friend will be found to show deeper gratitude than I will for the kindness I have received in this house. I am not a boaster; but time will show."

"Thank you," said Jane, more thoughtfully; "but I am sure you will be found to show deeper gratitude than I will for the kindness I have received in this house. I am not a boaster; but time will show."

"I am right glad to hear

your brother has come—I wish I could say as much of Squire Barton, but I agree with Custa in this, and like him not."

"Custa likes him not!" said Jane, hurriedly, while a blush suffused her cheek. "I knew not that. Why does he not like him?"

"I thought you knew it," replied Harvey, quickly, "or I should not have mentioned it. He has never told me, but as he conceals it from you, though I do guess it, I will not betray his secret."

"Not even to me?" said Jane, coaxingly.

Harvey looked at her with a glance of surprise, and a flush on his cheek.

"Not even to you," he continued, "though Heaven knows I would rather tell you any thing than any one else."

"Custa loves my sister better than suits his color," said Jane, quite coldly now.

"I care not what his color is," said Harvey, warmly; "but this I know, that the girl who wins Custa's heart has reason to be proud. But Custa loves your sister better than suits his color, and you are deeply grateful to you both, but I do not know Amy's mind. I suggest. If he has any choice, it is you he likes best, for he speaks oftener of you—and it is natural, as you are the more beautiful of the two."

Timid Mr. Harvey! You can find a way of your own, though, of saying things.

"Mr. Harvey," said Jane, when he was seated as the time drew near for tea, while she gazed at him in unfeigned astonishment, "you must be mad. Amy is the most beautiful girl in all the county. I am surprised to hear of such a choice as I am told you suggest. But even if true, I do not clearly understand, this morning, your story of the meeting in the woods. It will not do any more, pray tell it again."

Harvey had himself prepared a solemn protest against Jane's eagerness.







like to be ruled," muttered the squire.

Custa passed out of the room as if he were not there. He was followed by the judge, who lit his pipe and took his seat beside the Indian, on a bench under the dim

deep darkness. The moon did not rise until late, so that the travelers would have several hours of night before they had any fear of

betrayed by that luminary. They could not see more than a few yards. The dim outline of the water's edge and of the distant shore could be distinguished but faintly and indistinctly, yet well-declared to the practiced and keen eye of a woodman.

hours before, ere he had taken up a book.

"Custa," said the judge, "one with

"No!" replied the W.

"I know your devotion, myste-

wonderful thing

book—and Custa

the pale faces are not wick-

—the smile of the lawn

it been in the house ere the

man has set."

was about to reply, when the Indian drew his hand away, clutched his rifle, leveled it, aimed at the very edge of the palisade, and fired.

"What is it?" exclaimed the judge, while the whole mass of individuals in the block rushed out, Jane, Harvey, Charles, the squire, and the farm assistants.

"Go look who is in the block-house," said the young Indian, as he calmly reloaded his rifle; "you will look, and none will be found."

with waving torches, opened the door, entered, and then came rushing forth again with wild and passionate gestures.

"The nest is there, but the hawk and the crow have fled," said Custa, quietly, he not having moved from the spot where they had left him.

"They are gone," replied Harvey, furiously, "clean gone—and yet the doors were all fast."

"Who is the snake?" asked Custa, quietly.

The whole group shuddered and crowded up closer to the Indian, as the fearful truth enforced upon them that there was a traitor in the camp. None spoke for an instant, and each man or woman looked at his or her neighbor with the demon of suspicion had taken up its abode in that charming resting-place, by the waters of the pleasant river, and within echo of the

The still night, the breeze, the vague darkness on the opposite bank, the probable presence

g mercy for their innocent carried horror to every bosom.







Again there was a hush and a  
a cock was distinctly heard, at an  
hour of the night when cocks do  
not usually crow.

"'Tis Cuesta," said Harvey, with a low laugh. "I am but a white man, and yet I must join him as mysteriously. Stand back and let me go as he has told me."

bade adieu to all, and glided up close to the palisade. Along this they saw him go, with the step of a ghost, until he was close to the water. He was seen no more until about five minutes later, when a canoe was noticed floating along

human agency, in an opposite direction to that by which the fugitives had disappeared. In another instant it was invisible—hid by the

"God bless them!" said the  
serfantly, "and may they  
bring me back my child."

"God bless them!" sobbed Jane, of whom, with all the solemn and stately mien of an Indian warrior, Harvey had avoided taking leave.

"God speed them!" repeated the squire, who shrugged his shoulders, announcing his intention of watching all night with young Moss in the top room of the block-house.

Harrod took his ride, called a

opened the postern.

where the grave of his mother stood up from the surface of the plain, a sad and solitary memorial

## CONCLUSIONS

out  
t  
a

woody bottom, and known to the few who were aware of its existence as the Crow's Nest. The log-hut was situated in a clearing, the work of one man's patient industry.

The forest had, not long before, covered the whole place. But a borderman had come, taken a liking to the locality, and soon, before his quiet and indomitable energy, the spot had assumed quite a new and life-like aspect. He came alone, away from a part of the country which to his mind was too thickly peopled, because a trail led direct from his house to a neighbor's ten miles off. And there he camped by himself, and next morning the sound of the ax was heard, and tree after tree fell before the woodman's heavy blows. Many days and weeks did he continue his labors, until two hunters who had bad luck, and one of whom was wounded, came that way. And the solitary woodman gave them food and the shelter of his tent; and when they were both recover-

days of hard work, and at the end of that time, a solid where

confused mass of felled

Then the trappers went away, and the woodman was again alone.

He piled up  
ties for fuel.

g yet heavil  
burnt all the sma

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

It was a little while ere he came back, and then he reappeared in the clearing one mid-day, leading a horse, on which was in a woman with a child in her arms.

The woman was fair and delicate, with a mild and gentle expression which was strangely in contrast with the bulk of the hunter. He was nearly six feet high, with red hair and sandy whiskers, and a general jolly expression of countenance. His hands and feet were



all, in fact, the world in general with him. He was a man with a large heart—a heart commensurate with his bulk, and full of generous impulses and warm feelings.

She was a cheerful and smiling thing by nature, though a shade melancholy sometimes stole over her soft and well-formed features; and though she did seem a frail and tiny mate for one so huge, there was a look in her eyes and a smile on her lips which seemed to speak of earnest affection and real happiness.

Their story is told in a sentence.

Boone and other pioneers never would be confined to the limits of a town. It might have been the vast expanse of the illimitable prairie, the unbroken extent of forest, which make America like no other land, had given him ideas

Boone and other pioneers

ter, wandered up to the

handsome, merry, light-

in the settle-  
with hearty good-will, every

He was a merry fellow and loved  
He was the man for a  
frolic," told odd tales

the lung-holes of barrels  
and being carried up-hill for a mile;  
gave his partner a kiss "like a  
crack of a cart-whip," and did any  
thing, in fact, which youthful spir-  
its and "corn-jake" prompted.  
Wild and lawless-spirited as he was,  
he was known to be good in heart,  
true, honest and manly. And yet

the minister's daughter, should  
notice one so rude; and yet she  
did. It was at a frolic where she  
went to look on a "pikernik," as  
the hunter said, where everybody

of meal, some a punkin, some a

good teeth and a skin chock  
full of fun."

Clara just came to look on; but  
girl in the room, and though her

and were "fancy doings," as  
a girl as any; and, despite herself  
and her old aunt, made her dance,  
and indeed stuck close to her nearly  
all the evening afterward, while

weeks afterward they were mar-  
ried.

The old minister shook his head  
and wept in secret, as well he  
might, could he have foretold the  
and simple a Christian to say aught

gious astonishment, of certain

the hunter's attentions as rather

The hunter now made a compro-  
mise between town and country  
life. He no longer went

without meeting with a living soul;  
but he built himself a hut in the  
uncleared country, which, handy  
for calls and visits, he usually  
transported himself to, the place  
we have already described, and  
which he mockingly called the  
Crow's Nest.

He was now bringing home his



beyond which lay, at no great distance, a fine view of the country; "it will be a nice farm, Walter, when the ground is sown; but is it not rather near the Indians?"

And she cast a timid glance at the child of a year and a half old

"Now, *Clayri*," replied the hunter, "you doesn't mean it. I'm a mean town teary if I don't know what is right and what isn't. This log is located splendid. You'll have too many friends up here soon. It ain't above twenty miles from a house. So let's lift you and baby off—so ho! wo! and I'll fetch up the traps."

He lifted them off gently and where he had left a boat, taking the horse with him. He soon returned with a load, and then another; and before the hut was furnished, a fire blazed on the hearth, the horse was staked where he could feed at will, the watchdogs were chained to the two corners of the log, and "Wally," as he called himself, had the satisfaction at last of owning a house in his own style.

On the morning on which our narrative takes us to the Crow's Nest, great changes appeared.

ed; several creeping plants been sown and had risen rapidly—now hung in green and flow-

out and ic ed, which Clara had herself cultivated, while by dint of large fires perseveringly applied, many of the burnt away and a

and near this were ducks and geese and fowls, while a cow and several sort, and a settled look to the place which was quite cheering.

And there on a bench, not far from the door, under a bower of hops and honeysuckle, sat one who was even brighter and more beautiful than nature itself, in all its green and gorgeous array.

About the middle light of woman, she would, had she been a little older, have been majestic. But she was so young, and there was such an airy grace about her—a

it lingers so long on some, one could not grant her majesty. Raven hair clustered over a brow very pale, not from illness, some constitutional change, while her deep, black floated as it were in a and warm light, over

The expression of her face was was teaching a child to read; but all who knew her, Jane alone excepted, that her brow could frown, her lip whole face exhibited and haughtiness, to a many had found pa But now, as she tossed curls—she had taken off her hat—and laughed and prattled

was giving it a lesson

lay quiet within the shelter of the hut.

Presently she rose.

"Willy, dear," said Amy, "



"Yes, *Am*," replied the child.

And Amy walked quietly and gently to the log-hut, making no noise, entering the house so tenderly that scarcely any save the quick ears of a sick person could have detected the sound.

ing whisper. They were relatives and school-fellows.

"How are you, now?"

"Sick at heart and faint. Where is the child?"

"Picking flowers for you, Clara, dear," said Amy, offering a cooling drink.

"God bless you, Amy!—I feel very ill to-day. Would that Walter were back! I do not think I shall get over this; something warns me to be ready to go. How I love that child tarries!"

"Let it go, that you might be well," replied Amy; "and now, Clara, be one of those silly fancies; yet weak and low, which is natural; but no talking."

Clara looked grateful beautiful girl, and then replenish it.

As she stooped, she heard a faint rustle, and a great commotion. The

self," she said,

Amy,

think any serious harm done. "Willie," replied Amy, moving to the door, which, when she reached, she stood still—motionless, as if turned to stone.

The beautiful boy, not yet quite four years old, was held by the hair in the hands of a tall and savage-

awk to dash its brains out. Two bounds, and Amy was by his side, and had caught the ax in his

The warrior turned sharply round with unfeigned surprise and un-

he was young and a chief who had seen something of the white man's weapons and steel

to the men, but generally kind to the women.

He laid the child gently down, and allowed Amy to catch it to her arms without any anger. He even seemed much struck by her gentle and almost maternal tenderness.

A wild cry of anguish made toward the hut. But the young chief restrained her.

"My prisoner—stop here—go there—*scap*," said the Indian, clutching her arm.

"Oh, let me go—save the mother, save her!" shrieked Amy.

But the warrior held her firm, and by menacing and fearful gestures a fearful tragedy was being enacted.

Clara had seen the bound and the startled, terrified look of Amy. Unable to bear the agony of suspense, she had crawled from her bed, her little squalling innocent

into the wall, had reached the top. Here she

glance that Clara was for them, being too ill

o; an event which, if glossed over, would leave our narrative incomplete—a narrative which, few characters excepted, and some dates crowded together, is strictly and historically true—with a magnificent veil

laid by the feet, and its brains out against the wall.

It was a terrible scene, and



human strength to her feet, stepped back, clutched a pistol from the shelf over the table, and shot the Indian through the heart, as he rushed to seize an ax that caught his fancy. She then fell to the ground, and was immediately scalped by one of the band.

The death—instantaneous and unexpected, the ball having reached the heart—of one of their number, roused the Indians to frenzy, and out they rushed to wreak their fury and revenge on Amy and the wretched child. But the warrior spread his hands over them and motioned them a

and slaughter the prisoners of their

since been called, Tecumseh, turned round in search of some other prey, and such was their in-

tion, they began shooting the

A cry from their chief called the whole party round him.

"There are pale-faces in the forest. Will the young men bring them down to see one of their wigwams in our hands? Go—you are boys."

And motioning Amy to rise, he

who were nine in number, suddenly followed, after fastening the dead body of their comrade on the back of the horse, and tying it with the pigs and cow

"Mamma! mamma!" cried the child, struggling.

"Hush—I am your mother now—hush, or the man will beat you," said Amy, wildly caressing the babe.

By much coaxing, and by her own wild and incoherent manner alarming the child, she stifled its cries, and soon disappeared with the savage and ruthless warriors beneath the arches of the forest: all but herself glorying in the deed of blood, which was in accordance with all Indian characteristics.

All was still and silent for about an hour and a half; and then, who

a merry tune, the usual signal that papa was coming home? Who was it laughed and called to his boy to come help him carry that fat deer, which, lazy one, he would be glad enough to eat?

'Tis one who shall whistle and laugh no more, despite his la-

keen sense of enjoyment. 'Tis o-

chastening hand of God. Will he

was a

not what, coming over

with a cold shiver. "Willy! Willy!

my boy. Don't, now—no 'possum tricks."

He never spoke, he never la-

dead ducks floating on the pond;

dians; and with a roar like

of some awful beast of the f-

he bounded across the water



came slowly back, haggard, pale, every thicket.

At last he started. Straight across a plowed field was the track of the Indian trail; and there were Amy's steps; and there, for a few yards, the tiny little shoe of Willy had left its print upon the ground. Then he had been taken up by Amy, as the agonized father conjectured from a slight change in her step.

Then that untutored heart, wild in many things as the savages who had made his heart desolate, stooped down and kissed the imprint of his child's foot upon the soft and telltale earth.

He then rose and returned to the place where Clara and the babe lay. She was quite dead—he knew whatever, here; and as he gazed at the beloved form of her whom he had prized so much that his heart almost to venera-

rested on his knees; his eyes, closed firmly, were cov-

hour. What passed within his mind—whether he prayed or whether he made some vow—no one knew. But at the end

and haggard, all traces of tears had fled. That was over.

He turned and went into the from which he almost im-

that Walter began to dig his wife's grave. As he struck

character, burst from he wiped them away

feet, and was stooping to lift a heavy shovelful of earth, when he heard foot-steps. He raised his head quickly, even furtively, and then a perfectly fiendish expression crossed his face, as he met the glance of an Indian warrior. He made a sign as if he would have bounded from the grave to where his rifle lay, when a voice checked him.

"Wally," cried the artist, "in the name of God, what does all this mean? Are you quite mad, too, that you do not recognize Casta?"

Walter came out of the grave and took a hand of each, which he shook with something of his old heartiness. Then he made

side the garden, and pointed to where Clara and her innocent lay.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Casta, who shook with agony as he leaned on his rifle.

"Dead and scalped," cried Dick.

this mighty quick, I don't I'll give them goss in no time."

the artist dashed the stock of his rifle heavily on the ground.

"Where is Amy?" asked Casta-loga, in a low, husky tone.

Walter pointed to the trail of the Indians. The two bounded toward it.

th fixed eyes and a solemn, earnest, sad, and melancholy mien



fold, and he seemed to think, was that the bed whereon Clara should lay her snowy form? was that the resting-place for her innocent babe? Two feelings seemed struggling for the mastery within him—hate and despair. Hate conquer—

with all its wild, burning attendants—rage, revenge, fury, the whole horde of murderous imps that ride upon the most hellish of most opposite to the holy precepts

at and deny, because it is simple, not subtle; because it asks nothing of their boasted intellect, all of their heart and soul.

edge of the grave, after wrapping in all that was left of her skins; he placed the mangled babe in its tiny cradle, and brought, too, his best articles of furniture and

could  
her.

the pressure of the earth was to conceal her both and the prowling beasts forever. The friends

spoke then:  
"we assist you, Wally?"

Shook his head and self-imposed task with energy of a wood-earth sounded hollow

done it, and na

knew and esteemed her whose gentle spirit had once inhabited that mortal fabric. The Crow's Nest had been their favorite resting-place during their hunts in the woods, and there they had always found a hearty welcome, a bed and supper, from the kind hostess, the minister's dead daughter.

The grave was soon filled, and a tall mound marked the spot where elsewhere in God's keeping, Clara Barking once, then Clara Harrod; niece by marriage-ties to the judge, and sister-in-law to the honest sentry of the block, wife of one of the most celebrated characters in American border history, WALTER HARROD.

The grave was finished quite, house, from which he brought out filled his horn quite full, and then

close to a charred stump. This done, he went back and set fire to his hut by piling up all the furniture in a heap, with hay and

As it blazed up he some distance, and

parted. He as they rose and fell, came in the warm air of

y, joyous smile  
ce; and his wife

laughed,

ger where the now the hand of swept away all the spot a thing of joy—th done it, and na



the outward frame, without animation, without life.

And the well-dried log-burner, which had been burning furiously, and the blaze burst forth, and here crawled like serpents up along the roof, and here roared in the chimney, and the flowers dried up and perished in an instant, and smoke beat down about the fields, and Walter Harrod leaned on his rifle and laughed a wild, savage, horrid laugh, that was painful to hear.

"He will be ready soon," said Custa, in a low tone—"the panther is savage, the wolf creeps, the snake glides, the rattle-snake stings; but the white man will be fiercer than the panther, more sly than the wolf, more silent than the snake."

"You are about right, Custa. He's awful riled and cut up; he'll be on the trail of the varmint in half an hour. If they meet—they'd better be dead, that is all."

"The Great Spirit has taken away his brains," said Custa; "he is like child learning to walk. We must guide him, or he will fall into the trap set for the black bear."

"He must stick to us awhile—but he's making signs to us."

He sat down, and they

to them to eat, and the same himself, after swallowing a horn of potent corn-liquor, which he could have stood without wincing.

But the hunters and the woods-men were not to be deterred by this.

days; when some men drank huge quantities, they were the drunkards; some drank in moderation—

Neither Custa nor Harvey refused the offer, and for some

time the trio sat in gloomy silence. Then that man, Walter Harrod, the SILENT HUNTER, arose, shook himself, and made sign that he was about to follow the trail of the Indians. His friends made no objection. All looked to their rifles, felt for their knives, and then away they went along the wide open trail, towards the Indian village of Chillicothe.

They had now entered upon a task of extreme difficulty, danger and doubtful issue, one that required the exertion of all that acute perception and that indomitable courage which mainly led to a successful end the enterprises of those bold men who did the work of civilization on the borders of the early settlements. Harvey having proposed, and the Silent Hunter making no objection, it was considered accepted, that Custa was chief of the expedition. He at once, therefore, assumed the lead. They

—Custa first, then Harvey, until they reached the western extremity. Then they all turned round and gave one sad look back at the scene, after which they were soon utterly out of sight beneath the leafy arches of the forest.

The hut smoldered, the sun shone, the dead slept, while the domestic fowls flew away scared and frightened; and that which in the morning had been a little earthly paradise, a picture of joy and pure delight, was now a scene of desolation, decay, and death.

But about a quarter of an hour after the departure of the three avengers, a solitary Indian straggled along the trail, with a singular expression of countenance, and then striking the double trail, plunged again into the gloomy cover of the forest, on the



## CHAPTER V.

## THE SILENT HUNTER'S CACHE.

THE trail was clear and obvious. There were the marks of the Indian foot, of the girl's moccasins, and the hoofs of the Indian horse, of the cow, and the grunting drove of pigs, that straggled every now and then as they went along, and were driven into order, or goaded to advance at the point of a lance. They were able in this way, with so sure a track, to proceed with considerable activity and ease, the more that the route was a beaten trail which the Indians were wont to use on their many friendly visits to the Crow's Nest, where hitherto they had been received with extreme friendliness by the hearty woodman, who had often hunted with them, and even fought with them, when quite a boy, against their hereditary foes.

They trod upon the trail then, one after another in deep silence, until the wind began to sigh over the trees, the gloom to collect overhead, and the forest began to assume that mysterious and solemn appearance which is always presented by extensive woods on the first approach of night. It was about a quarter of an hour before dark that they came in sight of a stream, one of the tributaries of the Scioto river.

"Hist!" said Custa to his companions, who were moving listlessly on, Harvey admiring with the eye of an artist the changes produced on the leaves by the creeping twilight. The Silent Hunter was looking on the past, and thinking on the future.

All three stood instantly like statues, though a tremulous nervousness shivered for an instant the stout frame of Harrod. Then they gazed curiously where the finger of the Indian pointed to a small column of smoke rising from the water's edge. They looked down, and saw a fire on the bank, having covered the bushes beneath the deep shadows of the interior of

the forest. In another instant they saw that it was an abandoned fire, and they immediately emerged freely into the small open space by the banks of the stream. All three instantly sought the trail on that side first, and then on the other, by wading. But all trace of the whole party was gone.

"This is Indian devilry with a vengeance," said Harvey, angrily. "Have they spirited her away, or have they hid in the trees?"

"Hist!" replied Custa; "there are ears in the forest. Look at the stricken pine—he has no tongue—he is silent as the tall tree of the forest that rocks the humming-bird to rest, and sings no lullaby that can wake the echoes."

"If he ain't got a tongue, and a brain is inconvenient to him," continued Harvey, smiling, "he has got eyes—look, he has found something."

Harrod was on the other side of the stream near the fire, and when they joined him they found that he had discovered the bones and some small parts of the cow, which had been slaughtered and in part devoured. The horse was also immediately afterwards found, just behind the bushes, cropping some grass, and so hobbled that it could not go far away.

"Ugh!" said Custa, in a low whisper.

"This is the queerest start I ever saw. I guess we've got an ounce of dust in our eyes, or we can't see for the dark. I suspect they are just hid close by."

The Silent Hunter shook his head.

"Water is soft, and earth is hard; but the earth leaves a mark and water shows no trail."

"That's it," said Harvey; "they had canoes—by gum, they must be in them. They've slummucked the pig and the cow first, and left no track."

"In the morning we will rub our eyes and see clear," replied Custa; "they have got the plunder and prisoners in the canoes, and







"Hillo! where is he?" exclaimed Harvey. "He ain't carried away by the water, is he?"

"Come," said Custa, again; "I'll show you the way. The eyes of an eagle could not see—we must feel like moles."

Harvey obeyed, and found, by groping his hand along the rock, that he thus walked on a ledge, that was scarcely covered by the water, which swept furiously by, deep, within two inches of where he walked. They moved in utter darkness. They saw nothing but the rock they touched with their hands; they heard nothing but the swift current to their right.

Harvey was advancing, still wondering when all this groping in the dark would end, peering forward to try and catch a glimpse of those who preceded him, when suddenly his hand stopped. He felt a rough, cold rock under his foot, and he knew that he had reached the entrance of the cache. Custa, by his side, stopped also.

"Wagh!" said the Indian, whose name was Silent Hunter, "this is a good place. No man can find it. It is like a dam, a fox in a hollow tree, an otter in a hole, never made such a cache as this. Wagh! it is good."

A torch which the Silent Hunter carried in his hand, and which he had just lighted, showed the nature of the place. It was a niche in the rock, about fifteen feet high, ten across the mouth, and as many deep, overhung so by the two banks that a fire could not betray its presence. The smoke would have been dispersed as it reached the summit of the niche.

"It's a rare burrow—a reg'lar fox-hole," said an old man, who was with them. "I've never seen a better place for a cache. This is a good place for a cache."

afore there were any settlers in these parts."

Harrod bowed his head.

He had fixed the torch in a piece of wood which had been cut and planted for the purpose. He left the two friends to do the rest, though he showed them a hole in a corner, where there were wood, deer-meat, a jug, and some skins. Harvey and Custa quickly made a fire and cooked their supper, which having finished, they lay down, imitated by Harrod—they lit their pipes and prepared for a "long talk" on the duties they had to perform—duties which did not affect them in an equal degree; for what can equal, what be like, the earnest solicitude of a passionate lover, whose happiness is in the hands of such ruthless beings as the wild savages of North America?

And Custa, the brave and devoted Wyandot, did love Amy with all the wild ardor of his half-tamed nature—loved her, too, without hope, without future, without a chance of ever being ever be aught save a dream—and then, perhaps, his heart was broken by a sadness, which to his wayward nature, but had been educated by education, was not without its effect.

Custaloga loved Amy, the affable and kind-hearted girl, for whom he had an instinctive devotion. He loved her, but never loved her as he loved Amy. He loved her as a friend, but not as a lover.

Amy saw this and won.

But her secrets we are not privileged to reveal until the day and hour when she avows them herself, and deprives them of that vail of obscurity and doubt which we may not raise, even though, from the journals, notes, and letters belonging to her, we may learn the truth.

"What is the story?" whispered Harvey, as soon as he had







and a warrior. The two white men looked at him—Harrod vacantly and listlessly, Harvey with that deep earnestness, that strong affection, which, by some strange instinct, the secret of which he little knew, he had always felt for Custaloga.

"The Shawnees are women. There are beasts in the forest, and birds in the air, and fish in the streams, and warriors in the great hunting-ground under the setting sun; but they are too lazy to hunt the forest, too idle to shoot the bird, too stupid to fish the stream, too cowardly to fight with men. There are a few long-knives in the woods, men who make themselves wigwams, and grow corn to make themselves their bread, and hunt, and fish like red-men, doing them no harm. And they buried the last one, and smoked the calumet of peace with the Indians. But the Shawnees are skunks—they shake hands with the right arm, and kill with the left. They have come like red foxes, and they have stolen the queen bird"—here he spoke sharply, and then his voice sank to a low, solemn tone—that was quite unusual in its deep, rich, low tones—"they came like crows, like skunks and polecats, and they have killed a woman, and the little people that could not walk, and stolen the little things, the son of the hunter with the large heart. They are women, like beasts, to be driven in their holes. But men are hunters. Let them look, and they will gather on warriors; one of them has already seen the face of a warrior."

And he bowed gracefully to Harrod, who, however, made no sign.

"The great heart is weary; the hunter of Custaloga must rest. Let him go in the morning to hunt, and let him go in the evening to hunt the sun. The hunter of Custaloga will go."

"Where to?" asked Harvey, quickly.

Custaloga then developed his plan, which was simple enough.

There was an Indian village about nine or ten miles off, and though in a straight line, the way was difficult, yet one used to the woods could go and return in a night. Custaloga believed from his intimate knowledge of the tribe to which Tecumseh—the young chief who had saved Amy—belonged, that the prisoners would in the first instance be taken to that place, as the nearest, and also because it was close to the village of Tecumseh himself, who doubtless would claim Amy as his prize.

"But how do you know it was Tecumseh at all?" said Harvey.

"My brother is very quick of eye, but he is not an Indian, born in the woods. Can you read the little marks on a book?"

"Well, Custa, what a question; you know I can."

"And an Indian can read the print of a foot," said the warrior, with a grim smile, as he saw the pen, but could not check it.

"Now for an Indian to make a mark about the print of a foot and the print in a book, is not very queer," put in Harvey; "wouldn't Jane laugh and show her pretty teeth. She'd say 'see you, steady had done you good, too.'"

Custaloga remained silent a moment, as if ashamed of his weakness, and then continued his explanation in the same dignified and solemn manner in which he had commenced it.

He proposed to enter the village under cover of the night, trusting to his skin, and discover, roaming about, whether Amy was really there, as this would materially aid their plan the next day. He undertook to return before daylight in time for a short rest.

"'Tis plaguy risky," said Harvey, looking up. "I don't like it, Custa. A pretty kettle of fish if you get took."

"I will not be taken," replied Custa, simply.



"I know you won't—but you'll be worse," continued Harvey, sulkily.

"Custa will not be scalped—he has long legs," said the Indian, again.

"You promise that? Now mind—if you are found, you'll make tracks and run."

Custa made signs that he would, and then began taking off every particle of dress that looked like an assumption of civilized garb. In an instant he stood almost in a state of nature, an apology for a tunic beginning at his waist and hanging to within four inches of his knees, and his moccasins, being his whole dress. He then took from his hunting-bag the necessary materials, and began painting himself with great care. Harrod, however, quickly took the matter out of his hand, and finished him off so perfectly, that Harvey quite started.

"I wouldn't advise you to let Amy see you," he said, gravely.

"Ugh," replied Custa, with the deepest guttural sound he had yet uttered.

"You know she don't like you in any Indian fixings—but in that she'd hate you."

The young warrior looked very grave, but made no reply. He was ready, and standing up, his rifle in hand, his horn and shot-pouch hanging from his naked shoulder, he said a quiet good-by, and prepared to depart.

"Now—see, I'll come down the gully with you—"

"The night is very dark, the stones are slippery—stay—there is a skin warrior's dog—"

"Willful and obstinate, like all his race," said Harvey to himself. "Ah me! it's a risky thing, a very risky thing. The lad must be in love with Amy."

And thus teased, his horse took another road, and soon led him on to that of Jane; and once directed into this, he lost all his caution, and every thing else, and sunk into one of those dreamy

visions of love and hope and joy, which come sometimes in the still solitude of night, whether we lie in down-beds, or on the hard rock or grassy earth, with nothing above us but the canopy of heaven.

At last Harvey fell asleep, but he did not sleep long, for when his eyes opened again, the fire burnt still brightly, and Harrod lay in so deep and heavy a slumber that he could scarcely have replenished it. Harvey sat up, lit a pipe, and his thoughts turning toward the young Indian, he began to feel extremely uneasy. What he had undertaken he knew to be perilous in the extreme—one of those Indian artifices, which succeed sometimes from their extreme boldness and audacity, but which are attended with an amount of danger and difficulty which make them rarely used, or only in extreme cases. He had promised to save the feelings of the young Indian, and him even to the verge of the danger.

Harvey looked at his watch with pain. He lay still, and his steady pulse, his quick breath, his burning eyes, his restless limbs, all told him that he was not sleeping. He had been awake for some time, and the night was his, giving to his senses some of that pleasant rest which the body derives from cessation from labor.

"He sleeps—poor fellow, I must not wake him," said Harvey, and he lay still, and his steady pulse, his quick breath, his burning eyes, his restless limbs, all told him that he was not sleeping.

Harvey looked at his watch with pain. He lay still, and his steady pulse, his quick breath, his burning eyes, his restless limbs, all told him that he was not sleeping. He had been awake for some time, and the night was his, giving to his senses some of that pleasant rest which the body derives from cessation from labor.



would have eat me up slick. Well, you're off again, are you? You take it quiet I expect. I don't. I mean to have that skin—it's a beauty."

And taking only his knife, Harvey descended onto the ledge, and began groping his way down the gully, which was a little more light than in the evening, under the influence of the moon's pale, cold, and quivering rays, that dropped here and there through the open space between trees and boughs. He advanced the whole length of the gully before he saw any sign of the unfortunate brute; but there at the mouth of the ravine it lay by the bank, motionless, still, quite dead. The tremendous force of the woodman's ax, wielded by such an arm, had caused death to be instantaneous.

"It's a mighty tall brute," said Harvey, who now was a rude trapper—"a mighty tall brute. I expect that skin will make a fine rug for Miss Jane—so, lest the wolves should tear it, which *would* be a pity, I'll just skin it on the spot."

And he did. He drew it ashore, and there, regardless of danger, laughing at the wolves, forgetting his own lesson to Cusiak, forgetting that the loping and murdering Indians were about, he sat down, and never stopped until the skin was quite clear of the carcass. Then, and only then, he started on his way upward to the niche, carrying his prize in triumph.

He laid it up safely, and then, somewhat tired of his strange occupation, he went soon to sleep; and slept so heavily, that nothing disturbed him, not even the howling of the wolves, as they fought and rolled themselves over the back of the dead companion.

## THE FROG'S

MEANWHILE events were elsewhere taking place which are so essentially necessary to the proper







of fiery liquid, which sometimes brought more wretched Indians about the place than was agreeable or pleasant.

The platform, when the bridge was crossed, circled round the house on the side of the pool, which it towered over by some thirty feet—a steep and rocky descent of great difficulty, and which never would have been attempted in the face of a resolute enemy. It was, however, here that water was drawn up by a bucket, which hung over the part where the pool was shallow, and showed the golden sand at the bottom bright and sparkling.

On the evening of the day before Amy Moss fell into the hands of the ruthless gang of Shawnees it is that we introduce this place to the notice of our readers. It was a pleasant evening, and the rich tide of sunset fell with deep glow on the mossy walls of the inn, and illumined the face of a girl who stood beside the bridge, looking down with thoughtful mind upon the plain below. She was about nineteen—a tall, handsome girl, of rather bold and decided manner, as if accustomed to rough life and the companionship of rough men, especially those who frequent inns and grow boisterous, quarrelsome, or too loose over the ale and drink, which, let a man's pretensions be what they may, is an awful master to get completely hold of a man.

She had bright, sparkling eyes and white teeth, which she was rather fond of displaying; and she wore a dress like a Swiss girl, but with wooden petticoats, and red stockings; the whole neat and pretty and fascinating—a little like, in fact, of a Dutch picture. Her character would better appear from our narrative than from any description.

"Hullo!" said she, suddenly, in a loud voice, as of one who expects that word from necessity rather than chance. "There's a traveler crossing the dyke."

"Who on airth is it?" replied a thick voice from within.

"Well, I don't know; I think it's Ezram Cook, the peddler-merchant."

"My!" said the other, coming out and shading his eyes with his hands, to catch the figure of the wayfarer.

His eye fell first on the deep foliage of the forest, which could be seen mellowing away into the far distance, golden and sparkling beneath the setting sun; then it came down to where the trunks and roots of the trees were left in deep shade; and then it settled upon the figure of a man moving along steadily on a horse with a small pack.

"Well, it is Ezram Cook, I do declare; he's been up selling and collecting in his money, I expect. Martha! thar's one with a mighty good craw coming to supper. So you're a-lookin' out for him, are you? He won't come here to-night."

This was said in a half-sneering, half-anxious tone, as if the speaker hardly knew how the listener might take it. He was short, thick-set, and powerful in make, but every thing in him was ungainly. He wore a dog-skin cap close over his low forehead, which formed a perfect pent-house over little round gray goggle eyes, that were forever moving restlessly about, as if afraid each instant of Indians, or constables, or something terrible—he could hardly, perhaps, say what. He wore a thick beard over chin, face and upper lip, so that little could be detected of expression, save where his thin lips, closed over his protruding teeth, gave a savage and brutal expression which never failed to strike all beholders. He wore a great loose blanket coat, corded trousers, and huge heavy boots made for wading with mud and swamps, and his name was Ralph Riggall. He had once been hostler at a good Inn, years before, but, detected in a fault,







"Never mind; here comes the peddler."

"Hillo! Leave the old hoss in the stable, Mister Ezram; he'll never run up thyat ladder; thar's no horse-thieves up yar."

The peddler made no reply, but took his horse into a stable at the foot of the rocky stairs, and after a few minutes returned with his bags, pistols, and a somewhat heavy portmanteau, which Ralph assisted him to carry up the steps.

"Hecch! stranger," said Ralph, "I'm a-lookin' not to know the peddler, who had never been up there before; 'jest in time for supper; come down country?"

"Well," replied the other, a downcast Yankee, "I see; I've been down a considerable sack trade; got in *the* browns mighty well. Sold yep considerable figure of 'em, and now I'm up to yar supper is ready, 'cause I'm famished and tired."

They had now reached the top of the stairs. Kate was looking hard at Ralph Regin, in whose eyes, even in that twilight, she thought she detected a strange expression.

"Give me your bags and let me show you a room," said she, abruptly.

The stranger started as he gazed on one so fair and neat, and his countenance assumed an expression of satisfaction as he followed her. They passed through a room used as kitchen, dining-room and tap-room, went up seven steps to the door of a room which Kate threw open, and in this the traveler deposited his goods. When he had done so, the girl, who was looking at him in rather an angry way, as if this kind of work was not to be done in her house, pulled the key out of the door and gave it to him.

"There are many travelers here," she said, "so keep the key of your room."

Ralph Regin started, but the girl was so calm and collected that he took the key, made no remark, and went down stairs.

The room was large and airy. A large fireplace, which admitted of benches within its ample dimensions, was occupied by a huge iron pot, and a turkey roasting. A woman of about forty, somewhat stout, handsome still but for a wild and savage expression, was preparing the evening meal. A dresser covered by abundance of crockery, a bar filled with colored bottles, a huge table, several chairs and stools, guns, hams, sides of bacon hanging round the walls, with two windows and many doors, completed the scene.

"I guess that smells fine," said the peddler, rubbing his hands.

"What kind o' livin' have you had lately, then?" asked Ralph.

"Nothin' solid or pleasant—birds and dry jerked beef."

"Poorish! Well, it's better farin' yar, so turn to; we're all at home."

All sat down—the woman, who had black hair and eyes, and tawdry finery, and a coral necklace, and a watch, and a dirty lace cap, at the head, Ralph Regin at the end of the table, Kate and the peddler opposite the fire. The supper was plentiful and well cooked. There was liquor in plenty, and the peddler, who was very weary, drank in silence, swallowed a horn of conjunctive, lit his old pipe, and stretched himself on a bench by the fire. Kate helped to clear away, and then sat down also, and took up a book—a strange thing up there, and yet there were many in that house, for Mrs. Regin had been almost a lady once, and had, despite crime and guilt, educated her child up to a certain time. Kate now waited for a customer, and one who wished to order her stock, often brought her such orders as she thought would suit her taste.

Presently the peddler, reluctant now, yawned, and he must start home. He looked at his watch, and found it was a good time, and he looked at Kate, who had never turned over







"Ugh," muttered Custaloga, whose Wyandottewau had served him well.

Generally speaking, it would have been quite safe for the Indian warrior to have approached the camp of the Shawnees at that advanced hour of the night without many precautions, the Indians not being in the habit of sitting up much after dark. But, on the present occasion, something out of the common doubtless made them more than usually excited, and Custaloga at once made up his mind that it was, as he had expected, to this village Amy had been brought, and that the warriors were telling the stories and narratives of their adventures while smoking their pipes over the camp-fires.

Having gone so far and learned so much, the Wyandottewau was not a man to retreat without making sure of the fact he was so deeply anxious to know, and by which he intended guiding his future proceedings. Instead, therefore, of retreating when he discovered that the Indians had not retired to the shelter of their wigwams, he merely determined to act with extreme caution and circumspection, chiefly, however, showing that he did not intend to retreat. He now kept nothing on him but the small breech-cloth of the Shawnee warrior on the war path, fastened his hunting knife in his belt, tightened the thongs of his moccasins, and began quietly descending the slope toward the village. It was a position and an hour which would have sorely tried the nerves of any, save a borderman or an Indian.

He had advanced a hundred yards before the village, which had been so plain above when he lay on the ground, became again undiscernible. He now seemed a vision of the night, so solemnly did he creep on toward the edge of the clearing. In a few minutes he stood as near as was consistent with safety to the Indian village

of Wya-na-mah, a kind of outpost of Chillicothe.

A large, natural opening in the forest, where an arid soil or some accident had prevented the thick growth of trees, or which in days gone by had been cleared, had been selected by the Shawnees for their town. About thirty wigwams had been arranged in a semi-circle round an open grass plot, much worn, however, and stubble; and behind these a rude stockade was visible, which also extended round in front, leaving only two entrances to the village, which were guarded by hungry dogs.

There were two fires on the open plot in the center, round one of which about twenty warriors were collected, while as many women and girls were congregated near the other.

It was a wild and singular scene. Around, the dark and gloomy forest; above, the sky, now illumined by the rising moon; and there, the conical hats of the terrible redskins lying still and yet marked in the moonlight; and their owners, those grim and ghastly warriors who during that day had wrought so much havoc and done so much mischief—his chief never to be forgotten—sitting there like peaceful citizens in their pleasant homesteads, talking, laughing, chattering, thus at evening, without any of that gravity and solemnity assumed at times for a purpose. It was truly a subject for the pencil of a Mantegna or a Champaigne. All the merry group of girls, and the sedate and staid women, were, with the children, the dogs, and the other little affairs of the scene, singularly picturesque.

Custaloga stood in the deep shadow of the trees, about thirty yards from the fire around which the women were congregated. It was evident, from the stockade being, in some instances, built close up to the trees, which thus could easily have afforded dangerous cover to the lurking foe, that







## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE PERIL OF A NIGHT.

THE widowed squaw is ever an object of pity among the aborigines, particularly if her husband was a brave and fell on the war-path. But she whose form now stood before the camp like an avenger, with tomahawk upraised and face distorted with passion, was the wife of a favorite, for Cosama had been a noted warrior and looked forward to the day when the tribe should honor him as a chief. Hence the power of the appeal for the slaughter of Aiy and the child would prove hard to thwart, as Custaloga only too well knew, and in that instant of peril to the pale-face prisoner the noble savage had gathered his strength again, and was ready to spring.

But a warrior, moving quickly in her path, arrested her steps, and, seizing the tomahawk from her grasp, held the weapon pointed at her.

"The white girl of the pale-face," said this warrior, "has been the cause of many deaths. But if she is a virgin, and if the blood of Cosama be still, she shall have other victims to imbricate on the grave of her brave husband. If she is a whore, and if Cosama lives, she shall be sold to the Miami; and we all know he was a brave."

The squaw bowed her head and turned to her little ones, to mourn, with her little ones, the death of her husband. And we shall say, despite their ignorance and their superstitions, how much a part of the heart of man is the beloved partner of her joys and sorrows. The noble warrior, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before her with a look of sternness, and she, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before him with a look of sternness. The noble warrior, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before her with a look of sternness, and she, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before him with a look of sternness.

tenderly a wife will mourn for one who during life has not been all that she might have been. The noble warrior, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before her with a look of sternness, and she, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before him with a look of sternness. The noble warrior, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before her with a look of sternness, and she, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before him with a look of sternness.

This interruption ended the watching for that night; the women, girls, and children retired at once to their wigwams, the warriors whispered among themselves an instant, and then, one after another, they glided away to their several homes, and not more than half an hour elapsed ere every thing lay in profound and solemn silence. The dogs even ceased snarling and growling as they gathered round the entrance to the camp.

Custaloga now commenced his dangerous and arduous enterprise. It was a task which required much strength, courage, and patience. An Indian sleeps with his arms folded, and his head resting on his hand, and he is so fast asleep that he will not be awakened by the loudest noise. Custaloga, however, was not so fast asleep. He was wide awake, and he was looking at the pale-face with a look of sternness. The noble warrior, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before her with a look of sternness, and she, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before him with a look of sternness. The noble warrior, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before her with a look of sternness, and she, who had been so kind to the pale-face, now stood before him with a look of sternness.

A tree stood near to the stock-ale. It was a tall tree, and its



boughs hung over the camp right between two wigwams. By this means Custaloga determined to enter. The boughs were about ten feet from the ground, but this was no great difficulty, and the Indian was soon up amid their branches. Then he tried the large bough which hung over the camp, shook it gently to see if it were sound or rotten, discovered that it would fully bear his weight, and began slowly to crawl along it, until in a few minutes he was right over the spot where he intended to descend.

He listened once more; for now the least error would endanger the success of his enterprise.

Not a sound came from the camp.

He clutched the boughs with both hands, dropped one leg, and prepared to fall. The impulse was momentary; he quietly resumed a crouching position on the boughs, looked back to see what chance there was of regaining the forest, and waited.

An Indian warrior stood about ten yards distant, his face toward him, his ear apparently drinking in every sound, his whole mien and position indicating that he was listening with profound attention. He appeared satisfied at last, gazed vacantly around, and re-entered his wigwam with all the careless manner of one who is perfectly convinced that there is no danger to fear.

Still the young Wyandot waited another quarter of an hour, and then slowly slid off the bough, hung by his two hands, and dropped.

He was in the enemies' camp, and, if discovered, completely in their power.

But despite all his caution, Custaloga knew no fear. His mystery, his serpent-like mode of proceeding, his slow and deliberate mode of action, were meant to insure success, and not solely to save his own life. Had the white-eyed squaw been forced to attack

her vengeance on Amy, he would have bounded over the low palisade in front of the camp, and defended the white girl against the whole village with his single arm and knife.

He now stood erect, listening once more. He heard nothing but the hard breathing of the Indian warriors, with certain nasal sounds which proclaimed some of them more than usually heavy sleepers. He then moved forward along the wigwam which contained Amy, and looked deliberately in at the door.

A ray of moonlight, piercing through an opening above the door, fell full on the form of the sleeping girl and child. There she was, her beautiful hair hanging in clusters round her face and shoulders, her face very pale, but smiling so in the shadows of the moon, her lips parted and moving, her arms outstretched, as though she were dreaming it was by its mother's side, and guarded by the dear arm of her who had loved it so well. A pile of skins formed their bed, while one was partially thrown over them.

Custaloga was almost tempted to enter unceremoniously and awaken her, when he shuddered all over, as he saw lying across the doorway, wrapped in skins, an Indian warrior, who, from her supposed sleeplessness, had been appointed to guard the gentle prisoners. Another consideration restrained him—the fear of waking the child; and then a painful sadness came over him as he reflected on the mortal aversion Amy would be too ready to display on seeing him in his war-paint.

"Why was I born an Indian?" he muttered, as he looked with rapt eyes on the beautiful picture before him.

But he felt that this was a time for action, and that if he never gazed on that lovely girl again in life, he must accomplish some great duty. He was assured that she was alive and uninjured, while her



exact position was a valuable discovery, which would almost insure her liberty if he could leave the camp quite undiscovered. He paused an instant, however, to reflect, and then came to a resolution which he felt in the depths of his heart was wrong, but which he determined to carry out. This was to inform Amy of his presence, and of the efforts made to release her. Creeping, gliding, holding his breath, he went round to the back of the wigwam, where the head of the girl lay, and slowly stooping down began to carry out his plan. He drew his knife, and calmly and deliberately cut a small hole in the side of the hut, which, except the framework, was of skins. He then put his mouth to the orifice.

"Amy," he whispered, close to her ear.

The girl quietly and slowly opened her eyes.

"What is it, Jane?" she said, in a murmuring tone. She thought herself at the Moss, with her sister.

An instant undeceived her.

"Amy," repeated the voice, in a low, timid whisper.

The girl made a sign that she heard, and then slowly and deliberately hummed the child to sleep, as if it had been waking.

The Indian's heart bounded with delight as he noticed this evidence of caution, the result of his own teaching.

"'Tis I; Custa. Be easy; friends are near: you have been saved to be the wife of an Indian—"

Amy gave such a glance of unadvised disgust that the poor Wyandot almost fell back with the violence of his emotions.

"Do not refuse him," he continued, in a melancholy whisper; "but wait time. Before you can decide time is well be near."

The grateful smile that crossed the face of Amy was soon hidden to the young man's heart—the woman, however, speaking to her, gave him his opportunity, and thus made himself a pale man in his task.

"Be cautious and hope," he again said.

At this instant the old woman raised her head slowly and cautiously, but not so slowly and cautiously but she was observed, for Amy Moss began again to sing the lullaby which before had hushed the babe to sleep. Custaloga, too, took the hint, and rose with extreme care from his kneeling posture, and prepared to depart. A moving sound within the hut made him start, and retreating rapidly, he lay flat on the ground close to the palisade, just as the old woman appeared behind the wigwam and peered about.

She saw nothing, however, and, muttering about love-struck fools wandering round the hut of the pale-faced girl, she returned to her rest.

Custaloga gave her time to fall again into a soothing sleep, and then rose to depart. But it appeared he had stayed too long, and that his departure was not to take place so easily as he originally expected.

A trait in Indian courtship, which at any other time might very much have amused him, was now destined to make his position one of almost hopeless difficulty.

The young warriors of the tribe, when seeking the hand of a young girl in marriage, will rarely, if ever, manifest their affection openly, or converse even with the object of their love in the presence of others. Stolen interviews are then the only opportunities given to the lover who would whisper soft nothings in a woman's ear. These generally take place at eventide, when the girl goes down to the spring to fetch water, or pretends to do so, which is much the same thing.

When, however, this opportunity does not offer, or when the young warrior has been absent some time, he seeks an interview under the circumstances detailed in our narrative.







warrior, who, however, unwilling at his age to alarm the camp without being sure of what he was about, simply rose, motioning the girl to wait for him, and began moving in the same direction as the Wyandot.

"Is one of our camp ill, or do evil dreams trouble my brother, that he goes out to cast them forth in the woods?"

Custaloga made no reply, moving on as if he had heard nothing, as it were, but feeling he was discovered.

The Indian bounded forward and spoke exactly in the same manner as before.

"Speak! My brother is a stranger. Why does he leave the wigwams of the Shawnee? Surely my brother will not walk in the woods without his blanket?"

"I am Custaloga, of the Shawnee," replied the Wyandot, raising his head.

"Ugh!" said the Shawnee, who well knew the reputation of the other as a huntsman and a shot.

They looked at each other; they had once been friends as boys, Custaloga having passed many months with the Shawnees in better times.

"Come to the wigwam of Tecumseh," said the young Indian,

and I will tell you all that I know of the matter.

They went on for some time, and then the Shawnee said:

"My brother is in his war-pigment?"

"The Shawnees are divided," replied Custaloga.

"What do you mean?" asked the Shawnee.

"I mean that some of us are for war, and some for peace," replied Custaloga.

"And what do you think of the matter?" asked the Shawnee.

him with force to the earth, and darted up the slope where his rifle lay concealed.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, rising, while the girl slipped away in the confusion.

By this time a dozen armed young men were round the discomfited warrior, who, pointing in the direction of the fugitive, remained to give an explanation to the rest of the tribe of what had passed. The hut where Amy was confined was first examined, and she being seen to be quite safe, the story of the amorous lad was listened to. Deep exclamations of surprise burst from all at the audacity of Custaloga, whose friendship for certain of the whites was well known. None doubted the conclusion that the young man's journey and the capture of Amy, whose presence, they felt, was discovered.

They then proceeded to the place where the girl was found, and saw with what cool audacity he had watched all the proceedings; they followed him to the one he had climbed, and gave a

glance at the girl, who was now safe, and then they all

braved them all, and then they all

armed. All the young men

and baffled cunning would

gratified by one of those

trials of courage and con-

which we shall have to

fully, in connection

of our heroes.

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not above, but a little more than half-way up her bed-chamber.

The apartment was formed by boards, which had been rudely knocked together with a few nails. One of these, with a pair of strong scissors, she proceeded to remove. At the end of a quarter of an hour, she had succeeded. She listened again, but there was dead silence in the kitchen, and the sleeper still slept heavily.

"Wake up, man!" she hissed, in his ear—"wake up, and make no noise."

"What now? who is there?" mumbled the peddler-merchant, half-asleep.

"Hush—no noise! You are but a poor traveler in the wilderness, to talk of watches and silver dollars up in the Frog-hole! Rise, dress, and prepare to fight or make your escape, which you please."

"My gracious—well I never did—no. If it's all the same to you, my dear, I'll absquatulate," said the peddler, who trembled violently.

"Be cautious, then, or I quirk; you can pass through this opening—my window is level with the ground—"

"You are the gal called Kate. In no case would I have trusted such an unscrupulous creature as you to me—I was so thick, and that's the way I got so thick. My! my! my! my! my!"

With these words the peddler passed his roll of money through the opening, then he pushed the window back, and all was done with regularity, and yet without noise. Just as they finished, however, they heard a rattling at his door, and then Ralph Regan came down the stairs.

"The gate's closed," muttered the kidnapper, "he's locked the door. We must try the window just now, when the gate's quite closed."

Kate placed her fingers on her lips, opened her window quietly, passed out her roll, locked the window to the peddler, pressed

her window back, and then led him with stealthy and cautious step along the terrace. In an instant more they were on the summit of the steps.

Beneath the moon it was a lovely scene—one of those scenes which, to a soul not utterly dead, must speak of God and His bounty. There was music in the trees; there was moonlight on the waters; the cascade fell in harmony; the wind sighed with a tone of love—all was beautiful but the bad heart of sinful man, who, having once broken the law and Heaven's commandment, more sacred than all laws, never knows where to stop. It is not wonderful that more terrible crimes occur in the lanes and alleys of drink-haunted cities than beneath the forest glade; but it is wonderful that in the sight of His most charming landscape, the heart of man can awaken to crime at all.

"Quick, and no words; lead your horse away, with the horse will not sound. Go, and Heaven go with you!"

"Oh, will you have a watch now?" said the really good peddler.

"No—go!" repeated the girl.

The peddler rapidly descended the steps, reached the stable, saddled his unwilling horse, and led him forth along the path that skirted the pond. Kate stood on the summit of the steps, watching his progress. She appeared like the dew drop on the rose in that moonlight landscape, stealing her influence on the dark soul of the man.

Suddenly the door opened, and Ralph Regan came out. He started on seeing Kate; but he was not surprised, as such conduct was common with that wayward girl. He advanced close beside her. She felt his presence, though she did not see him.

"What, girl! I reckon you're rightly fond of me, now. What are you thinking of, now?"

"I am listening," said she,



turning round and facing him, "for the sound of the peddler's footsteps, to feel sure that he is safe away."

"What mean you, gal?" exclaimed Ralph, nervously.

"I mean, Ralph Regin, that I told the peddler it was not good to sleep in the Frog's Hole with watches and dollars in his pouch; and he believed me, and went."

A fierce cloud of wild and reckless passion passed over the rufian's face, as he felt for his dagger or clasp-knife—bowie-knives were not invented—and he muttered one of those frightful words which burst forth from the lips of the wicked or the sottish fool. But he seemed to remember something and turned away with a leer.

"I am a very clever girl. I'm off, though, to bed, as the night is so cold; you'd better go too."

Kate made no reply, but returned to her room in the morning, and had an hour of sleep. At the first of the day, the sun was shining brightly, and the air was warm. Kate was sitting on the porch, looking out at the world. She was thinking of the peddler, and of the night before. She was wondering what he had done, and what he had said. She was wondering if he was still alive, and if he was still in the woods. She was wondering if she could find him, and if she could help him. She was wondering if she could save him, and if she could make him happy. She was wondering if she could love him, and if she could be his wife. She was wondering if she could be his girl, and if she could be his friend. She was wondering if she could be his everything, and if she could be his forever.

Many a terrible crime in this world would have been prevented, if only the women of the world were as brave as Kate. Many a terrible crime would have been prevented, if only the women of the world were as strong as Kate. Many a terrible crime would have been prevented, if only the women of the world were as wise as Kate. Many a terrible crime would have been prevented, if only the women of the world were as kind as Kate. Many a terrible crime would have been prevented, if only the women of the world were as true as Kate. Many a terrible crime would have been prevented, if only the women of the world were as brave, strong, wise, kind, and true as Kate.

One murder less stained the wide world that night, and a woman was quick to resolve and bold to execute.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE RACE FOR LIFE.

WHEN Custal started to run for the woods, his first thought was to obtain possession of his

rifle, and thus secure for himself an arm with which he could contend against the force certain to be sent after him. He knew too well the character of the enemy he had to deal with, to doubt that every exertion would be made to capture or slay one who had acted the cool and audacious part which he had played, in entering a camp of warriors, and escaping thence openly and unharmed.

His teeth set, his ear ready to catch every sound, making himself worthy of the deer or roebuck, on he went, no longer attempting to conceal his presence, but casting every chance and hope upon his own swiftness of foot and knowledge of the country. But they, too, were swift behind him, and he heard them scattering away to the right and left, shouting, yelling, and firing. But what affected him most was the tramping sound of steps in his rear. On they came, and he heard them distinctly, and knew, too, that they were swift of foot, and likely to run him down, and bring things to the issue of the gun in a very short space of time.

And what is that above those trees there, where a low gap is seen in the east? It is the first streak of early dawn, which is about to flood the whole scene with light and life.

And there stands his rifle and his gun behind that tree, and he is ready to fire. He is ready to fire, and he is ready to die. He is ready to die, and he is ready to live. He is ready to live, and he is ready to love. He is ready to love, and he is ready to be loved. He is ready to be loved, and he is ready to be everything.

He looked in sight, though still he could hear







He also knew that if he approached within a certain distance of the settlements, the Shawnees would, now that their intention was betrayed, undoubtedly beat a retreat, lest he should give the alarm and bring the whole mass of the whites down upon them.

He did not make for the gully, as he first intended. He did not think it according to the received notion of border and forest warfare to betray a *caché* to the enemy, under any circumstances; while at the same time it was matter of great importance in the interest of Amy not to be closed up for any number of days in a place where the Indians could keep them in a state of siege, and perhaps finally reduce them by the mere force of starvation.

He made, therefore, for the river Salto, at a place which he was familiar with, and on the other side of which was a *caché* of his own, which he had reason to believe he might gain without betraying it to the Indians. He was guided only by the light and the wind. The wood was close and tangled, and every now and then he had to make *detours*, which materially lengthened his journey. But as yet he felt no fatigue. The hunter in the American wilds, who has had any experience and practice, learns to go days without food at particular junctures; to be without fire in the cold and wet, rather than betray a hiding place; to endure thirst, that worst of physical sufferings: Custaloga could do all this, and more.

On they came like bloodhounds, thirsting for his blood, and with the advantage of some hours of rest, as well as having a most intimate knowledge of the country they traveled.

Presently an "opening" lay before him. It was a quarter of a mile across—a marshy, swampy pool rather than a prairie. He was well acquainted with the trail through the middle of the morass, and had gone half-way, when his

pursuers burst upon the open space—first one, then another, then two more, until the whole band were in full view. Custaloga turned and leveled his rifle. Its range was known to be tremendous, and the whole party instinctively drew up. Custaloga merely gave a loud laugh and continued at his most rapid rate along the narrow and beaten pathway, a pathway used by both man and beast for ages.

Just then it turned and took a curve which brought Custaloga within gunshot of the Indians. He was for an instant actually running toward them. They fired; but either the distance was a little too great, or their aim too rapid—for Custaloga landed into the air with a loud yell of defiance and continued on his way.

In another moment he had entered the arches of the forest, leaving the discomfited Indians in doubt as to whether he was continuing on his way, or lying in wait for them. They, however, soon decided this. A short consultation was held, and then a young man, as was very common in the case, devoted himself for the whole party. He leveled his rifle, cast a wild glance at the forest and its mysterious woods before him, then made a dart toward the opening at a pace and with bounds which Dick Harvey would have certainly described as "consisting of strides of nine and a half feet to the yard." The other Indians came behind, ready to rush, if Custaloga fired, before he could again leave.

But no crack of rifle or gun came from the forest to rouse the echoes, and away burst the Shawnees once more, panting, laughing, and yelling like a pack of half-bred wolf-hounds.

Custaloga, taking advantage of their hesitation, was moving along the trail, which he now purposefully followed at a more moderate pace. Though he was not aware of it, and scarcely aware of his own condition, he felt that he was affected by it, he



did feel slightly faint for want of food. He knew that he had at least an hour more before him, along such paths, ere he could hope to reach that *cache* where, from long experience, he judged himself to be able to defy Indian impetuosity and patience.

The wood, however, now began to be more open and clear, and presently Custaloga caught a glimpse of the river through the trees. This made his heart leap with delight, as a good swim would brace his nerves; and, should he gain the opposite bank in time, he might keep the whole party of Shawnees at bay.

He could never explain to himself how it was—except that his eyes must have been slightly dimmed by faintness and fatigue for a moment—but he now made one of those mistakes, slight, trifling mistakes, which a novice would make at every instant, and that have so often proved fatal during a running fight. He was about to strike the river fifty feet above the ford, by which alone it was safe to cross; the current being too swift and strong above and below the spot.

At a glance he discovered his error. For an instant he was startled, and then away he went toward the right place, fully aware that on a mistake of so trifling a nature hung his life. The Indians had made up their minds that he would cross at this particular spot, and the great majority of the warriors had determined, if he succeeded in passing this point, to give up the chase, as the opposite bank was dangerous, and their presence would probably be negatively needed in the camp.

Custaloga never bounded with such deer-like leaps before; his eyes were starting from his head, his arms were raised in desperate effort—when a bullet struck him in the back, as it would have been to Amy; but not to those early children of nature. On he went—

the ford is ten feet from him, he wildly raises his rifle, as from the forest bound forth the Shawnees, some from one quarter, some from another, some near, some at a distance. Nearly all fired, and Custaloga fell flat upon his face.

Wild was the yell of delight, loud it rung in the air, waking the echoes of the forest, as they rushed on, without reloading, to secure their prisoner or scalp their victim. But louder still was the laugh of scorn with which Custaloga rolled down the bank, and plunged into the river. The Indians had been tricked—they saw it at a glance; and almost at once or hurried on their heels and took their way back toward their village.

They would be welcomed, they knew, by the laugh of the women, while the widow of the swift runner would be privileged to insult them for several days. But the chase seemed likely to be endless, and from the manner of Custaloga they feared being drawn into an ambush.

Custaloga, having slung his rifle on his shoulders, was swimming vigorously across the *Sauvage* river, which, at the ford, was considerably wider than usual. Just as he gained the swiftest and deepest part, he cast his eyes backward and saw that, while one Indian was swimming after him, the two others on the bank were loading. Presently one leveled his gun and took deliberate aim.

"Wagh!" exclaimed Custaloga, involuntarily, as he seemed to feel the bullet in his body.

At the same instant the other fired, and Custaloga dived. The bold experiment was successful, as far as avoiding the shot was concerned; but the fugitive rose below the ford, and was swept down the stream by the force of the current. Not a word escaped his lips; his teeth were compressed, his brow darkened, and a thought of Amy flashed across his mind, with some other thoughts vague and undefined; then he struck out



manfully for the opposite shore, and, to his great delight, soon touched ground with his feet.

His first thought was to examine the position of his enemies. The Indian in the water had gained the middle of the stream, and was striving to reach the bank on the eastern side of the Scioto, while the others were also preparing to cross, as if now certain of their prey. The fact is, that they believed him seriously wounded, and sure to be captured or killed.

Custaloga, hastily drying the pan of the lock of his gun, loaded and took aim at the foremost of his enemies. A loud cry from the Shawnees on the shore warned the Indian of his danger. But the crack of a rifle and a wild cry were heard simultaneously, and the Indian waved his arms on high, dropped his gun, and was carried away by the stream. Custaloga looked vacantly at the body as it came on—the Indian was on his back, floating—while the Shawnees watched the result with intense interest. Custaloga had none of the bloodthirsty instincts of his race left. He was not capable of killing even an inimical savage, thirsting for his life, unnecessarily. He clearly saw that the one before him was beyond doing him any harm, and he wished to draw him to the shore and there leave him to die or recover, as Providence ordained. The Shawnees, naturally enough, mistook the motive with which he pushed out the stock of his gun to arrest the body as it passed. A low, melancholy yell, proclaimed that they expected every moment to see their wounded warrior scalped.

The Indian who came floating down the river was carried by the current toward the west, where Custaloga stood. His head was turned toward our hero with a look of grim defiance, for little did the savage know the intentions of the white man.

Custaloga stood ready; the body was pushed out, the body was

touched by it, and came floating slowly in. The wounded Indian suddenly gave a low cry, struck out with his feet, and thrust the gun from him with the left hand, thus impelling himself into the current, which carried him away toward the rapids, where a still more cruel death awaited him.

The Indian had not made these exertions to save his life, but to be spared the dishonor of losing his scalp-lock.

"Ugh!" said Custaloga, with unfeigned admiration; "brave warrior!"

But, while regretting the mistake of the Shawnee, who had eluded him to seek the rapids and the falls below, Custaloga had concerns of too much moment hanging over him to waste any further time on one of those deadly enemies, who would so ruthlessly have taken his life.

A loud cry of triumph, a proud and long-reverberating shout, came from the Shawnees. The two Indians were upon him.

He now found himself even more helpless than he could ever have supposed. He was surrounded by the Shawnees had nearly lost his gun. He threw out his hand helplessly, and as he did so, his powder-horn was reversed, and every atom cast into the stream. Custaloga, however, was not a man to be discouraged by this mischance; he darted out for the bank, and still holding his now empty gun, made his way into the forest on the other side, and lay down an instant to rest. He was really exhausted with the long and violent race.

At the end of about ten minutes he rose, and looking round, selected a well-known leaf that had often refreshed him.

He moved leisurely to his cache, where he proposed to re-  
fresh his stock of powder.



The day was considerably advanced, and Custaloga was exceedingly uneasy at what his companions might do in his absence. He knew Dick Harvey to be risky and impetuous, and he did not fancy that, in any enterprise requiring audacity, the SILENT HUNTER would be much behindhand; still, he did not like to show himself in the Devil's Gully totally unprovided with ammunition.

The sun came down with great rapidity, and the shadows were so that Custaloga was glad to avail himself of the shelter of the forest.

Presently he reached the summit of a hill, and looked down upon a scene of considerable beauty. It was a low, fertile bottom, about a mile across, with a small stream running through the midst, and huge trees covering the rich soil of the valley. They were vast old trees, some of them—trees older than the oldest man in the land, older than the era of the peopling of America by the whites. A row of them stood before him, and, tutored as he was in books and poetry, the young, half-naked savage gazed at them with an admiration and pleasure.

There stood, in the midst of the forest, a large, old, gnarled tree, with a hollow trunk, and a large, open space beneath, where doubtless many a bear had nestled with her young, and many a hunter had hidden himself. The old man, looking down upon this scene, felt a great deal of interest, and he was not alone in his feelings. One, a very old man, who had been a hunter for many years, and who was the sustainer of life. Creep-

But it was not for this he cared. What he looked out for was the bear, which prowled in that marshy place, and which on occasion had afforded to himself and others such glorious sport. But now a bear would have been an awkward customer to deal with—though even now not too much for a man to venture on—and Custaloga looked warily around as he advanced, expecting every moment to see one of these awkward animals rise up and confront him.

He smiled grimly as he thought of all Dick Harvey would have said had he known that Custaloga was in Big Brake Dell without powder, and that he had a bear to see one of them cursed Injines. "It are a dark hole anyhow—but no powder to dash!—I expect then it takes two men to see a b'ar."

The ground was so tangled and difficult with vines and creeping plants, that Custaloga proceeded but slowly. His ear, however, drank in every sound, and read every sign and feature of the woods. In a few minutes more he came in sight of the stream.

It was a narrow and sluggish bayou, of an exceedingly dangerous character to novices in the Big Brake Dell. In almost every part it was so overgrown with bushes, and vines, and plants, that any one might have walked on, unconscious of the presence of water, and fallen in, in which case destruction was almost certain. The water was very deep. It was down in this cool and marshy place, where for ages the sun had never shined, that the bears must have found rich hiding-places, and made their dens. And there were many other things.

Custaloga had been looking for the thick cover of the forest, and was about to seek the bridge which was invariably used by all who knew the place, when, as he came in sight of the bridge itself, he saw two Indians—the men he thought in his rear, but who had







was overwhelmed with grief and dread with regard to Amy, whose long residence in the camp of the Shawnees awakened grave apprehensions. He knew that her beauty and youth would probably secure her against any immediate peril of life; but they were sure to expose her to other dangers, which the young man regarded with much more fear. For her to become the wife of a Shawnee was too horrible an idea for him to dwell on. He was, however, so utterly exhausted with the events of the night that he was hardly able to move with the vigor and strength necessary. He hesitated over his plans as to what he should do next, and the impulse of nature was so strong that he felt almost inclined to lie down. But this was impossible, so he sped onward, still intent upon visiting the private cache before he returned to the tent of the Silent Hunter and Dick Harvey, who were doubtless waiting for him with extreme anxiety.

He kept at a little distance from the bank of the river, which was overgrown by matted bushes and trees, his eyes still glancing anxiously as he went, his feet treading lightly on the ground, until he came to a place where there was a small opening in the bank, near the mouth of a little stream. Here an immense pile of logs had collected and formed a drift.

Custaloga was about to descend to the edge of the stream and drink, when his attention was attracted toward a log floating in the water, which was seeking to climb upon the logs. As he passed on the bank, he distinctly saw a tall Indian clinging to the log, and creep out of the water, now supporting himself by a good hold and sat upon the drift-logs, naked and unarmed. It was a Shawnee, one of those who had been the closest ally at dawn, badly wounded and unable to resist. He had lost his gun, and had apparently drifted

down the stream on a log of wood. He sat a prey to a state of desolation and misery, dying from loss of blood on that cold place where he had crawled to expend his last breath.

Most bordermen or Indians would have shot him, but Custaloga never shed blood unnecessarily. What should he do?

His generous nature soon decided this question, and he at once began to put his plan in execution. He laid his rifle, knife, and ax on the bank, and then, the warrior's back being to him, he slowly and quietly moved toward the place where the Shawnee was busily engaged in sucking the blood that flowed freely from his two wounds, one in his knee, the other on his shoulder. So stealthily, serpent-like, and cautious was the step of Custaloga, that he reached to within two yards of the Indian quite undiscovered. Then the keen senses of the Shawnee warrior were awakened, and he tried to rise. His head was half turned round, and he saw Custaloga. He turned, as if to plunge into the stream; but he felt it was impossible, and then moved his head to receive the last disgusting office with due and warrior-like submission.

"My brother is wounded; he is like the old oak which has been chopped by the ax of the white man—it totters, but it does not fall for many months: my brother will live," said Custaloga, placing his hand upon his heart.

"Ugh!" replied the astounded Shawnee, "Custa—young heart, old heart."

"Warrior," said Custa, gravely, "your tribe has stolen away my friend—Amy Moss, the singing bird of the Scioto—and there is no hatchet buried between your tribe and me, until the singing bird is at home in its nest. But Custaloga has been used by the white man's gun, and he will not fight an unarmed enemy. Come."

"The sap has flown from the tree, and the tree will fall—there







late, started on his journey to re-join his companions in the *cache* in the Devil's Gully.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE CARSTONES.

Some of our readers, previous to the events recorded in our present narrative, there were things taking place in England which it is necessary to reveal.

They were lived in P——, a town not very far distant from London, a gentleman of the name of Carstone. He was a merchant, who, having been very poor in his youth, had suddenly grown rich during the war with America. Now when Carstone left his native village, fourteen years before, a poor adventurer going up to London in search of fortune, with naught but a few letters of introduction and a couple of sovereigns in his pocket, he had been fortunate enough to meet a young lady, the daughter of a man-farmer's daughter—a bright-eyed, fair-skinned girl of four-and-twenty, who had been educated at one of the best schools in the country, and who was now about to return and marry. But

or two letters, and then

and would not keep her from bet-  
tes.

fortune, and a lion taken for him by one who him his partner and then his heir, found himself a rich man. It was with this new joy to

first

showers upon him. But Charles had always been cunning. He had never acted with rudeness to his cousin—not he. He—the man about town, the votary of fashion, the companion of bad men in his places, whoinsel but do not give crime—was too finished, too perfect a gentleman to be unpolite; he simply declared himself unable to be of any use to his cousin.

"My dear Andrew," he said, as in all but a court dress he entered the other's dining-room in his city house, "your letter dewites me—you are as wick as that old bwuffer they call Cwesus; how will you ever spend your money?"

"I really don't know, Charles; leave it to you, I suppose, if I die—nobody can tell, you know; we shall see. I have said to you to say that in case I do not marry and have children, I've made you my sole heir."

other, without moving a muscle:  
"ewapital. Ah! ah! But you'll  
ruin it—quite suwer. What should  
I do with the money? Ah! ah!  
I must have two hundred thousand  
francs more. What? It's impossible  
to think of it! I hope your capital  
is not too small."

... (faint text) ...

He was a young man, tall, slender, and well-proportioned, with a high forehead, dark hair, and a frank, open countenance, a mouth which exhibited every sign of firmness and kindness of disposition. He smiled at his cousin, who was a captain in the army and a man of fashion, and bade him commence dinner.

"Ah, Charles!" he said, shaking his head, "if a woman I did love once, ay, and do love now, had



been true to me, I would have married as you advise; but it can not be. *She* never could have waited fourteen years."

"Haw! haw!" laughed the soldier, heartily. "Fwoteen years—haw! haw! Fwoteen days is just possible. But twy, my dwea' Andrew—twy. It would be so dewiteful to fwind such an exwample of wuwal simplicity."

And try he did. Taking coach the very next day for Cheddaker, he made his way to the home of old Squire Wilmot, and in answer to his knock, the door was opened by a very handsome-looking young woman, with light auburn curls, blue eyes, and a sweet complexion—the very picture of rustic beauty.

"Fanny Wilmot!" faltered Andrew Carstone.

"Andrew!" shrieked the young lady, and she was next instant half-fainting in his arms.

"What in the name of wonder is this?" cried a bald-pated, stout little man, rushing out.

"Andrew Carstone; come back to claim his little wife," said the merchant, solemnly.

"No! no! none of your Andrew Carstone's for me—frightening my little girl, too," cried the exasperated parent.

"I am quite well now, father," said Fanny. "It is Andrew, my own true Andrew, whom I never doubted."

They walked into the parlor.

"And so, my beloved Fanny, you never doubted me?" said the merchant, wiping away a tear from eyes that had not shed tears since their parting.

"Never! I thought you dead, or gone to the colonies, or unfortunate, but never false. No; I knew you better."

"Pretty kettle of fish!" cried the squire.

Andrew Carstone clasped her hand and told his story.

"And pray what may be your position now?" asked the squire, who feared he had come to her as a last resource.

"I am worth two hundred thousand pounds," said he.

"Then Fanny was right, after all—an obstinate, disobedient, worthless jade, who refused fifty offers, and always said, in spite of all I could do to show her the absurdity of it, 'I am the affianced wife of Andrew Carstone.'"

"My Fanny! my beloved girl!"

Next day, Andrew wrote to his cousin Charles, and informed him that, as he had found Fanny faithful and true, she would, with as brief delays as possible, become his wife; still, as he had raised his expectations, and as he supposed he must ultimately destroy the will in which he had left him everything, he should add a codicil, leaving him twenty thousand pounds.

Charles, in due course, replied that he was delighted to find there was such constancy in the world, hoped soon to have the pleasure of embracing Mrs. Carstone, thanked his cousin for his kind promise, and finally declared that a few hundred pounds would be much more agreeable than any prospect at the other's death, which he dutifully hoped would be a far-distant event.

Andrew Carstone, surprised by requesting him to send for one hundred and twenty pounds every quarter.

Andrew and Fanny were married after a short and happy engagement, during which each had forgotten the image of the other, and their marriage was one of unexampled felicity.

The young merchant retained his property, though the house his father had once lived in, and continued to that place sacred to the memory of parents who, however misguided in their way of living, had always loved him as their son. The house was not large, but large and comfortable. It had a beautiful garden, and was in every way comfortable and agreeable. But there was something better than all. There was











## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE MOSS.

MEANWHILE the inhabitants of the Moss, as the Block-house was familiarly called, remained in a state of great excitement. All in that place were sufficiently familiar with what in other times the Indians had done, to make them view the prospect of a general insurrection of the savages with great and mysterious dread. The characteristics of border warfare had been brought out with such great force by the occurrences of the recent war between America and her ill-advised stepmother, that the very mention of the subject being once again dug up, brought a shiver with dread and horror. There was not one who rose on the morning of the day on which the news of the attack on the Block-house was first known, but the war-cry, the hideous yell of the Savages.

Sentries had held the Block all night, and yet nothing had been seen. The black and his confederate had thought proper to disappear as mysteriously as they had escaped, and in the morning not even their tracks could be found.

Some of the men went out into the woods with young Moss, but the judge peremptorily refused that any thing of the kind should be

It was the morning of the third day after the attack on the Block-house. The sun rose with light on that forest scene, the birds sang in every tree, and

There was a serious party at the Block-house. The judge himself came in, dressed with usual care and neatness, pale, and with such a

eyes as no father child need have

It was evident, too, that Jane Moss had taken little sleep. Her cheeks were pale as the ashes of the forest-trees, and though she tried to assume a cheerful tone the attempt was a failure.

The squire was always pale and rather gaunt, and his appearance did not therefore exhibit anything unusual.

"My children," said the father, solemnly, as soon as they were assembled in the breakfast-parlor, "I will be in prayer to that Almighty power which alone can remove from us this bitter cup."

They all started. The judge had never proposed family prayer before. He had rather avoided it, and been indeed a little satirical on others for the practice. But it was noticed by all who came to the Moss from that day that he never omitted it again.

"Willingly," said Jane, as she rose and fetched her mother's great Bible, and laid it before the judge.

His son made a sign of earnest assent, the squire made no objection, though there was a sneer on his lips.

The father read some appropriate texts from the New Testament, and then sat down and motioned to his guests to partake of the viands on the table.

"You seem all rather down-hearted," said the squire; "but it is my opinion that all is right. The Indians might make Amy a prisoner, but they well know you would give something handsome for her release."

"All I have in the world, squire. I love my land, and I love my people—I am proud of it—but they spare my children."

"Father, dear father!" exclaimed Jane, wildly, "you must not talk this way. I am sure no one would hurt Amy—they could not do it. I feel sure Custaloga will give us good news before the day is out."











"I have no doubt," continued Charles, "that you will avenge the murder of your brother's wife. I would shoot any of the scoundrels myself; but, it is my sister—my dear sister, I must think of now. It is true Cass and Dick are out; but they are only two men."

"But I guess they is men as is men, and no mistake."

"They are, but they are only two, and if Walter be with them that makes but three. I must go out to-night, and try and join them. Will you go with me? Five rifles will count against the rascals."

"Won't I though?" replied Bill Harrod; "I just will—and may I be sliced and roasted, if they don't hear tell of my shootin'-iron. I ain't no bragger, but they've killed Clayri, and stull Miss Amy—my! I do feel wolfish, that is a fact."

"That is agreed then—at night-fall we meet here and start. Don't say a word to any one. We might reach the Crow's Nest in the night and start on the trail early."

"That's agreed, captain. Now take my advice, jist go and lie down a few. If you wud make sich tracks as that, I say lie down. After a snooze a man feels right up and down."

"I will lie down," replied Charles, thoughtfully; "perhaps some news may reach us during the day. Pray to Heaven that it be not worse than we know of."

The young man pressed the hunter's hand and turned away, avoiding the garden where the judge was looking up and down with Jane.

The hours passed wearily and sadly: at last, night with its gloom hung over the whole scene.

Supper was over, the judge was in conversation with the hunter, and the young man had taken a book, and Charles, rising with an affectation of carelessness, left the room. On his way he was about to move rapidly across to the rendezvous, when a hand was laid

upon his arm. He turned round and saw Jane by his side.

"Dear Charles, where are you going?" she said. "You are not going out into the forest alone?"

"How know you that I am going at all?" he said, a little impatiently.

"You are going in search of Amy. Go, my brother; but I beg of you do not go alone," continued Jane, leaning her hand upon his shoulder.

"My dear Jane, I am going, but not alone. Say not a word to any one—I would have it thought that, as the Block is short of game, I and Harrod have run down to Green Barn in search of deer. Go in now, dear girl, and perhaps to-morrow night we may be all united again."

Charles hastened to join the hunter, who waited for him at the little postern-gate. A negro—one of those most attached to the family—stood by to bar and lock the gate behind them. He trembled as he stood, for the events of the last few days had filled his mind with vague alarm, which the expedition of his young master was likely to increase instead of diminish.

"Now, sup," said the negro, "not a word. You mustn't know any thing about it."

"I is munn. Tink euli'd gent'-man hab no debscription? Say notin' to de ole man."

The young man and the hunter were now in the garden, which was a very cultivated field that lay before them, fields of corn, pumpkins, and a vegetable garden, while a small portion was used as grazing ground for the cattle, which, however, were generally driven to a rich upland clearing, about two miles distant, where they were kept in the summer months. The garden was a very beautiful one, and the young man and the hunter were now in the garden, which was a very cultivated field that lay before them, fields of corn, pumpkins, and a vegetable garden, while a small portion was used as grazing ground for the cattle, which, however, were generally driven to a rich upland clearing, about two miles distant, where they were kept in the summer months.



by all save one man, Bennett, who would lie concealed on the top of a haystack, on the watch for the Indians. This Bennett had been an old scout in the war, and was never so happy as when out on some dangerous mission. On the suggestion of Harrod, it was determined to add Bennett to their expedition, for which he was amply qualified by his experience and undaunted courage.

There was a wide path usually followed by the cattle and the hunters who made for the forest, but which lay so open to observation from the Block-house, in which a sentry was placed soon after the morning of the 11th. Mr. and Harrod turned off to the right and determined to follow the skirt of the forest. Habit, and the fact that the Indians were in arms in the morning, made them proceed with considerable caution. They had started on an enterprise of known danger and difficulty, and they determined from the very moment of starting to use all the precaution known to border experience.

The moon had not yet risen, the last remnant of day had long since vanished. The forest lay deeply imbedded in gloom, and the Block-  
! occasionally looked  
! one heavy black  
mass, except where a light flicker-

one of the wide, low chimneys of building.

... of buildings ... red ...

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

ve young eyes, cap'n; just

rd

... ..

Charles looked in the direction of the solitary grave, round which one or two low stunted trees had been planted, and he plainly saw three men crawling slowly along the ground, as if fearful of detection from the Block-house.

"I'm determined," said Harrod, "if thar ain't Spiky Jonas. I'm determined to nail the varmint. He's a-gwine to try to open the wicket."

Charles shivered all over with rage and excitement, but he did not move, as there were sounds in the forest at no great distance, which proclaimed the presence of a large body of Indians. They heard them quite plainly about fifty yards to the right, talking with some of the accent which usually characterizes the Indian, and Harrod was quite sure there were white men among them by the laughing.

"Some of them dirty, white-livered thieves, as is cut out of white folks, 'cause they is so dirty. I do hate a man as consorts with rogues. Keep close—h—h, they 've tried to—hey! won't that be a sighter for about the city. I'd give 'em a piece of my mind. You'll be 'lowed with I like the way."

Charles sat still. A very little distance to the left he could hear some one advancing with extreme caution through the bushes, halting as if to listen, then pushing on again—all so slowly, so stealthily, that none but the most practiced ears could have detected the slightest sound. The two men held their breath. This was probably some prowling Indian or renegade, eager to distinguish himself before his fellows, or on some other mission like that confided to the three who were still crawling along the prairie. It was a common practice with Indians to commence their attack by setting fire to some part of a building, hoping, in the confusion, to enjoy advantages which otherwise would be lost.

They held their breath and looked on. The man had evidently reached







The barking of the dogs grew more furious, and Charles, Harrod, Bennett, and ten others of various occupations, hunters, laborers,

close to cover, soon saw several canoes full of Indians turning the corner of the stockade. The firing from the Block continued so furiously, and was so fiercely returned from the Indians on the

dogs was almost drowned, and the party on the water-side were chuckling at the result of a strata-

tion, and prisoners, without a blow. On they came, then, without attempt at concealment, at least forty warriors, armed with

clutched their little bright axes, as if they thought a hand-to-hand conflict more probable than any other, and any one could have

stars, and that vague light which, as the darkness grows en-

nature, with de-

Heavens! that was a yell, as thirteen rifle-shots laid thirteen war-

low, and the white men, with

oppose the landing of the grim and painted warriors. They ceased

of the dyl-

le, so unexpected, minutes the contest

and

and

so horrid, so new, so different from any of his former experiences, that he felt a chill run toward the breast, and a death at his heart, and he was about to enter, when a huge Indian, yelling, shrieking, roaring, came forth, and leaping down, leaped over the chevaux-de-frise into the waters of the river.

Charles rose instantly and entered the room, where he knew his sister Jane had taken refuge. He found her in a state of fearful shriek of hers that made it terrible to enter within those precincts. All was still and hushed, save the moaning of a negro girl, who usually attended on Jane.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A GLEAM.

We return to Andrew and Fanny Carstone.

How the sun shined, how the light shined, how the light shined, how the light shined, when all was dark and gloomy in the future of their earth-

Andrew Carstone was a man of fifty years of age, a staid and earnest man, whose whole existence was one of patient study and thought and reflection. He was a good and kind landlord, he was gentle to the poor, he was lenient as a magistrate; he ever remained what he once had been, an excellent husband.

Time did not lay its hand too heavily upon them, for they used time well, and at forty-six and fifty, Mrs. and Mr. Carstone were a pleasant couple to look at.

They spoke now of the child as a thing of the past, and not with that bitter pang of regret which had worn it out.

Charles Carstone—who had been



knighted for some deed of little note, and was a very precise and solemn courtier, a prim man in days not remarkable for nicety, days when men scarce spoke without an oath, when wine was a measure of man's capacity, and modesty a thing but faintly understood—they saw little of it. He came once a year, at Christmas, was very polite and attentive, received his courtesy with a formal, pleasant letter of thanks, and continued on his way, still Sir Charles, unchanged, unaltered, except that there was a Lady Carstone in the case, and one fine boy of thirteen, to whom it passed Andrew Carstone to think the family estate would one day go.

Andrew Carstone was in his garden, which ran along the back of his house, and skirted a pretty lane with trees and green hedges, and Mrs. Carstone was with him looking at the flowers and the shrubs, and the gravel path, and the quaintly cut yew trees. Andrew was dressed in the fashion of the day. He wore his own hair and a large comb, and a long light buff coat to the throat with large buttons, and boots that went above his knees, for he was about to ride forth to some meeting of magistrates. His wife wore a dress, the petticoat of which was turned up all round, showing another skirt, and a high collar, which was open in front and laced. Her hair was tied back in a knot, and a cap with long ribbons fluttered on her shoulders.

They stood on a path near the wall, and at some apricots in bloom. Andrew pointing to the wall with his heavy riding whip.

They both started.

A head, nothing more, protruded over the wall; but it was a head seldom seen, but, once seen, not easily forgotten.

It was a very ugly looking, middle-aged man, brown haired, and bearded, with hollow eyes, a large mouth, and a shaggy head of hair, red, and curly, and dirty; the whole set off by an expression

of low cunning that belongs only to ignorance and guilt combined—and in general guilt is the consequence of ignorance in those who should obey, and in those who make the laws.

"I say," muttered this apparition, in such a voice as a door-mat with a severe cold might be supposed to indulge in, but which was really a tone common to some of the best of men.

"I say, axing your pardon, is you the magistrate?"

And the head disappeared as if by a trick in a pantomime, and then bobbed up again, and looked hard at the astonished couple.

"What does that man mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Carstone.

"I believe, my dear, he wishes to know if I am the magistrate—"

"Exact—that's what I means," continued the hollow voice, again disappearing, as if its speeches were uttered upon tiptoe, and the exertion was too much to be sustained.

"I am a magistrate, sirrah; and pray what do you want? Persons who wish to speak with me usually ring at the door."

"But is you Muster Carstone his-self?" continued the man.

"I am Mr. Carstone, the magistrate, "but I again—"

"It's orr rite," exclaimed the thick-spoken individual; "that's fah you. Cor for a ans'er in ten minits."

With that he cast a cramped

glance at the couple, and disappeared.

"What a queer fellow," said Mrs. Carstone, "but I am sure he is a magistrate."

"Or he is a very bad man," said Andrew, "and I am sure he is a very bad man."

"What a queer fellow," said Mrs. Carstone, "but I am sure he is a magistrate."

"Or he is a very bad man," said Andrew, "and I am sure he is a very bad man."



"Speak! Oh, Andrew, what is it?"

"Listen. This paper says that the writer, on his death-bed, repenting of a crime, wishes to gain pardon from Heaven by revealing the place where our child lives—still lives, Fanny! Come round to the door, man—make haste, I will join you."

"Orr rite," repeated the shaggy head, again disappearing, while the husband and wife hurried, arm-in-arm, into the house, unable to exchange a word.

In five minutes more the messenger of such glad tidings was in the magistrate's private office. He was a short, thick-set looking man, in very ragged attire, with an old hat, and a stick in his hand. He looked like a man who slept in market-places, or on the streets, or in any place—anywhere, in fact, but in his natural bed.

"Man," said Andrew Carstone, "if these tidings you bring be true, you shall be rewarded beyond all that you can ask. Tell me all you know."

The man explained as well as he could that a comrade of his—one Joe Mullins—"a old post-boy as was," being laid up and likely to die, was very much tormented by the thought of his child, and that he, the said Joe Mullins, seeing that he really was ill, induced him to confess being concerned in robbing a house, and thence stealing the child. The man, hearing this statement, he, the worthy bone-dealer, considering trifles aforesaid, did then there induce the said Joe Mullins to tell the truth to the magistrate, the said child on certain conditions, and such a case made

the bedside of the said Joe Mullins.

Second. Perfect immunity for the said Joe Mullins, should he recover from his illness.

Third. A slight reward in the way of a small annuity for the said Joe Mullins, always provided that he lived to enjoy it.

Fourth. A small fee, or gratuity for Cornelius Ragg, as the messenger of glad tidings.

"You live in London?" said the magistrate, anxiously.

"Her do," replied the man.

"How came you here?"

"Wark'd," continued the bone-dealer.

"Can you ride on horseback?"

"K-rather."

At this time the bell. A servant appeared—a staid man of five-and-fifty.

"James," said his master, "I can trust you. There is news of my child—not a word to a living soul. Take this man, have him dressed up in the best clothes you can find among your own and John's. Tidy him, and make him look as much like a groom as you can. Saddle Brown Bess and Sally."

Mr. and Mrs. Carstone, when once alone, clasped each other's hands, and then fell on their knees and uttered an earnest prayer that the hope thus excited might be realized. Andrew then bade his wife be of good cheer, and promised to search he should have to make for the lost one. His wife could scarcely speak, but through her tears and sobs she promised to remember all he said.

He snatched some refreshment, and as soon as his attendant and the horses were announced as ready, Andrew Carstone kissed his wife, and, accompanied by Ragg, dashed off along the London road, at a pace which showed his eager desire to end his journey.

Many were the people who stared to see them go. Cornelius Ragg, in a suit much too long and

The utmost secrecy as to the said Andrew Carstone's journey, and in his visit to







At this point, however, Mr. Mullins, who had been standing by the door, came forward, and, with a look of surprise, said: "The Bank of America has just received all the money of that market."

Amid an insufferable odor of tobacco, Mr. Mullins, who had been standing by the door, came forward, and, with a look of surprise, said: "The Bank of America has just received all the money of that market."

"Now, then, I am at home," said Mr. Mullins, with a look of surprise.

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"Oh!" cried the sick man, sinking back, "give me water! water!"

The doctor examined him, felt his pulse, and then said: "He is dying."

"He is dying," said the doctor, with a look of surprise.

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Jane, dear, have the valuable kettle replenished, and we will even take a late tea."

"Golly! golly!" grinned Hebe. "I think I see 'ub now, rub his red skin."

"But where is Amy all this time?" asked Jane. "Custa said she should be here before this."

"Custaloga and Harvey will fulfill their task the easier that the Indians are round the Moss. Be of good cheer, my sister."

"Dear Charles," she said, blushing, and looking on the ground.

"There was something in that wild man's manner that told me it was not death Amy would have to fear. An Indian can see her beauty. Oh,

to be tied to the wigwam of a

in her heart, despite her every effort to be generous!"

"Yes," mused Charles, gravely, "her detestation, to a certain degree, of the colored races is peculiar—I have often feared she

would make Custa our enemy.

is needed indeed."

"I have feared it too, Charles—her sneers, her allusions, her constant words, speaking of all save

the whites as beings of an inferior race, have often puzzled me. Custa-

loga, too, has heard them moodily; but oh, Charles, he is generous,

brave, and good, and I can never mistrust him."

"I love him as a brother," said Charles; "but it would have been

as well if Amy had been more tender of his feelings. You have

educated him, elevated his mind,

his speech, made the

he is capable of lofty

and

I have

of

I have

might entirely reclaim him to civilization."

"And become Mrs. Custaloga, I presume?—Thank you!" said Jane with courtesy.

"And she might do worse," replied Charles with a smile.

It was evident that the contest was over for a time. Not a gun

was heard, not a cry could be distinguished, and when he came to

the Block-house he found that the Indians had retired on all sides.

His proposal to place a few sentries was therefore readily acceded to,

and the judge, Squire Barton, the peddler, and the younger people

were soon collected in the supper, dinner, and breakfast room, as it

was indiscriminately called.

"This is the beginning," said the judge, after a few moments

of desultory talk, "of a war between the whites and red-skins,

which must end in the extermination of the latter. It is a pity. I

know well that everywhere the early discoverers of America, glorious

Columbus excepted, treated

justifies much; but the Indians

might lose their best

them, I have always demanded even-handed justice, and I would

hang a man who shot an Indian in cold blood, as I would hang one

who shot a white man or a negro."

"Nay, judge, I'm not of your opinion!" exclaimed Squire Barton. "No! no! hang me—a red

men. I never thought the natives

the peddler; "the squire's right,

with them up an' down considerable now, but I'm bound to say

they are a pesky set of var-



thievish, treacherous, and murderous; but there are noble fellows among them, faithful, sincere, and true; Custaloga is as fine a specimen of humanity as any in the country."

"We all know your opinion of him," said Barton, dryly.

"I am sorry to say we know yours," said Jane, an expression of anger and sorrow crossing her face. "Would that all men were as brave and generous as he!"

"Miss Jane," replied Squire Barton, with a laugh, "I know I may not speak of your and your sister's pupil; but you are already aware that he can be over boastful. He has not brought back Amy, and I fancy you must come here to poor me after all. It is, therefore, my intention to leave the Mountains to-night, to go down east, rouse a strong party, and relieve you and rescue Amy, which is more than either the Wyandot or his double, the Mad Artist, will ever do."

"Leave to night?" said Jane, looking strangely at him.

"Leave the Moss?" repeated the squire, who simply regretted the delay, "I leave you to judge of Amy's case so desperate."

"I do not," replied the squire; "but I believe that to be the best chance. Next while these savages are in the woods. Rely on it, judge, the worst that can happen to Amy will be a few hours' detention. She is in danger, and a savage has even more cupidity than ferocity."

"I hope so," said the young man, solemnly. "If you think, then, that your going is best, go, but hasten back."

"How will you depart?" asked young Moss.

"By the *dug-out*," replied the squire. "I will glide down when the moon is hid, strike Gum Creek, and it will be a good-legged Indian that will catch me."

"I will go with you as far as Gum Creek," said C. "and

bring back the *dug-out*. We may want it."

"Well, judge," began the trader, looking uneasily at the squire, "I think promiskus like, I'll be on the move—in g'yuns is better nor

"Promiscuous or not promiscuous, you'll not move with me," said the squire. "You had better stop until I come back, which will not be long."

"Very good, squire," remarked the trader, carelessly: "I dar say for I'm reck'ned unkinmin good at a long shot."

"You and all honest men are earnestly; "but every man who aids me now to drive back the bloody heathen is my friend."

"And, judge, he who brings relief, and restores your child, will have claims, I fancy, even greater," remarked the squire.

"He who restores unto me my daughter shall not bargain with William Moss. I am his slave, as was the genius of the lamp to the man in dear Amy's famous story, and nothing that he asks will I refuse."

The look of the squire was now so proud, so self-satisfied, and so strange, that Jane viewed him with astonishment. Never had she seen such an expression on his face. She translated favorably. For some time he seemed to fear that Amy did not receive him so well as formerly, and it was natural that he should snatch at the opportunity of restoring her to her friends, and thus gain

Little more was said on the subject. Barton went out to examine the forts and c

The night was very dark. The savages showed no sign of life, and the vast expanse of forest moaning was heard, as of the long wind, or the cry of the whip-



wake the soul to sad harmony. But, all gave sign of a storm. The dark clouds from the nor'-west came bodily toward the earth, charged with vapor and electricity, a damp feeling pervaded the atmosphere, the air was chill and cold, darkness spread over the whole face of nature, surcharged with the menace of the tempest; and then the rumbling of thunder was heard, gusts of wind came rushing over tree-tops and through the forest glade, the great limbs of the trees rattled and fell, so that the sentries, with every possible good-will, could scarcely distinguish an inch before their noses.

The Block-house lay in deep obscurity, except when the lightning lit up the sky. The sentries kept close, peering only from chink or crevice, to see that none approached. But the Indians appeared utterly inactive, and it was difficult to realize that there had been on this spot so lately a deadly combat.

"Charles," said Barton, in a low tone, when they had gone their rounds, "hold out forty-eight hours and all will be well. You have powder and ball, and men and true; and your defense will be easy for that time. Ere it has passed, however, you shall have the Little Bridge Regulars. The thing will be easy."

replied Charles, "and I trust we shall soon see you."

And yet th

the

pre-  
to  
he

looked to his pouch, his knife, his short, bright ax, and then stood still on the edge of the wharf, where the canoe lay moored. Barton and Charles listened: not a sound was heard. They looked: nothing could be seen. With the stealth of serpents they then glided into the boat, just as the sharp voice of Harrod from the lower part of the Block cried to the sentries to be vigilant and careful.

Up the river and down the river they gazed, and then began paddling across to the forest on the

It was with a feeling akin to awe that they entered the dense shelter of the beeches and oaks that lined the banks of the river. They avoided the open trees, their foemen might have been lying. It was not very long, however, ere they breathed more freely beneath the deep shadow of the forest trees which overhung the water. Suddenly Barton saw a flash of light and shook Moss and shook him. "Look! look! we are lost."

Charles looked, and saw indeed, by the glare of a lightning flash, a large body of Indians advancing with several men at their head, who wore the garb of white men, and in the hands of these were scaling ladders.

"A moment," added Barton, springing on to the shore; "now we can do it. Let us both fire, and then you dart for the Block openly. They will have too rough a reception to mind you."

"Well thought of," replied Charles; and instantly the two young men fired.

The voice of Charles Moss at the same time was heard above the storm:







to pray and to thank God; I can not refuse them succor. Charles, let a sally of six picked men be organized, and such as claim our aid be brought in."

Charles was accustomed to treat his father's word as law, and the words of the trader fell upon him without effect.

A sally, under the circumstances, was a very serious thing, and as such Charles Moss treated it. Accompanied by Harrod and four of the best and most active men of the Block, he went out, passing close to the postern gate, and chiefly on the outside, a large body of laborers and dependents of the Moss, who were prepared to cover his retreat in case of necessity. Then, conquering the disgust he felt for the task imposed upon him, he glided along the sides, and reached the spot from which the besiegers, under the novel circumstances in which they were placed, had not been able to remove their dead.

"Water!"

fancy-  
ere crawl-

furiously at the disgusting opportunity of triumph, which the white men they thought were taking advantage of—made another rush at the Block. This, however, was repelled by so vigorous a discharge from the Block itself that the besiegers retreated, and the prisoner was brought in without any further difficulty.

It was a white man, as they had expected.

"Give me water!" he cried; "lay me down—I'm done for. Oh, my back! my back! Tell me, I beseech Simon!"—and then he glanced round, as if expecting to see some one who answered to that name—"it was his doing. Lay me down."

They took him into the inner room of the Block, and laid him on a mattress. He lay down with a large draught of water, and closed his eyes for ever.

was not even  
continually

"You have some secret?" continued the judge.

"Yes—yes—I have—a—secret—Simon Girty pushed me to—it—I never meant—but, judge, there is a serpent in the Block! Water!"

"I knew it," cried the judge,







## CHAPTER XVI.

## SCOWL HALL.

SOME years before the commencement of our tale, there had come to live in that land which has been called so many times—some for conscience' sake, some for crime's sake, and some for fancy's sake—one Edward Morton de Grey, a man of substance and note. He came from England with a wife and a wife's son, and with many servants, a retinue quite surprising in a colony. He bought a vast estate, built him a house, and called it Scowl Hall.

It was a quaint old house, in a deep dell, with a skirt of wood round the place when the clearings were made, so that he could not see the fields which surrounded his dwelling, and which were to be cultivated by his hired and hired-yed laborers, kept horses and hounds, and was a kind of fine old English gentleman on a small scale on the banks of the Ohio.

He was about forty-five years old when he came to that land, and his wife was nearly the same age. She had a son, James Barton, between whom and Edward Morton de Grey there existed no friendship, all his love being given to his wife's daughter, Margaret Walter, one three, the other two year old. He had married her, it was said, for her dowry, which was very great, and had run away to her father's house, and the woman, who loved her husband, gave him all, and trusted to him to provide for her son by her first husband. Edward Morton de Grey was in most senses of the word, a good man. He had a hundred and fifty acres of land with his

War existed between England and her colony, which was soon to be the cradle of civilization, progress, and liberty; and Mrs. de Grey, who was of a delicate and timorous nature, alarmed at last at the war and rumors of war, and especially by an Indian attack, died after a very short illness.

It was the afternoon preceding the funeral, which was to take place at a considerable distance. The coffin lay in the state-room, of which the shutters were closed. The servants looked up with regret and awe at the window where lay the mortal remains of a good and kind mistress. A beautiful young negress, to whom the grown-up son always paid marked attention, sat in a shady bower with the two handsome boys of that dead mother who lay within. The colonel, as he was called, was in his room, and the shutters were all closed, and no one, under any pretense, would have dared to disturb him.

That strangely-built house looked solemn enough at first sight. The first floor was built of stone, and its roof was laid low in the earth. It had a portico in front with a set of stone steps, and a veranda round; and behind, it had its own garden, with a small palace, and boats that looked like business. Above the first floor, and projecting three feet over, was another story all of wood. Large beams had been laid across, and rooms built upon them two stories in height, with odd-looking gables, a vane, a flag-staff, and the bust of a man with a very stern look—hence the name of Scowl Hall.

This peculiar formation gave the lower rooms a dark look; but the first floor they were spacious enough, and cheerful. One of them was really a ball-room, and was furnished with great magnificence, and in company with her young children would pass the hours in







Nothing, it would seem, had been done to restore or improve it since the day of the massacre, except that the door was re-fastened on its hinges, and the windows strongly barred. But the stones and bricks were dirty and damp from the vicinity of the trees, the wood above was cracked for want of paint, the windows were dirty for want of cleaning, and all exhibited evidences of decay and waste.

The outhouses still were numerous, for there were many negroes on the estate, and then there were the buildings inhabited by the overseers and white men in the service of the squire, men of strange and odd aspect, who always went about armed to the teeth, and who formed, as it were, a body-guard to the petty monarch of the place. Simon Girty, on his own part, was a man of a different stamp. He was a tall, dark, and powerful-looking fellow, with a broad forehead, a large nose, and a thick-lipped mouth. He was a man of a different stamp.

At the door of the main house, a woman, Mrs. de Grey was a woman of about thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little more. She was not means ugly, but surly and ill-favored in expression rather than feature. She wore a red cotton handkerchief around her head, and was dressed otherwise with considerable taste. She was yawning as if just up, and had not yet shaken off sleep. As she brought her arms down again, she rested her elbows on the window-sill.

Simon Girty, on his part, was a tall, dark, and powerful-looking fellow, with a broad forehead, a large nose, and a thick-lipped mouth. He was a man of a different stamp. He was a tall, dark, and powerful-looking fellow, with a broad forehead, a large nose, and a thick-lipped mouth. He was a man of a different stamp. He was a tall, dark, and powerful-looking fellow, with a broad forehead, a large nose, and a thick-lipped mouth. He was a man of a different stamp.

sion of extreme ferocity, of low cunning, of gross and vulgar sensuality, rested ever on his face, even when he smiled, which was seldom indeed.

He wore a tight-fitting frock coat, and over this was a gun *en bandoliere*; in his belt were stuck a most formidable pair of pistols, while another belt in the opposite direction carried a sword and horn. A cut-throat was added to this walking arsenal. High boots over his pantaloons completed his attire.

"De top ob de mornin', Massa Simon Girty," said the woman.

"Mornin'," growled Simon Girty, the owner of a name scandalous on the borders, and to be more scandalous still; "so you kin git up, blackey?"

"Pnabe no call to get up sooner dan her like," exclaimed the negress, "and my name no blackey."

"Sartin—hearn you say that afore now, ole gal," continued the ruffian.

"Nebber you mine—what de tongue twar? Say da same ting to my face, if a like," said the negress indignantly.

"Go it, screamer—pitch ahead—I'm ther'—hyar he is, Simon Girty, as can stand any amount of gab. I'll tell you, I've a good deal of a bit of a door-mat," said the rude borderman, with the nearest approach he ever made to a jest.

"Yah! yah!" laughed the woman; "but nebber I hear of no break'it—massa Simon eat a bit a Ole Joe?"—that was the name of the dog which he kept.

"Well, you are a riglar roarer. I've filled my craw pretty well, I guess, this mornin', but I don't mind a little bit of pork."

"Wah dat?" said the woman suddenly. "A boat down dah!"

"Stand up and show," cried Simon Girty, in a loud voice, turning toward the stream, "or I guess you'll hear tell of my old shootin'-iron."

"Hold your tongue, and keep



your threats for others," replied a voice from behind some bushes, and then a canoe, in which was Squire Barton, came in sight. Pucube disappeared immediately.

"Mornin', cap'n," said Simon; "you're good fur sore eyes, I guess."

"Am I?" replied the squire, whose canoe was hauled up to the bank, and who was getting out of his boat; "that's more than you are, I fancy. What's the meaning of all this row, and why is Tecumseh attacking the Moss?"

"I'm shot!" exclaimed the astounded Indian, "I thought that Squire—"

"You thought like a fool, I dare say," replied the squire, angrily; "and I wish I could get up to the Crow's Nest, and killing Clara, and putting that devil of a Harrod on us?"

"I wish I may be shot, cut into little bits, and stuck in a huckleberry bush," cried Simon, "if I know. Clayri killed? That's some of them pesky Injines."

"And Miss Amy Moss," said Squire Barton, who had reached the door-step, "where is she?"

"She's right as a coon, only one of them pesky Injines is over her and eatin'—"

"What!" said Barton, clutching the other by the wrist; "what said you?—speak, I say, or I shall—"

"I guess you wun't," replied Simon, coolly; "and my wrist ain't a tomahawk. I said as how the Injine as treed Miss A-my is sweet on her—that's all."

"Who told any rascally red-skin to touch Amy?—who *thought*?" he said, in a voice of savage and sarcastic irony.

"I can't say—I didn't—I never was more streaked in my life, never—I didn't know a coon's hoof from a moccasin for about half a minute—I didn't."

"Come in, Simon Girty—these things must be seen to. There has been too much killing and robbing round the Moss, and that must be stopped."

"My!" said Simon almost to himself, with a look of strange meaning, "the cap'n ain't as tickle as a ga—oh no, not at all."

"There are two men I hate—they must die," replied the squire furiously; "but they are not in the Moss."

"And without pokin' right's lick away into secrets as ain't mine, might I fix the names of them two friends of yours?"

"Custaloga and Dick Harvey—I hate them, Simon, with no common hatred. If they were in the Moss, I would not stir a finger to save it; no, not if Jane, the judge, and Charles must perish with them, all save Amy, who is mine—mine—mine!"

Simon looked vacantly at the squire, glanced from side to side, pulled up his coat as if to whistle, and gave a long, low and cautious "whew!"

"Custaloga and Dick Harvey—my!" he exclaimed, looking into the other's eyes, as if he expected to detect some hidden meaning in the words of the squire.

"Yes, Custaloga and Dick Harvey, the common enemies of the Mad A-my."

"Why?" asked Simon, with a look of intense interest.

"Because they are always in my way—my way to the Moss. They are the only two men who have been so long in the Moss as to know all its secrets. They are the only two men who have been so long in the Moss as to know all its secrets. They are the only two men who have been so long in the Moss as to know all its secrets. In spite her vows to me, I often—"

"I often—"

"There was—"



Girty's look than merely surprise at wishing to do away with two fellow-creatures. There was a something in the expression which Squire Barton did not understand.

"My!" said the ruffian, moved by remorse, "there must be a Providence."

He followed the squire into the house. Brushing past Phoebe, who came to meet him with a welcome, Barton bade her send him breakfast to his private room, of which he snatched the key from her girdle, and added that he wanted plenty of wine, which being served, no one was to disturb him on any pretense whatever, save Simon Girty, whom he ordered to join him.

The breakfast was brought and eaten in silence, as Phoebe waited on them; then wine and pipes being placed on the table, with a glass of brandy, the squire took the negress by the arm, turned her out, bolted the door, and remained alone with Girty, the renegade; for, though a black man, Simon Girty had fought on the American side, and, after being wounded, deserted to England, and having been captured, had been sold to the most savage of the Indian tribes.

Of their interview no record remains; but at the end of two hours, Simon went out, and left the squire alone in his private room.

It was a small room, but handsomely furnished with a bed, a table, a chair, and a wardrobe. The walls were decorated with representations of female beauty and portraits of horses; there hung around a whole armory of pistols, swords, and guns—curious, it is true, but evidently thoroughly serviceable. There were two windows, one looking out upon the stream, the other on the side of the house; but both were very strongly barred and furnished with iron shutters. That

There sat Barton. All his bravado of manner, all his outward seeming of carelessness, all his wild merriment of look and mien were gone. His face was haggard and pale, despite the large quantity of wine he had imbibed; his eyes glared round into the corners of the room, as if he expected to see something strange rise therefrom; then, quaffing another goblet, he rose without tottering, wholly unaffected by the heavy potations which he had taken. He moved the table away from the middle of the room, and raised the center flower of the carpet, which, though apparently of the same make as the rest, was in reality totally distinct. He laid it on one side, and there appeared a trap-door, which he proceeded to raise. His face was flushed—he looked about him anxiously, and then, taking a key of iron, he unlocked a door which led to a cupboard, where the remains of his breakfast had been thrust, took a plate of meat, a large slice of bread, and a bottle of wine, and descended.

In an instant he was gone. Then there was a brief murmur of voices, and the squire came up, a little more livid, a little more ghastly than before, and he replaced the trap-door, put the carpet over it, and the table in its place, drew a long breath, and sat down.

There he sat until the sun went down, the shadows thickened, and the trees seen from the windows became one solid, dark mass, and night had fallen on the whole scene. Hours passed, and the squire dozed in his chair. There were sounds of serving-men and women, of blacks, of hunters, and others without, the busy hum of evening, and then all was still, and not a light burned anywhere save in the one room, where sat the master of Seowl Hall, tortured, his mind on the rack, revolving the past, which was terrible—the present, which was perplexing—and the future, which was gloomy.

The lights had burned low; there



had been sounds of strange import in the forest, when Barton started as a low knocking was heard at the window of the room. There came three separate and distinct knocks, one after the other, on the shutter. He started, rose, and moved to the door of the room, and out into the passage, without a light. In a few minutes he returned with a man in a horseman's cloak, and a slouched beaver drawn close over his eyes. He was of powerful stature, with dark eyes, a heavy mustache, and a generally sinister aspect.

"What news, Barton?" said he, in a hoarse voice.

"Bad news, Colonel Butler," replied the speaker, motioning the other to a seat.

"Bad news!" repeated the man addressed as Colonel Butler. It was, in truth, the guilty author of the misadventure of Wyoming. "What bad news can there be?"

"That Calhoun approved of the whole, and that the friends of the negro and the alligator, and that the Moss will not yield, at all events to treachery."

[illegible]

"Honesty, honesty!" cried the captain with a shrug. "Colonel Butler is so. Let us not talk of honesty. You want Jane Moss; I want Amy—we are likely to want, in my opinion."

"Hearken, squire. I am an outlaw and an outcast, because in a moment of furious passion I turned against the noblest of men. I have been banished by this country, and I have lost my home, my name, my position, station, and fortune, and thus backed, to earn forgiveness of Congress. The husband of Judge Meade's daughter would not give me a favor in vain. You love Amy—

"I love her!" cried Barton, saying. "Colonel Butler, you know of human nature. I wish to marry her—to have her at my side—to love her as I love my God."

"Well, well, it's all one. You did love her, or else why are you what you are?"

"I would I were not what I am," said Barton, gloomily.

"Regrets are but the bank,  
right bank of evil men," said  
Butler, with a laugh; "we have  
launched our boat, we must row  
in it."

"We must, Colonel Butler, become, by some infernal means at your disposal, your intimate friend and my secret."

"One of your secrets, Squire Barton, if you please," replied Butler, glancing significantly at the floor.

"Well, one of my secrets—"

"Which secret would not exist, if you were to tell the world that you are to die."

"Would you have me kill a woman?" asked Barton, angrily.

"It must come to that," said Colonel Butler, with a savage sneer. "But no, do not kill her; take from her every hope, crush her, and tell her that any friend in

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

ed house—a house in which :

the colony. In 1960, the colony was estimated to be 50 years old.

in my path, they in

soul; it can not be done  
 "So ho! Then you live  
 in self-defence,"



with the eyes. "I mean we see  
the world as it is. I never saw a man  
except as I saw him, as a man, as  
a man, as a man. I never saw a  
man as a man, as a man, as a man.  
I never saw a man as a man, as a man,  
as a man, as a man, as a man.  
I never saw a man as a man, as a man,  
as a man, as a man, as a man."

"You have won a very precious ally," said the Colonel. "But how can I now to rescue my Army? Myself is in the hands of the Indians. They have taken her at the village. Now is the time for you to act, and I leave the result on you to answer for. I have armed you with my sword, your courage is now your ally."

"And I want to tell you, if I don't  
 know it, I don't know it on the basis  
 of the Bible, I don't know it on the basis of

"And when I said, 'I will  
be a part of the community, I will  
be in the face."

"No," said Daniel Deane, "not if the woman looking that would disgrace him!"

"I don't know," I do not know  
 "I don't know," I do not know

at him.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for ensuring the integrity and transparency of the financial system.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for consistent and reliable data collection techniques to ensure the validity of the results.

3. The third part of the document describes the process of interpreting the data and drawing conclusions. It stresses the importance of using statistical methods to analyze the data and identify any trends or patterns.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the challenges faced in conducting research and the steps taken to overcome them. It mentions the need for collaboration and communication between different teams and the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest research findings.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the findings and conclusions. It states that the research has shown that maintaining accurate records is crucial for the success of the financial system and that the use of statistical methods is essential for analyzing the data.

"I suspect that the forny which

44. 1990年12月，中共中央、国务院作出《关于实行党风廉政建设责任制的规定》，明确各级领导干部对职责范围内的党风廉政建设负( )。

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career of crime which

good for nothing. You see so many  
cavities in that timber, it is not fit  
to cut. An' we can't do much at  
the house of the minister, 'specially  
back of the house, but the fore-  
bet you that I agree with Army Men  
that peace at once, and that with  
James, and we may have our names  
so high in the war as to be put  
on our cheeks. I warrant you  
that the heirs then shall never ap-  
pear. *They* have no suspicion of  
the truth, and the whole of us  
will only appear at my funeral."

[illegible]

"There's another piece of folly. That I'll have you know, is the leaving my money out here, lying about one of these days; it seems you have made the best of it, and will not be so foolish as to leave it here."

[illegible]

...the ... ..

"At once. We can speak all we

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that the study of the history of the United States is essential for a full understanding of the country and its people. The paper then discusses the various methods used by historians to study the past, including the use of primary and secondary sources, and the importance of critical thinking in the study of history.







such woodmen as Dick and Harrod, he had counted on carrying out his plans with ease.

He dashed a line or two under the scrawl, to signify that he had been there, and then away he went back again down the gully toward the trail which he well knew the white men would have left.

He, however, found but one, after the track had advanced some little distance from the place where Dick Harvey had skinned the panther.

"Good," said Custaloga to himself; "Harrod has hid his trail."

He now advanced slowly and with extreme caution along the path, which he was quite sure was the one made by Dick Harvey. There was no foot, and here and there he had broken branches and eat down, and once he had climbed a tree—all this Custaloga saw as clearly as if he had been by his side all the day.

At length he came to an open clearing, and here he saw at once there had been a fearful and terrible struggle. There had been rolling on the ground, and knives had been used, and blood had been shed, and there lay the step of the man who had been killed, with the knife that had been used by his slayer. A little distance was a little distance, but it was a little distance, which Custaloga did not start and back from. It was, however, but for a moment, and then he went on his way, as a hunter, and not as a man of war.

He had not advanced two hundred yards when he was startled by a low strange sound quite new in the woods, the suppressed singing of an Indian girl, for such he took her to be by her words, her voice, and manner. Treading with all the caution of a serpent, his heart beating wildly, his eyes on fire, he continued moving for five minutes, and then he was through the bushes, looking back over his shoulder, and without a moment's hesitation.

It was an arid piece of land, stony and bare, with a little stream on one side, and on the other a huge tree, which had fallen years before, uprooted by some gale, and lay there rotting and decaying, giving, however, new life to a host of parasitical plants, ivy, wild vine, and moss, that made it look like a green bank rather than a log.

About eight yards distant, standing beside a tree which concealed this fallen monarch of the forest from her, was an Indian girl, whose short tunic displayed limbs, shoulders, and arms, modeled as if by the hand of a sculptor, so round, so perfect were they in their dusky beauty. Her hands were clasped as if in agony, and she gazed at something before her, which evidently excited both grief and awe in her bosom, for she chanted her monotonous and conventional song of grief in a way quite new to Custaloga.

But he was creeping round the clearing with stealthy and anxious step, his heart beating wildly, as he distinctly saw the body of a man, with his head placed on his breast, having been severed from the body by a knife, after the horrid desecration of scalping.

But Custaloga was too bent on his task to care so much as he would have done at another time for the sight he saw. He thought of nothing then but making the girl a prisoner; and so rapt was she at the spectacle before her, that he rushed to within six or seven yards of her before she saw him. Then she gave a little, low cry, but made no attempt to run, knowing too well that her sex was little protection, while the Indian garb of Custaloga also deceived her.

"What is my sister doing in the woods?" asked Custaloga, gently.

"She is very sad, and she has come to the woods to weep, and to sing, without hesitation.



She had recognized the paint of a Wyandot of an inimical branch.

"And why is my sister sad?" said Custaloga.

"Water Lily is a chief's daughter—and next moon she was to be the wife of Tecumseh—but Tecumseh is a great warrior"—this was said very proudly,—“and has taken many prisoners—one a daughter of the pale-faces, and Tecumseh says that she is more beautiful than Water Lily, and sings sweeter, and Tecumseh looks down at Water Lily, and she was made to weep, so she came and hid herself in the woods.”

"Girl of the Shawnees," said Custaloga, earnestly, "the daughter of the Long knives is my friend. She saved me when I was a prisoner. I must save her—help me, and Tecumseh will have no val before his eyes—he will see that Water Lily is very dear."

"Water Lily," said the girl, "I have seen her. The Wyandot warrior has taken her prisoner."

He had a face painted with red paint, his face would indeed have been a sight to see, at that time, as he seemed to convey an idea of the very best of the world to all who saw him, and in that part of the world.

"Her father is my friend, her sister is my friend, her brother is my friend; I must take the little bird back to its nest. My sister loves Tecumseh—she will go back to the village, and she will tell the pale-faces that she has seen the Wyandot warrior, and in the evening Water Lily will come out for a walk in the woods."

The girl shook her head at these positions of treason against her tribe; but Custaloga immediately changed the subject for a moment.

"Does my sister know why this Shawnee has his head on his breast?"

"No," said the girl with a shudder, "I have never seen him before."

low, when I heard a noise, and another Shawnee ran by, and then I heard a blow, a groan, and Water Lily ran up and saw this."

"Hist!" exclaimed Custaloga, in a low and determined voice, "I will be quick."

The girl showed a wounded foot, which made walking almost impossible. But he hesitated not a moment, caught her in his arms, bounded into the thicket, and then with a sternness and decision unusual in Custaloga, he bound her to a tree, sitting, and actually gagged her, which ungallant proceeding the girl submitted to without a struggle.

She was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and she must resign herself to her fate.

Custaloga had heard distinct voices of Indians coming back on the trail, as if to look after the absent one, who had been sent to fetch a forgotten hatchet of a chief, which having found, he darted back, and was running an avenging spirit, and would not be easily annihilated.

Custaloga hastily gathered some leaves, placed them in the girl's mouth, and with some rag he kept for wadding. He was engaged in this of humanity, when a yell of unusual ferocity and rage made him start to see that the Shawnees were surrounding the dead body of their fellow, fully mutilated, and

the girl was still sitting in the thicket, and the Shawnees were still surrounding the dead body of their fellow, fully mutilated, and

the girl was still sitting in the thicket, and the Shawnees were still surrounding the dead body of their fellow, fully mutilated, and the girl was still sitting in the thicket, and the Shawnees were still surrounding the dead body of their fellow, fully mutilated, and

The Wyandot levered his



astonishment and surprise as his shot appeared to be echoed, and two Indians fell to the ground. The other two halted and looked around in every direction. Both were about to dart to cover, when a third shot startled them still more, and one, the only one capable of flight, bounded into the thicket near the stream and disappeared.

Then Custaloga saw the bushes and foliage which covered the old place begin to quiver and shake, a thing, his whole men that of a man worked up to a pitch of unearthly excitement, came forth the Silent Hunter, with a gun in each hand, his own rifle and that of the wretched Indian he had slain.

With a low growl like that of a beast of prey, he bounded across the little open glade, dropped his guns, and dispatched the three wounded Indians, after which he did unto them as he had done to the first, the whole time growling and muttering in a ferocious manner. Custaloga, used as he was to scenes and deeds of blood, did not seem to be affected by the sight. He only looked on with a cold and steady gaze.

A sudden gleam of light, a painful, shuddering cry awoke him from a train of gloomy thoughts. To turn, to catch the Silent Hunter by the wrist, and drag him to the water, was the first impulse of his mind, and he did so. The man, who was about to sacrifice with apparently even more pleasure than he felt in slaying the ruthless war-

The Silent Hunter rose growling and glancing at Custaloga with a look of intense and ferocious disappoint-

My brother is a brave—his heart is very sad for the death of his wife, and he will kill the red-

Water Lily is the prisoner of the Silent Hunter. He will help him to

save Amy Moss—and then, if my brother's heart is very sad because of his wife and little ones, let him be a man, and not a dog of a Shawnee—he will kill no woman, he will kill no children, for his wife and his little ones' sake."

As Custaloga spoke in his softest and most winning tones, the face of the bereaved man grew less fierce, his eyes softened, and then the big tears rolled down his cheeks, like a waterfall. It was of the most heart-rending character. Then he grasped the hand of the Wyandot, and turning toward the girl, patted her softly on the head, with a gentle and resigned men which quite reassured his companion.

The girl looked and listened in astonishment. The four scalps which hung from his girdle surprised her much, while the words of Custaloga, and their effect on the terrible enemy of her race—for such she saw he was, the man who cut off the heads of her people after scalping them—were to her almost incomprehensible. Custaloga now ungagged her, and even then she said:

"Water Lily," said he, "is a daughter of the Riven Oak—her mother was a word of an Indian girl who was a friend."

"Water Lily is the daughter of Riven Oak," she replied, proudly, and with a start.

"And the daughter of Riven Oak has not forgotten her little friend Eagle Eye."

"Custaloga!" cried Water Lily, who had not seen him in his Indian paint for years.

"Custaloga," said the young Indian, proudly.

"My brother came into the country and he killed many warriors," replied the girl sadly, shaking her head mournfully.

"I came because the Shawnees stole away the friend of my youth," said Custaloga. "Ten suns ago Custaloga had never slain a man."



This boast, uttered in an earnest and mournful tone, made the Water Lily start, because such a boast was not in keeping with her ideas of valor and bravery, while it made the wretched owner of Crow's Nest—once so happy and joyous—shudder; for what a change had come over him within forty-eight hours!

Custaloga now narrated to Harold, in brief words, all that had passed since his departure from the gully. The backwoodsman listened with deep attention, and whenever the young Indian told of the death of a Shawnee, he testified his satisfaction by an approving grunt.

When he had concluded, he intimated his intention of following up the Indians, but not upon the same trail. He explained to the Silent Hunter his views with regard to the Water Lily, and that he was to be sent into her village with the distinct understanding that she was to assist in the escape of Amy. The Silent Hunter grimly smiled at the name of Amy, and intimated by signs his willingness to do any thing which could be useful to one whose kindness to his wife had brought her to her present terrible and all but hopeless position.

Having decided that a certain course of proceeding should be taken to bring about the escape of Amy, the three started. The girl, who was very light, was carried by the powerful backwoodsman, her weight being too great for her to bear of her walking. Custaloga went first with two guns, the Silent Hunter, his rifle on his back, and the girl carried in his arms. And thus they disappeared beneath the leafy arches of the forest.

About ten minutes later, seven Indians, with Harvey unarmed, and his hands tied behind his back, appeared on the clearing. Fearful of the unknown, they found the terrible sight of the bodies mutilated on the ground, where they

all their ingenuity could find more than one trail, and this directly toward their own village.

Not one man proposed to follow this trail. A shudder ran through the whole group, and Harvey at once became convinced that they ascribed this wholesale slaughter to some mysterious agency quite new in the woods. He guessed the truth; but the stout-hearted hunter, who had fallen a victim to his anxiety relative to Custaloga, took care not to mislead his fierce and relentless captors, who now shrieked in his ears, with redoubled vehemence, their threats of torture, the stake, and all those fearful devices which the red skins have invented to daunt and terrify their enemies.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE GLEN HUT INTERVIEW.

IN all countries and in every clime there are persons of a peculiar character of mind, who would be miserable if they were not permitted to believe in things supernatural, in the visible manifestation of the demon, and in the appearance on earth of the une spirits of the dead. Persons in this state of peculiar purgation are generally described as wandering about the scene of their life, and as taking a grim delight in annoying all such individuals think proper to dwell there. A ghost is one of those luxuries which mankind even yet seem willing to do without, and there would be no evil in it, if it were harmless luxury. But it is a very weak

residence a bad name, a sort of more inhabitants than taken in a census of fresh blood, and flesh and blood will bear it.



born, at an early period of our tale, there was a place which was known as the Haunted Pool.

Close to the edge of the stream, and at the foot of a steep bank, was the Glen Hut, a log-house of small dimensions, which had once been the center of several others that were now in ruins.

It was about two miles from the Frog's Hole.

Just as the stars began to twinkle, there came gliding along the trees a form of one who seemed familiar with the place. It was a woman, one could see from the step and manner, and in another moment she entered the hut, where a few minutes later sparkled a fire.

The interior of the hut was empty except for a few scattered stones. The wooden shutters had fallen, and the fireplace was all that remained of the structure. Kate soon made a bed for herself, and the girl seated herself on a stool. It was late. She was very pale and very thoughtful.

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2. The witness stated that he saw the man with the pistol. The witness stated that he saw the man with the pistol.

"I think, 'My Friend'" and  
"My Friend"

"No," replied Kato, "the Prince's  
Horse is too young to be used in the war.  
I will only use him to take me to the  
frontiers. Please do, otherwise you will

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retreating precipitate  
Hog's Hole ain't more nor a mile  
This here is a hout and  
hout country. I wishes I were  
rags in Lannon. Never  
—it's hor rite, do yer  
dooty.

The man disappeared, and the sound of two men galloping along the road soon died. Ten minutes later, there was again the

sound of hoofs. Kate started, and retreated into the corner of the hut. A man in a cloak entered rapidly.

"What, Robin," said the girl, "what is the meaning of all this?"

When the man came up to the hut, the girl had drawn her cloak close around her. She now cast her hood back and confronted Squire Barton.

"Ralph Regin values his ease and his comfort too much, Squire Barton, to come out on such an errand," she said.

"Kate, dear Kate!" replied the other, changing his tone.

"Sir," said Kate firmly, "I came here to answer any questions you may have to put relative to the business you have on hand with Ralph Regin."

"What means this change of tone?" asked the squire.

"Squire Barton," said Kate, "it means that I am a silly, weak girl no longer. When I was but a child, I saw you; you talked to me of love; you were the only educated man I had ever seen; you were so forked and cunning, and I listened favorably to your addresses. You asked to marry me, and I consented. I was of the house of Barton, the house of the Hall, and I was to be married to you. I consented. It seems so long ago now. I met Amy Moss, whose wealth, position, and beauty were greater than those of the child whom Ralph, Reginald called daughter. I saw her, and I was won. I consented. You deluded my ear with cunning speech and I believed you. But recent events prove to me that you are playing a false though deep game. You have not found this Amy Moss so easy to win as you thought, and you have commenced a terrible war on the borders. Why?"

"Kate, you misunderstand me—I am striving to rescue Miss Amy."

"Flash! No flash, please."







## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE TWO ALTERNATIVES.

THE condition of Amy Moss was very trying but agreeable. The village while these varied incidents already noted were occurring in different parts of the woods. She had heard and understood the tumult of the night, and it was with vague and wild horror that she waited for some event which should explain to her the fate of her generous and devoted friend, Custaloga. As soon as it was daylight she arose, and taking the child by the hand, and signing to the Indian woman to follow her—for Tecumseh had plainly intimated that she was an attendant as well as a spy—she went forth into the village, which was now once more calm. The warriors were lying within their wigwams, and not even the occasional return of some of the young men who had gone forth to chase Custaloga roused them from their apathy. These braves went quietly to their tents without communicating with any one, reserving their explanations for a council of the whole village, which it was well known would take place in the course of the morning, according to previous arrangement.

Seen by daylight, the village presented any thing but an agreeable aspect. There were a number of wigwams of bark and skin, which arose, in one or two instances, a light wreath of smoke, as if the hands were preparing for the early morning meal. The village was a cleared tract was a clearing, save where a clearing showed several cultivated fields, but the inclosure within the palisades was unsightly; there were patches of scrubby grass, numerous piles of wood, or a log, while the whole was so trodden down by the hoofs of horses and the feet of men, as to resemble a dirty farm-yard rather than a

lawn. Numerous ugly-looking curs lay about, still sleeping, but raising their heads at intervals to snarl at the passer-by. At no great distance from one of the entrances of the village, but at some considerable distance from the lodges of the Indians, was the horse-corral, within which they kept those valuable animals, which were in nearly every case the produce of plunder.

"Aunt Amy," whispered the child, clinging to the skirts of the girl, whose tasteful habiliments, though torn and dirty, seemed strange in that wild place, "when shall we go to pa?"

"Hush!" replied Amy, who, as she saw the child's pale and anxious face turned up to her, could scarcely restrain her tears; "we must wait. Your father and Custa and Dick Harvey will be here soon, and take us away from these people."

"I do want to see papa," said the child; but, under the weight of alarm and dread at the Indians, it remained silent after giving utterance to a cry which is the cry of nature and of love—and no cry of nature is deeper or warmer than that of a child for its father.

Amy Moss, having gained the gate of the inclosure, went out, crossed a small open barn, and entered the forest, where, near a pure and clear and cool spring, she bathed the child's feet, and, as well as she could, in obedience to custom, smoothed her glossy hair and performed her toilette. The old Indian woman, who, like most of the aged crones of the village, and indeed like most Indian women, despised such niceties, looked on with a contemptuous scowl, but made no remark, as young Tecumseh had ordered her to be peculiarly attentive and obedient to the prisoners.

When this simple and refreshing morning duty was performed Amy returned toward the village. She walked slowly and thoughtfully,







here a spot, and there a spot, like  
panther. An ant crept up along  
the branch with a tiny bit of straw  
in its mouth, running hurriedly,

of his race were close behind. A  
bird stood twittering upon a tree-

and  
wi

sends forth pleasant sap, which  
the cunning white makes into  
sugar; but the mouth of a woman  
is sweeter, and the honey on her

palaces. An Indian girl is an

and her heart is glad, and she goes  
and fetches it. It is because her

her blood is warm—she is proud  
of her chief. She loves to see him  
go on the war-path; the screams  
of his enemies are music to her  
— he scalps at his waist

mother of braves—she puts a

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Amy, who was in that state of ex-

ment and frenzy which has

many a martyr; "to

and

and superb conte

and the Blue—

—they can

of the whites is very beauti-  
ful—she will be the queen of Chil-  
licothe, the master of Tecumseh's  
heart, and the mother of braves—  
let her speak."

"Indian," said Amy, coldly,

"I have said," replied the young

Indian warrior, with quiet digni-  
ty, as if he thought he had already

"I do not understand you—ex-  
plain yourself."

"An Indian warrior does not  
speak twice," said Tecumseh with  
flashing eyes.

"Let him then speak plainly

my wife, I have said."

"Wife!" exclaimed Amy, rising

and standing before him with an-

gry mien and flashing eyes, while

she raised her hands to heaven to

reject the sacrifice—"wife, did

you say? I have read of

your tortures, I have heard of your

demon-cruelties, I have

think I

with

at th

beat,

I

the

Amy, who was in that state of ex-

ment and frenzy which has

many a martyr; "to

and

and superb conte

and the Blue—

—they can

of rag) that was

said:







"All are well, the judge, Miss Jane, Charles, and the squire," replied Harvey.

"The squire is safe in the Moss, I suppose," said Amy, with a curl of the lip.

"Well, to give the—I mean, to be just to Squire Barton, he did want to come, but Custaloga would not let him."

Tecumseh here interfered, and in cold tones bade Amy go back to her tent, while Dick Harvey, despite the manful way in which he tried to struggle, was removed to another part of the camp. The poor fellow was so bound that his resistance was not very effectual; but what he wanted in physical force he made up in speech, for he called the Indians by more names than ever their astonished ears had listened to before. The Shawnees, however, paid no attention to his objections, but drove him before them to a wigwam, into which he was thrust, and his feet tied. There he was left to the dreadful tortures which the Indians, under the influence of the medicine, had inflicted on the many of whom they had been conquered by them. What a horrible sight! The Indians, and their savage style of warfare.

Amy moved toward her tent with the crowd, and was about to enter it, when the shadow of a large, dark, and terrible-looking being stood in her way. It was not the Indian, however, and she passed it as if expectant of some other being.

"I can't say much, miss," he said, in a rough but seemingly friendly way, "but don't be afraid. You'll be out of this I promise, for sure."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Amy, looking up at him with great eyes.

"Well, my friend, it's pretty plain to see, isn't it?—I'm Simon Girty, I am."

"Simon Girty?" said the girl, with a terror depicted in every feature.

"Don't be skeared, miss," exclaimed the other, without manifesting any very great surprise at her undisguised disgust. "But it's all right. I'm paid to help you out by one as can pay, and I'll do my duty."

"By whom are you paid?" asked Amy, whose face was crimson, and who looked at him with a look that searched his very soul.

"Well, I expect you guess—by the squire. He's the man as can do it. None of your canting, sneaking, Indian Custas."

"Simon Girty, out of my way—I will not owe life or liberty to the squire, and you may tell him so. You may tell him more than this, that I have fulfilled to the letter my part of the contract—let him keep to his. Assistance from him is an outrage."

With these words Amy passed on, and entered her tent, where she sat down in a corner, wrapped in deep and earnest thought. Vague fancies passed through her mind. Wild notions, scarcely ever embodied in words by her utterance, but now she never could get the thought to which she alluded—one to which only a single word seemed to refer, and which kept her keep. The thought was that she had been so true to her word that she was damned. She began to understand the meaning of the Indian chief's words, and to comprehend why she had been so true to the Crow's Nest, and her very soul revolted.

It may now be stated that Amy had hated the squire with a hate which would not have existed, had she not been bound to marry him. If she had been free from this part of the contract, she would simply have despised him. But from what will probably, when the time comes for explanation, be considered a painful infliction, Amy felt bound in honor to marry this man. And yet we have said she hated him, and none knew it—not Jane, not her father, not Dick Harvey, not a friend—none save







came not all the way, but sat down  
ers. By no means sorry to be rid  
of the surveillance of this aged and  
disagreeable crone, Amy Moss,  
whom the child was a consolation  
and comfort, hurried along with  
breakfast of corn and cakes and  
meat, which the munificence of  
the warrior provided.

Just as they began to take their  
simple meal, the clang of horses'  
opposite slope—a clang of horses'  
hoofs which made her heart leap,  
though it could forebode no good.

distinctly heard a crackling in the  
of a light footstep, and then the  
the merry,  
girl was  
stant at the

And she clapped her hands as  
Amy frowned and looked surprised  
at this abrupt style of  
discourse.

“What is your name?”  
“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.  
“What is your name?”  
“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.  
“What is your name?”  
“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.

“What is your name?”  
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“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.  
“What is your name?”  
“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.  
“What is your name?”  
“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.

heart—love see Singing-bird—forget  
Blue-bird—Singing-bird go  
away—Tecumseh see Blue-bird  
gain—me friend then—help Sing-

Amy smiled, despite her danger  
“So the fact is, you are to be  
Tecumseh's wife, and you fancy  
he wants to take a white squaw,  
and you want to get rid of me as  
fast as possible.”

“Zackly,” said the Indian girl,  
laughing heartily.

“What is your name?”  
“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.  
“What is your name?”  
“I am Amy Moss,” she answered.

there are white men who wish to  
detain me. What is your name?”  
the two young girls appeared thor-  
it was agreed that they should  
Custaloga and the girl before they  
commenced any decided proce-  
ing. It had been arranged that  
the Indian girl was to saunter  
round the camp and rejoin Custa,  
who was, it appeared, close in the  
neighborhood.

With this understanding both  
returned to the camp.

There was a quiet and calm in  
the village, which appeared very  
strange, but the people had a look  
of anxiety, and the women were  
holding by one of the women  
of the tribe.

Amy looked at the women  
and saw that they were all  
holding by one of the women  
of the tribe.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE FOREST MARCH.

In about a quarter of an hour  
Amy saw clearly that some event  
new and untoward had occurred.  
Fortunately the old woman was  
outside the wigwam, at a sufficient



distance to permit of undisturbed conversation.

"What is it?" asked Amy Moss, laying her hand on the girl's arm.

"Bad," began the Shawnee maiden, "bad pale-face and Indian quarrel—bad pale-face go away—angry—dig up hatchet—Shawnee break up camp and go. Two—six—eight minute go away."

"What can this mean?" said Amy, passing her hand over her brow. "I seem in a dream—and my friend and brother, the prisoner?"

"Know him too?" asked Blue-bird, anxiously, "know white brave—prisoner?"

"He is one of my best and noblest friends," replied Amy; "what is to be his fate?"

"He is a brave—he will know how to die like a brave," replied the Indian girl in her turn.

"Die, did you say?—Richard Harvey die? It can not be; it is impossible, girl; they will not surely put him to death?" said Amy, wildly.

"Sister of the pale-faces, you are my friend; there is my hand. Blue-bird will save you if she can, but the warriors of the Lone Wolves must fight his own battle."

Amy bowed her head to conceal the terrible impression made by the words of the Indian girl, and at the same time the busy note of preparation struck upon her ear. The camp was breaking up. The horses were brought from the corral, women and children ran hither and thither with shrill cries, and our unfortunate heroine remarked with anxiety that all the females were collecting in a group in the center of the camp. In a few minutes a summons came from Tecumseh to Amy and Blue-bird to join the party. Amy obeyed, more chilled, more desolate, more overwhelmed with grief, than ever she had felt before. A moment before and she was cheered by hope. Now she was about to be a captive, live she knew not whither.

Every moment her position seemed

ed to be getting worse, and her naturally brave heart almost sunk within her, as the accumulation of perils crowded on her. In her strait she leaned with natural anxiety to the young Indian girl, who under such peculiar circumstances had become her friend. In the hour of peril, at the time when we cease to have confidence in ourselves, we turn naturally to those in whom we fancy a superior power resides. Hence, indeed, it is that the vainest and most defiant man will sometimes own the wonderful power of his Creator, and

"How and see for  
With suppliant face,"

where, in his wild and wicked confidence, he once scarce yielded belief.

Poor Amy Moss, stricken and heart-broken at the simple hint of death being threatened to Harvey, after the first shock, then appealed to the Indian girl.

"My sister," said she, as she cowered in a corner with the child and Blue-bird, "can you not save my friend?"

"No save," replied the girl.

"Is Tecumseh, then, a monster?"

"Tecumseh great brave, warrior, good," said the young Shawnee, "but he is a monster."

"I can see no bravery in killing an unarmed man," replied Amy, quickly; "it is cowardly."

"Child of the pale-faces," exclaimed Blue-bird, pressing her finger on her arm, "why you say that?—why pale-face kill brother?"

"You speak of hanging," said Amy, "but I have seen many men hanged."

"Pale-faces hide 'bont camp—kill Indians," reasoned the other; "he murderer to us."

Amy shuddered.

"But," said she, "he is incapable of hanging any one—he is the most gentle, the most inoffensive of human beings."

"What he want down here—can't



—Why he carry gun—knife—ch?" said the girl, quickly.

"He is my friend, my brother; he came to rescue and save me."

"No talk—girl got no power—warrior not listen to her—he no hear."

Amy bowed her head and spoke no more for some time, gazing vacantly at the preparations of the Indians.

A long line of horses laden with the goods of the village, on the summit of which children and young girls were seated; women, old and young, belonging to the same tribe of the tribe; with some eight warriors, were all that were ready. The rest were collected round a common center, of which Amy suddenly caught a glimpse, and then sunk on her knees. It was Dick Harvey, surrounded by a gang of savages, brandishing, yelling, and using all their fiendish and horrible devices to strike terror into his soul.

Scarcely had Amy sunk to the earth, when Tecumseh caught her in his arms, placed her on a horse with the child, and bade the caravan advance. Amy looked wildly round her as she moved, and lost consciousness, and found herself alone beneath the deep arches of the forest, one of a long cavalcade of women, not a warrior being visible. The friendly Indian girl walked at the head of her horse with a resigned and subdued mien. The future bride of a chief, she was as yet exempt from the hardships which generally was the portion of her sex amid barbarous and savage nations.

Amy's heart grew desolate and sad indeed, as she saw herself thus alone, and knew that her friends believed her to be, and where only their efforts would be directed to effect her release. She knew that a rescue now was all but hopeless, for though she saw not the grim forms of the warriors, she knew them to be scattered round the caravan in the usual

way that scouts follow such a procession in the Indian woods.

The course of the caravan was westerly at first, but then changed, always, however, sinking deeper and deeper beneath the heavy and overshadowed forest.

The progress of the party was slow, as the horses were heavily laden, and some of the patient women, treated as mere beasts of burden by their lords and masters, were compelled every now and then to take rest. About six miles from the village, they came to a small rivulet at the foot of a slope covered with bushes, on the summit of which Amy distinctly saw the warriors who preceded the expedition show themselves a moment and then disappear. The women, however, in obedience to some previous arrangement, or from sheer lassitude and fatigue, proceeded to lay down their burdens and seek rest.

To Amy, the child, and the Indian girl, this halt was a relief; for the former got off the horse and sat down upon the sward, a little apart from the general group.

A brief description of the locality is necessary to a correct understanding of the events about to be recorded. For about fifty yards along the banks of the rivulet there were no trees. The clear open space between the water and the trees was about seven or eight yards, except toward the southern end, where the ground was narrowed by a steep growth of trees, that projected a kind of spur of the forest into the clearing. On the edge of this, behind the trees, in a small grove, the party above alluded to sat down—Amy, to chatter a while with the child, which was beginning to weary and fret at this rude life; the Indian girl, to look on with a smile at the picture presented to her of white domestic affection.

"Singing-bird like children?" said the Indian girl, with a low and musical laugh.

"Very much," replied Amy,



drinking the club's beer and playing with the kids.

"I'll see you in a second,"  
continued the bird, with a little  
giggle.

"I hope not," said Amy, slowly, and with an earnestness which made the Shawnee maiden stare. She bent her eyes to the ground as she spoke, and sighed deeply.

A kind of sigh, like an echo, was heard close at hand, a long-drawn breath of a man who had been running. The two girls heard it at the same minute, and looked around anxiously. The women were all lying near their bun-

the children were playing around them, and, as the captain, sufficiently guarded it was thought by the others, they then ventured to speak.

"Is my friend near, or did my ears deceive me?" she said aloud, looking toward a bush at some distance.

"Custaloga is here," replied a voice; "come and hide the step of those who run away. When night comes,

"I will be ready, Custa," she said; "but have you tidings of Mr. Harvey?"

"Why have kept him at  
 Can he not be saved?"

"I will try," said the other.  
"Walter Harrod?"

"It is, and Providence could not have given me a more welcome

and a pale and haggard face protruded. It was the face of the Hunter.

"My pa!" shrieked the child,  
of its father.

of the ... ..  
to ... ..  
claimant, which caused two or

There is a very large number of people who are not  
interested in the study of the history of the  
country, and who are not interested in the  
study of the history of the country, and who are not  
interested in the study of the history of the country.

and succeeded in disarming any suspicion. At that instant, however, a cry of horror, a yell of wild and savage fury burst upon their ears, and the whole body of scouts frantically and horror-stricken, drew them to a place not more than fifteen yards from the camp, where lay the body of an Indian, a headless trunk, the head scalped and placed on the breast, and a knife-wound at his heart.

The deed was one so audacious, so ferocious, and so inexplicable, that a panic flew round the camp, and the whole body of Indians came running in, not one even starting on the usual searching expedition in pursuit of enemies who must be at hand. Amy started with a look of wild astonishment when she saw Spiky Jonas in company with the Alligator among the party.

“Jonas,” she cried, “what do you here?”

"Jonas, what mean you?—what is this? Is the Moss captured by the horrid Indians?" she cried, frantically. "What of my father, my sister, of Charles—"

The look of the negro became fiercer as she mentioned the name of Charles; he grinned a horrid grin of revenge and hate, but he did not speak.

"Will you answer, Jonas—what?"

"Why not of Charles?"



man—why Massa Charles make  
me to be so.

"What mean you?" said Amy, standing  
erect before him in all her womanly  
dignity, "what mean you?"

"Dat Spiky Jonas hate Massa  
Charles—him gib too much pres-  
ent to Flora—Flora her head turn  
—no look at dis child."

"Charles meant no harm. If  
Flora is weak and silly, that is no  
fault of his. But, Jonas, remem-  
ber you were a boy when we were  
children, and you played with us;  
you will not turn against me now—  
play with me."

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

"The ne—"

placed. Amy rejoined the Indian  
girl, who had been gathering  
tidings of the events which had so  
startled them, and the journey was  
continued.

No circumstance worthy of re-  
cord occurred during the remain-  
der of that day, toward the close  
of which they reached the banks  
of the Ohio, and here a halt was  
at once declared.

The horses were staked, the fires  
were lit, scouts were sent round  
to search for the presence of ene-  
mies, and rude huts of boughs and  
branches were made. The party

so that hunting was unneces-  
sary.

The camp was situated on a  
small patch of green, surrounded  
by trees, on the very water's edge,  
only be seen by persons passing  
by. The women were congregated at one  
side of the temporary village, the  
men sat smoking on the other.  
All had supped, and there was  
much whispered talk of the fearful  
and mysterious way in which one  
of the party had been cut off by  
some unrelenting and daring foe.  
A foreshadowing of evil seemed  
to hang over the minds of the  
whole party. It was not the first  
of their race who had been thus  
destroyed, and the Shawnees could  
not but see some connection be-  
tween the murder of Charles and  
the few preceding days.

The murder of Charles—even to  
that ruthless man, which slays  
men, women, and children of the  
whites without mercy—which had  
been perpetrated under circum-  
stances of unusual atrocity, and  
which was followed by such  
strange retribution, troubled the  
minds of the men.

They appeared to con-  
sider it of very significant im-  
portance.

She sat near the fire in whisper-  
ed conference with the unfortu-



nate boy who had so suddenly lost his mother. It was a comfort and a consolation to Amy to have something to love, something to lean on her, and she did lavish all the warmth of her heart on the helpless being which owed its life to her interference. The Indian girl sat a little distance off, watching them with a smile, though apparently deeply engaged in conversation with her companions.

Jonas and the Alligator were drinking together, apart from the rest, under a tall pine, on the very edge of the river, about twenty yards from the camp. They were faintly seen in the dim light of the evening, while their talk was loud enough, their tongues being unloosed by the fire-water, which the red-skins consume with all the devotion of habitual and incurable sots. There was the knowing chuckle, the horse-laugh, the solemn effort at sobriety, the shrill disregard of harmony in certain attempts at song, which belong only to those who are old in the career of drunkenness. And both Jonas and the Alligator were old hands in the exercise of this degrading vice.

Suddenly a light was kindled through the camp, and dead silence prevailed. Even the whisky drinkers listened with solemn attention. There were sounds of oars on the water, the oars too of a large boat, which could only be manned by white men, descending the river—some broad “flat” of a trader, journeying along in happy ignorance of the proximity of danger.

The warriors started to their feet, the fire was covered up, and the camp was in a moment of confusion. A man opposite Amy and the Indian girl, a couple sat.

Then the voices of men talking were heard on the river, and Amy

with the Indians? or were they to fall victims to some deception or trickery? These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind as she heard the oars working steadily, and the men conversing with apparent ease and security. Suddenly the low silence was broken in a startling manner.

“Who camps on you bank, eh?” said a manly voice; “friends or reptyles?”

“Friends,” replied a guttural

“Friends,” cried a voice angrily. “I know that for a Injine! he: for you.”

A volley of rifles followed this intimation that the speaker was well acquainted with the trickery so often used to draw men on shore on the waters of the beautiful river. When first the voice was heard, the Indian girl had fallen on her knees, and lay on the ground with the child, and had lain down herself by their side. The bullets came pattering a minute later amid the trees and bushes around, followed by a yell from the Indians, and then a general volley in reply.

“Come on, ye skulking knaves,” cried a rich, laughing voice, “come on, ye reptyles and Injuns; you fight a man without a cross. I guess Lew Wetzel ain’t to be trapped. He’s too old a beaver for that. Good night, ye hide-and-seek knaves—go make petticoats for your squaws.”

The Indians gave a ferocious war-whoop by way of answer to this challenge, and then the boat speeding onward, they returned slowly to the camp, one wounded by a stray ball, the rest with a calm assumption of dignity which was far removed from the mortification to the real extent of their mortification.

A cry of fury, such as even yet was new to Amy, followed.

The boat was now some distance off, and the voices of the men were



of the camp to search for them. He moved slowly on to the tree where they had been, and yet he saw them not.

The point of land on which the tree stood formed one side of a little indentation of water, on the borders of which the Indians had camped. Exactly in a line with the point was a pile of snags, which had formed itself in the river, and round which the stream rushed with considerable force. Some of the trees on the pile were ~~fallen down~~, and had but recently been brought down by the force of the water. The Shawnee glanced ~~at this~~ at this, and then looked ~~around~~ and for the fugitives. He ~~looked~~ looked at the same time at a heavy, inert mass.

It was the body of the Alligator. The negro had disappeared, but the body bore all the usual signs of having been dealt with by their implacable enemy.

Terrible was now the confusion in the camp. The Indians yelled ~~for help~~; some ran into the wood and called upon their enemies to appear, some skirted the river and tried to find a trail, and when after half-an-hour's search nothing was found, all came back, moody, ~~afraid~~, overcome by nameless terror, for they began to think there was some supernatural agency at work around them.

There were those who even said the negro had done it, and then fled. But he had not left a trace behind, and most of the warriors were too well acquainted with the river to believe in his doing it. But who had done it? and where was the body?

At last the whole party lay down to rest, and before an hour had passed, Amy and a sentry on the ~~point~~ were alone awake in camp.

Amy lay in the center of a group of Indian women, her ankle tied by a thong to that of the ~~young~~ young old woman. She could not move away from where she was, but she could sit up, which she

did at first under pretense of watching the child, and then from sheer inability to sleep. She gazed slowly around. There lay the warriors in heavy sleep, there lay the women at rest, and there, close at hand, the Indian girl and that child she had vowed to protect and save from the clutches of the merciless savages. About twenty feet distant stood the sentry. He was a young brave, who stood with his back to the water, leaning on his gun. He had walked up and down a little while, and had listened with rapt attention to the sounds of the night. But no sound came save those quite natural to the forest, and nature exerting her supremacy, he leaned his head on his gun, his eyes still fixed on the wood, but his whole being in a kind of semi-sleep.

Then Amy quivered in every limb as she saw a man rise as it were from the waters of the river, and creep with stealthy and cat-like footstep toward the shore. She knew that form, and she shuddered and closed her eyes, for she now understood those horrid signs which had so amazed the Indians and filled them with so much terror. But there was a fascination in the scene that made her open them again, and though she did close them once more, the unhappy maiden was as if under a spell—the spectator of a catastrophe against which she could not protect, because the actors were her friends.

Behind the first man came two others—one held the negro fast, and pressed a long, sharp knife against his back; the other, Custaloga, who as usual periled even his life rather than do a deed of unnecessary bloodshed. Amy saw him, and her heart beat with tumultuous feelings, for she knew that all this promised succor and assistance; and yet she thought little of that at the moment, so fearful was the tragedy enacting.

The first man was on the sentry in a moment more, and then both



sunk to the ground, and Amy closed her eyes and fainted. When she recovered, all was still as before, save that no sentry walked on the point near the banks of the beautiful river.

The scene in the morning was frightful. The Indians beat themselves with knives, gnashed their teeth, tore their hair, and acted like wild beasts rather than men. Two runners scoured the forest, but nothing was found. The trail of the two men and their prisoner ended about half-a-mile below on the banks of the stream. As soon as this fact was proclaimed the camp was broken up, and a forced march of two hours brought them to the edge of the stream.

Amy now watched the proceedings of the Indians with considerable anxiety. They were at a point on the river where high banks commenced, and the shore was stony and barren. The horses, without being unloaded, were fastened one behind the other, the women and children were left on their backs, and then the oldest Indians went to the head, and drew the patient animals into the water. They then crossed the stream by a pebbly ridge about the middle of which the water was

In this way they went about fifty feet into the stream, when one of the Indians, standing like a sign-post, round which the line of animals turned, led by the other red-skins, toward the same land they had already left. Amy's undivided attention was now given to discover the object of this strange maneuver. She had not advanced twenty yards up the stream in a diagonal direction, be-

It was the mouth of the great cave of the Ohio, since celebrated as the retreat of a certain river pirate, well known in local history.

In a few minutes more the whole party, animals and all, were within the shelter of the vast cavern, and the Indians on the shore, apparently satisfied, turned to go away.

It was a huge cave indeed, of very singular character, with several compartments, into one of which Amy retreated with the child. She was soon followed by the Indian girl, who proceeded to make the place as comfortable as possible under the circumstances; then the two young women sat down to talk over the events of the night, for the first time unwatched for many hours.

The young Indian girl by the slaughter of her friends could not but see that it produced a reaction, which she in vain endeavored to conceal and stifle. It was clear that she still sympathized with the young captive, and did not intend to abandon or betray her; but the blood of her kinsmen lay a dead weight upon her soul.

"Make haste—go," said she, in a musical, melancholy tone, the more sad that without the wind blew, and that the tempest roared, and gave sign of a gloomy night.

"You make kill my friends—Custa bad, wicked—scalp—kill."

"No," exclaimed Amy, warmly; "Custa has not killed your friends. The man who appears to have vowed to slay and exterminate your race is one who has excuse indeed, for your friends killed my sister, had I been born a man, I

The young Indian girl by the slaughter of her friends could not but see that it produced a reaction, which she in vain endeavored to conceal and stifle. It was clear that she still sympathized with the young captive, and did not intend to abandon or betray her; but the blood of her kinsmen lay a dead weight upon her soul.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE VISITORS AND THE DEN.

All was hushed and still in the tavern of the Frog's Hole; the mistress of the house had retired to rest, the aged negress who waited during the day had disappeared within her cell, Kate was out in the forest, and Ralph Regis sat alone at a table, drinking and smoking, but uttering not one word.

It was late—the wind was hushed and low—an unnatural stillness pervaded all nature; there sat the ph Regis, his eyes fixed on vacancy, a pipe between his teeth, and he only moved to reach the liquor, or fill his pipe, which he ever kept puffing at with all the vigor of a Dutchman or a pasha.

"This is a glorious cold to-night—  
ha! ha!" he said, as he shivered in  
the cold. "And the  
moon does seem weak to-night,  
awful weak! What a time the girls  
is; the moon's been up ever  
long. It's my private opinion it's  
to-morrow. Well! if the bottle  
ain't empty! Let's have another,  
old fellow—plenty more where  
that comes from; let us be jolly!  
Hurray!"

The man rose tottering—he had drunk one whole bottle, and walked across the room for another. There was no friendly hand—or, as some would say, no meddling wife—to keep the poisoned drink from his lips; he was alone. In his hand, as he tottered, he held a glass of brandy, and that who had seen him go half-stumbling, with hot face and winking eyes to the little room. He walked erect, in theory, proud of his majesty.

considerable coquetting  
with water and the bottle—  
fashion as that of  
individual who  
hole stolen one night  
—begin regained his seat.

sat himself cosily in his arm-chair, held up his hand, and turned the neck of the bottle toward his glass. He then took up the bumper, and seemed very much surprised to find the contents of his glass of a very watery nature, which was the less extraordinary, as, in his present sagacious mood, the jolly landlord had omitted to draw the cork.

"Well, I never—did," muttered Ralph. "Whisky—I say, whisky,—mind you, whisky grows—I believe that it—grows weaker—every day. The worst of it is, old time, water don't grow any stronger. I should I say the world's coming to an end!"

And this speech, which was directed to the latter, kept him from thinking for the time, his eyes were fixed on the witness, trying all the time, he continued, to explain to himself how it came about that the stick was so small, when he saw only saw the broken part, and by the way, he said, he did not know, with regard to it, the piece which he had cut off the

is that?"

A chuckling laugh was the only

Ralph Kegin looked across the table, and in a chair, sitting in an easy posture, was a man. He was an elderly fellow, tall, thin, wearing a red, pointed cap, a red cloak, and had a long, thin beard, and a small barrel, and saw-like teeth.

"Now, then, old fellow," said the stranger, in a friendly way, "drink!"

"I've got no glass," replied Ralph, mechanically.

"What do you want with a glass, eh?" chuckled the man, looking at the neck of the bottle, and shaking the contents at a distance.

"Eh! you forget me," said  
H. H. H. with an air of surprise.

"Plenty more where that came from," continued the other.







"If that arn't Hackett—eh," he added, rolling on his bench as the other returned, "ain't I tired—no I ain't, not at all. If you please, master landlord, you ain't got a bit of a hossler about, have ye?—coss there's two tidy bits of horse-flesh down them blessed steps!"

"Well, I reckon I'm hoss and hossler too," said Ralph at random; "so I'll put the hooped critturs right."

With these words he went outside the door and left the master and man alone.

"Ragg," said Andrew Carstone, laying his hand on the other's arm, "are you sure of what you say?"

"Bless you, sir, I know'd his voice," said Ragg, positively; "it's a little bit thicker like, and he do guess like them sailors we see'd down at Boston—but it's Hackett, as sure as your name is Carstone. Mum! Here comes one of them blacking-pots."

Andrew Carstone fell into the arm-chair in which Ralph Regis, as he called himself—or Hackett, as Corney Ragg supposed him to be—sat so many hours, and began turning over in his own mind the best way of arriving at the truth with regard to his lost child. His imagination knew no bounds. At first he determined upon at once challenging the owner of the long's head; then he thought of offering him pardon and reward to tell the truth—but he hesitated. He knew as yet nothing of that class of the face of men whom the landlord might call around him—and he felt his eager heart, which beat as it had never beat before, he determined to act with prudence and caution.

It was a long time.

At last, Ralph Regis had listened and heard.

"Andrew Carstone and Corney Ragg," Ralph Regis said to Hackett; "I have told you in the course of twenty years or more, what you should know of your friends. 'Tis now. And the girl, where can she be? If they see her, as I said,

'Tis well she thinks herself older than she is. Can that villain Barton have taken her away?—the knave. He had better beware. That girl is a fortune to me—so long as she lives, I receive my pension. I will not part with her. And yet, my wealth is great. I could go where I am not known. I could live respected in Canada, in Virginia, and leave that wearisome woman behind. But I have married her—bah! She hates me and will not press that claim! But they seek vengeance. So ho, my masters, ye must find pretty Kate first, and she comes not to-night. The wild creature has, perhaps, camped at the hut. 'Tis certain—I see by the moon 'tis past midnight. She has quareled with the squire—I fear I said too much about him—I began to fear her fancy would grow too serious for change. My hints about his evil reputation told perhaps too much. Nobody ever heard of the funeral of his wife! He forgot that. But, tell me, what of my own dangers. Why did I quit the road? It would have been over for me this, one way or the other. There, my hearties, eat your fill—you want it. They have ridden hard and fast. But ah! who has betrayed me? who has told? Is Sir Charles dead, and has the fool repented? Your gentleman is an odd rascal. If so, I had better confess, receive a kick or two, retire—the drink and care is getting too much for me—I really should feel wonderfully relieved—"

he added, looking fearfully around, "if I had not burned the Dutchman's house—never mind, 'tis done, and he was near dead, and I wanted another mother for Kate. And then I do declare that girl—once I quite loved her—then she thought me her father. Drink, drink, drink, that ruined all. I told her the truth one day, that she was no child of mine or mine, and she has hated me ever since. Oh! 'tis a weary, weary life. But up, Hackett, once captain of the



road; awake, and be a man. They wait."

And ceasing his disjointed talk, which had continued while he descended the steps, taking the horses to the sheds, and giving them food, he once more turned toward the house, turning over in his mind the wisest plan of escape from the consequences of his past crimes, which had served him so little for warning, that he had recently attempted to murder the peddler.

He rejected the only truly wise one, telling the truth; at all events until he should have found it impossible to do otherwise. His hunger, and drink, had hardened him, and he was scarcely a corner left for any soft or kindly emotion.

He found Corney Ragg and Andrew Carstone eating and drinking like men who had traveled far, and he saw that food and drink was plentiful in the place, and then retired into a corner, where he sat down, and closing his eyes, appeared to doze, while the travelers looked on.

The old negress all the while bustled about, growling between her teeth at the way in which she had been roused up to wait upon the new-comers.

About twenty minutes later, Andrew Carstone, who had finished his meal, and asked where he could sleep.

"Well, I calculate I can find a bed for you," said Ragg, rising; "the Frog's Hole is gin'rally considered first-rate."

"Show me a bedroom, then," replied the merchant, as carelessly as he could.

"This way," continued Ragg, rising sleepily and rubbing his eyes.

"Orr rite," said Ragg, who really was very tired and inclined for rest.

He led the way, and they followed him to a small room, which he pointed out as the best place for them to sleep.

"I'm not particular, I'll sleep anywhere," said Carstone.

so as I sleep, it's orr rite—anywhere 'ell do;" and Cornelius Ragg, who had spared neither beer nor whisky, prepared to follow.

Ralph Kegin took up two tallow candles and led the way. He ascended the steps already alluded to, but instead of turning to the right toward the room formerly occupied by the peddler, he pushed open a door facing the stairs, which revealed a passage of some length, out of which several other passages branched.

"Why, this is a large place of yours," said Andrew, secretly much surprised; "you can sleep a regiment."

"We gin'rally do sleep a few," replied Ralph Kegin, in a humble and obsequious tone. "This is a good room. There ain't no curtains, but that are a bed as is comfortable, stranger."

"Thank you," said Carstone, as he entered the room.

It was a small, square place without any window, receiving air and light in the day from a kind of fissure in the roof. On all sides the walls were of logs, with mud to fill up the interstices, but a glance at the roof showed at once that it was a compartment in a cavern. The bed was a kind of shelf raised on logs, with straw and horse-cloths. On these Carstone at once cast himself, and wearied, exhausted as he was, after a fervent prayer for the success of his mission, fell fast asleep.

Ragg followed Ralph a little further down the passage until he came to a door leading into a similar place, which he entered without a sign of suspicion or doubt, took his candle, wished the other good-night, yawned, and threw himself on the bed.

He was alone in the room, and he was very tired, and he was very much surprised to find that the door was locked. He tried to open it, but it was fast. He was very much surprised to find that the door was locked. He tried to open it, but it was fast. He was very much surprised to find that the door was locked. He tried to open it, but it was fast.



"Nabbed, by gum," said Corney Ragg, in a low tone. "I know it as how he knowed me. Ah, Muster Hackett, you're very deep, you are; but here's von as is deeper. Orr rite."

He listened again, and distinctly heard the retreating footsteps of Ralph, and then the closing of the bar against his master's door.

Ragg grinned and got up. He examined the door. It was a great, heavy door of planks and bars, bolted very strongly, while a couple of big wooden bolts promised privacy and retirement to the traveler if he chose to take it. Corney Ragg was one of those men who never threw a chance away. He made sure of the bolts, and then proceeded to draw several articles from his voluminous pockets, and from the saddle-bags, which he had taken care to convey to his room. First there came a pair of pistols of rather startling size, a lantern, a chisel, and a number of skeleton keys, not omitting a small crowbar. When Mr. Carstone objected to these questionable articles, the rag-dealer had urged such a host of arguments in their favor, from his knowledge of the character of Captain Hackett, that the ex-merchant yielded, and allowed the other to act according to his own experience, which, in house-breaking, was far beyond any thing the magistrate was aware of.

"Now, then, for a quiet nap," said Corney to himself. "It's orr rite—let him go to sleep—and then, my! voa't I startle his two eyes!"

Corney Ragg was far too old a

warrior to oversleep himself on such an occasion. He subsequently declared that he did not stay more than two hours on his bed, and yet that when he jumped up, there was a flickering light from some place on the roof. He had taken the precaution to light his oil-lamp in the lantern, so that he now again lit the candle, and proceeded to business.

After a careful examination of the door, he came to the conclusion that to saw a square hole, large enough to put his hand through, was the best plan of operation; and being a man of few words and ready wit, he at once began to put his plan into execution. An auger soon enabled him to make a hole, through which his long thin saw could penetrate; and then, having well greased that useful instrument, he began to work steadily, and yet with extreme caution. Every minute or so he listened attentively, and finding that no alarm was given, proceeded with his task.

One side of the plank, which was crossways from side to side of the door, had been completely sawn through, and the second was just about to give way and allow the wood to fall in, when Ragg distinctly heard a noise. He quietly withdrew his saw, blew out the candle, closed the dark-lantern, and put his ear to the place where he had been at work. It was a sound which came down the passage, halted. Then the bar was cautiously removed, fortunately, it was not noticed, and the door pushed

"That's verra well," muttered Ragg, while Corney Ragg clutched a pistol as he felt the bar replaced.

"At yer old work, Muster Hack-

He lis-



opposite direction from that by which he came. Cornelius Ragg waited a moment, then wrenched off the piece of wood, put his hand through, raised the bar, slid the bolts, and with his two pistols in his belt, his lantern in one hand, and the crowbar slung on his right wrist, he darted out into the passage just in time to catch a glimpse of Ralph Regin disappearing up a flight of steps about thirty feet ahead.

Corney Ragg, determined to penetrate the mysteries of the place, followed without hesitation. He had lost sight of the rufian-proprietor of the Frog's Hole, who seemed to have improved the natural advantages of the locality to a degree that would have been surprising, had not his long residence there in part explained it.

But of this Corney Ragg did not think. All he cared for was to find out what the ex-highwayman was really about.

He trod cautiously along the passage, until he came to a flight of steps, or rather a ladder of wood, against the side of the rock, and which apparently led to another fissure about ten feet above. Corney Ragg began to ascend the creaking stairs with extreme caution, and found himself, in a few moments, at the mouth of a kind of cavern, through which there was a strong draught. Corney did not hesitate a moment, but pushed on, and soon caught sight of a glimmering light a little ahead. He now trod with all the cat-like caution of a house-breaker, and in a moment more found himself by the open door of a room, once a part of the cave, but divided off by a strong partition. Beside this door was a ladder which led perpendicularly up the side of the rock.

All this Cornelius Ragg took in at a glance, but he quickly turned to the door itself, and started to find himself close to Ralph Regin. His back was turned to the door, and he started toward the floor,

over a hole. Then Cornelius Ragg saw him draw a small bag from his pocket, which, from the sound, he knew to be money, and throw it down upon other money, after which he dropped a stone over the hole and began to rise.

Cornelius gave him no time to catch him, but turned back, and reached his room as rapidly as possible, quite satisfied with the discovery he had made.

He slept soundly until next morning, without further disturbance, and rose late. He was about to leave his room and set his master free, when he heard voices, and crept out cautiously to listen. He distinctly saw the person of a sentry with his back turned to the door of the room in which his master was confined. He also distinctly caught the sound of many men talking.

It was quite evident that Regin had received a considerable accession of strength in the night.

Ragg quietly gathered up his tools, slipped out of his door, shut it behind him, and, turning to the right, began following the path which the master of the house had shown him the night before. As he expected, at the top of the last ladder there was an opening. It was in the center of a thicket.

Corney Ragg did not stop to examine the view. He saw a track before him, leading eastward, and he determined to avail himself of his liberty to place as long a distance between himself and Hackett as possible, quite satisfied that he was thus best serving the interest of his master.

To have attempted to rescue him under the circumstances, would have been to have run too great a risk.

When Ralph Regin found in the morning that Cornelius Ragg had made good of his escape as a housebreaker to escape from the Frog's Hole, his fury knew no bounds. At early dawn a party of Indians and white men, headed by Simon Girty, had arrived at the



Hole on a secret expedition, in which Regin was concerned, and for which the use of his house was required. This had made him, for a short time, neglect attending to his own private affairs, especially as the arrival of this band to a certain extent served his purpose.

It was some consolation to know that Andrew Carstone was safe. He little feared the law, which could scarcely reach the outlaw in his den, while it would have been equally hopeless to have contended against two men like the merchant and Ragg, had they remained free in their movements.

What dark thoughts passed through his mind—what gloomy ideas, the necessary consequences of former crimes, came to him in the morning—it would be hard to say. In detaining Andrew Carstone, he had no fixed object in view; he knew not how he was to get rid of him. Like many other criminals, he kept him a prisoner and trusted to the chapter of accidents.

And Kate came not back.

This was another source of uneasiness. He had, however, little time to think, as one who had much business over him, and whom he rather feared, required his services. He was to aid in another crime—of a much lighter nature, it is true, but when once begun, who shall say where the career of vice and guilt will stop?

Toward evening, the Frog's Hole was again visited. It was attended only by Ralph, his wife, the negress, and two renegade white men. The rest had started up the country in the hope of rescuing Amy Moss from the Indians. Two parties were then seeking to aid her escape, though from very different motives.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A HINT IN THE MYSTERY CLOUD.

When Kate returned to him, after her interview with Squire Barton, she proceeded slowly on

her way for some time, and then, as if struck with a new idea, determined to pass the night in the hut, and, on the morrow, commence an expedition she contemplated. Her mind relieved from the weight of what she felt was an evil dream, thinking calmly and seriously, she began to see the character of Squire Barton every moment in more hideous colors, and, consequently, to have awakened within her strong sentiments of sympathy for Amy Moss.

She began, too, to look back with regret to the past life she had spent with Ralph Regin and Martha, who, she well knew, were not her parents. Then, who were? Whence came she? Should she ever be able to trace those who had abandoned her, or from whom she had been forcibly taken? These were questions which came rushing with tumultuous force to her mind.

How should she begin the journey she contemplated?

In the first place, she thought that if she could but carry some useful intelligence to the Moss, she would at once raise up to herself friends in the judge and his family. No longer jealous, or fearful of the beauty of Amy Moss, Kate determined to free her from the trammels of the squire. She knew, from some dark hints of Ralph Regin in his savage moods, that there were secrets which would utterly blast the hopes of that individual, secrets which Ralph had only recently learned, but which he promised to make good use of when the proper time should come. From a conversation which passed between the man calling himself her father, and Martha, it appeared that he only began to unravel certain ideas in his mind, and was biding his time to obtain full knowledge, and then to use them with effect.

The night passed away, and Kate had scarcely slept when the bright dawn came, and she was up, and



venison in a small wallet, sallied out into the forest, in the direction of Scowl Hall.

The morning was bright and beautiful, the sun was warm and genial, the birds sung their tuneful notes, full chorus, in the trees, as Kate, a little pale, but beautiful as a rose, entered the green forest. The path was along a slight rise, trending away toward the Moss, in the direction of which she moved for some time, intending to cross the Scioto at a ford, with which she was familiar. The young girl, though with such little prospect of fears from either white man or Indian, still used many of those precautions which are induced by a border education. Her principal desire was to avoid being taken back to the Frog's Hole, a consummation to be thwarted at any time.

Presently she came to a small valley, inclosed by tiny hills—a circular slope of brush and trees, on one side thickly wooded, on the other, which was very steep, partly covered by grass; and in other places rocky, steep and barren, except at the summit, which was fringed with bushes. Kate was quietly descending one side of the hill, when she observed the outlines of two human figures, moving cautiously along the edge of the forest.

She slipped hastily behind a tree, but it was too late; the two men imitated her example, at the same time looking back toward her. As they did so, Kate was able to see that they were white men.

She at once stepped forward from her place of concealment and presented herself openly to view. At sight of her the two white men came forward, waving down the steep side of the glen, waving their rifles, and never looking back. They came to her, and then they stood and looked at her with disappointment at not finding her as they expected.

"How can you be here in the woods, you girl?" asked the

most of the two men, a handsome youth.

"I am going to the ford," replied the girl, quietly, at the same time surveying her questioner with curiosity.

"Know you not," continued the other, while his companion, a scout and hunter, surveyed her curiously, "that the Indians are out, and that it is dangerous to be here? The red-skins are killing and slaying all they find."

"Strangers," said Kate, in a sad voice, "unfortunately I have nothing to fear from the Indians."

"I know'd it," exclaimed the other, the one who as yet had not spoken; "you're the gal of that catercornered old white Indian, Ralph Regin, the friend of the meanest man in creation, Simon Girty."

"I was called his daughter," replied Kate, proudly; "but I am no child of his. I have left his house forever."

"You are she they call Kate Regin," said the young man, curiously. "You are—? Miss Amy Moss, of the Block?"

"You are—?" asked Kate, eagerly.

"Her brother Charles," said the young man, anxiously.

"I thought so," exclaimed Kate, with a crimson blush at her own words.

"Why?"

"I do not know why, but I thought so. She is safe. The Indians have taken her up to the great cave on the Ohio; no harm is intended her, and I believe money would buy her; but I do not know—I am trying to find out. Don't ask me any questions—but I have something to discover, and I mean to do it."

"I am not sure," said Charles, "but my present journey has something to do with my sister."

"Every thing," replied Kate, gravely; "but I am not sure of that. All I know is that she is in the hands of white men and Indians."



"Of white men!" exclaimed Charles, passing his hand over his brow.

"Them rignades is wuss than aborigines," said William Harrod; "they made some plot to rob the judge, just by way of a ransom."

"That's not it," insisted Kate, positively. "But, Charles Moss, return home. In a day or two, at most, I will bring you tidings of the truth. In the mean time, do you return to the Moss, arm a party of men, and go up to the great cave."

"On the Ohio?" repeated Harrod.

"Yes."

"But Castaloga?" asked Charles,

"He is coming about the Indian trail," said Kate.

"What Harry—Dick Harvey?"

"No, I don't know," said Kate.

"What Harry—Dick Harvey?"

"No, I don't know," said Kate.

"A prisoner!" cried the two.

"So I heard," said Kate; "there was talk of taking him up to Chil-

"And my brother, Walter Har-

"What brother?"

"The brother of the man who was killed."

"I don't know," said Kate.

"I don't know," said Kate.

"I don't know," said Kate.

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"I don't know," said Kate.

Saying these words, Charles shouldered his rifle, and began once more to ascend the ridge, making a short cut to rejoin the trail, which followed the skirt of the wood on the other side. They had to cross a small cane-brake and swamp, after which they again were to follow the path under the forest trees for some distance. They had got half-way through the swamp, when suddenly they all started and looked at one another with surprise and alarm. Loud bursts of laughter, cries of distress, and shouts and yells of a very fearful description, broke sud-

denly from the wood before them. The shouts were Indian, the cries were of white men.

"What's that?" said Charles, clutching his rifle.

"Injines torturing a white man," replied Harrod, dashing ahead at once.

"Hist!" said Kate; "be cautious—the Indians are not many, and you may surprise them. Follow me."

Stepping into the brush and crouching low, Kate led them without her light gun, led them through the brush, and then along the trees behind some bushes, until they were close to the scene of action, which was another small valley, one of the numerous dells in the forest.

Then they looked and peered down through the bushes at the scene which was before them.

They were at the head of a small opening, the two slopes of which lay right and left of them. It was a stony, briery place, without any pleasing vegetation, though the shadows of the trees cast a deep shadow over the depths. In the center of the opening, about forty yards distant, were six Indians in their war-paint, dancing round a white man, whom











"Poor fellow!" said Jane, bending her eyes on the ground, and seeking to conceal, by attending to some detail of the table, the acute suffering she experienced and the tears that she could not restrain. Charles took no notice openly of this demonstration of feeling, though he thought of it afterward often, but turning to his father, informed him of the intended expedition to the cave on the Ohio.

"Heaven bless you, my son!" said the judge, who was pale and careworn from anxiety, during these few days. "But how learnt you this news?"

"That, my dear father, is a fresh story," exclaimed Charles; and in a few words he explained all that had happened in relation to Kate, —a story which, with that of Ragg, interested both until the hour of the afternoon siesta, when the judge lay down, or rather retired for the purpose, while Charles did so in reality, after selecting the men who were to accompany him on his expedition.

Meanwhile Kate hurried along toward the ford, her ideas somewhat divided between the thought of Amy Moss, Barton, and the young man whose acquaintance she had so suddenly made. The manner and mien of the handsome young man, whose tone of voice, whose look, were so gentle in comparison with the men she had been accustomed to. But as she advanced, the thought of her self-imposed task struck her, and she determined, in accordance with her plan of operation, to devote her whole attention to this one idea—this one thought.

There was an idea in her head, which for some time had been hinted at by Regin, and which was now fully developed by Simon Girty in more explicit terms, which she conceived it possible to execute by the aid of the men who were to accompany her. Kate had long

Kate stood on the summit of a green hill. Here she first caught sight of the ford, and looking downward along the trail, she could hear nothing save the rushing of the river's waters over a pebbly bottom, and the occasional note of a bird, or perhaps that secret hum of life which perpetually arises over the waving tree-tops.

Satisfied, then, that she would be able to cross the ford unseen by any of the emissaries of Barton, and quite sure, from the beaten path before her, that she was in the right track, she tripped quickly down the hillside, and stood upon the water's edge. Warily again she looked around; then stooping, loosened her moccasins, and tucked up her dress. With one hand she held her gun and moccasins, with the other her knife, and then, springing from stone to stone, sometimes leaping, sometimes wading, she was soon on the other bank.

"What does perty Kate Regin doon in these parts?" said a well-known voice, that made the heart of the young girl bound within her.

"Simon Girty!" she exclaimed, with a start, as that worthy appeared from among the trees.

"Well, I guess it are Simon Girty—he ginr'ly is known about a bit."

"I believe he is known," said Kate, as she turned to fasten her moccasins, "an' I reckon I know him."

"Well, that may be true, tu—I ain't never seen him, but I know he's a good one—but I don't want to be. How's Regin?"

"I don't know," replied Kate, moving to the ford.

"Why, how skittish you ayre; but you ain't told me wur you're goin'?"

"I am goin' to the Ohio, to see if I can't find out what's been doin' there, an' I'm lookin' hard at it."

"Well, I reckon he ain't nothin' but a fool—but you can wait, I reckon. Well, good mornin'; I'm off t'other



way. Hope you will be less ryled next time I see you, M. M."

And the ruffian, somewhat puzzled at what Kate could possibly want in that direction, turned his back on her, as if thoroughly disgusted with her short and angry manner.

Kate, who knew the man well, had affected with him a confidence she little felt, and was therefore much relieved when they parted company. It is true that she had never penetrated any further than the point she had now reached, and would have been all the better for a guide; still, the track was tolerably clear, and she knew that Scowl Hall was not situated at any very great distance from the ford.

She rejoiced, moreover, at the news that Barton was absent.

This gave her, she imagined, the

desired—a search which, if successful, promised to be of great value to persons in whom she already took an interest. Kate had

reckless that she felt a kind of relief in the prospect of associating herself in any way with the good and the pure.

Not that Kate had been tainted

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in her position in the woods was of considerable use to her, and without which she would never have undertaken the present journey to Scowl Hall.

In a few minutes the usual signs of the approach to a plantation were seen. Fields of corn, open meadows, a few huts, were visible. Still, on the side toward the river, the wood was thick, and Kate kept on the verge of it, in sight of the trail; for she had no wish to be seen by any of the overseers, white laborers, or negroes of the plantation.

She saw several working in the fields, but they were too busy to

the sound of the

while Phœbe poured out his coffee for him. Phœbe was a mulatto, only half a negress, and not

conquering all other sentiments in one of eager desire to know the mystery of that man's life, she

"Phœbe," said Barton, "no

"Say no more," replied Phœbe,

I have arranged with

snatch Amy from that traitor,



Tecumseh. She will be here before the week is out."

"As your wife, I 'spose," said Phœbe, with another flash of the eye.

"As my wife—and hearken, Phœbe; I wish her to be my lawful wife," repeated Barton, who was very pale.

"How you manage dat, eh?" asked Phœbe, quickly.

"I repeat, she must be my legal wife," said Barton, fiercely.

"Massa Barton," cried Phœbe, "I know you wicked, cruel man; but you no murder *her*."

"I don't want to murder her," continued Barton, suddenly; "who talked of murdering?"

"How else you marry Amy legal?" said Phœbe.

"Well, I do not know," added Barton; "I haven't the least idea; but, I know this—if my marriage with Amy Moss is not a legal marriage, free from all detraction, I will floor you within an inch of your life, and hunt you out of Ohio with blood-hounds."

"Flog me!" screamed the woman, wildly. "Wat for?"

"Yes, Miss Phœbe; you ain't too pretty to be flogged now."

The woman bowed her head, annihilated at the cool villany of the man who had been her master for so many years, and whom she had served at the peril of her own soul.

"You understand me now, I hope," said Barton.

"No," said the slave, raising her head, and confronting the monster with a courage quite superhuman in one who had so long bowed the neck to the most abject of servitudes.

"What do you mean?" roared Barton, snatching up his heavy riding-whip.

The mulatto stood still, crossed her arms, and waited for the blow. She had never received one before.

"Take that!" shrieked the infuriated ruffian.

"Coward! move and you die!" said a well-known voice, while a

rifle-barrel came into dangerous proximity with his breast. He stood transfixed with surprise and terror, his uplifted whip in his hand.

"Kate!" he cried, really alarmed at the menacing position of the gun-barrel.

"And James Barton would strike a woman," said Kate, with a bitter sneer.

"Pshaw! a mulatto—she offended me! Ah!" he cried, as a sudden thought flashed across his mind, "what want you here? You have been listening!"

Said I not, the hour of vengeance would come?" said Kate, coldly, still holding her gun pointed toward him. "~~I have heard all!~~ But I shall reveal nothing—on one condition."

"That condition?" asked Barton, who now folded his arms with an assumption of coolness, quite contrary, however, to his real sentiments.

"That you resign Amy Moss, and reinstate *her* in her rights," said Kate, quietly.

"Never!" replied Barton. "What business is this of yours? what know you of Amy Moss; and whom do you mean by *her*?"

"I would not have Amy Moss exposed a villain," began Kate.

"Push, girl; this is folly—one whistle and you are overpowered. Lift up your gun and let us talk calmly."

"James Barton, think not I will trust your word," said Kate, putting her finger on the trigger and moving back; "I have your secret."

"It will cost you your life," roared Barton with a fierce threat.

At that instant, the bold girl's gun was lifted up to the sky, and the arms were pinioned by Phœbe.

She turned and saw the mulatto, who held down her eyes, ashamed of her treachery. But with reflection, dread of her master had returned, and she had purchased her own forgiveness by an act of



ingratitude to one whose generous intervention in her favor was likely to cost her so dear.

"Ah! ah! my fine young lady," said Barton, fiercely, as he caught her wrists, "your mad curiosity has cost you your life. How could you think that I would let you depart with my secret?"

At the same moment, he dragged her hurriedly along toward the house.

Kate spoke not a word from the moment she felt herself overcome. She was so astonished at the act of Phoebe, whom she had saved from a lashing, that she could not speak. She was planning in her own mind how to escape from a fate which she knew must be serious, as the secret she had now discovered was one she knew Barton would not forgive.

She walked, then, between that wretched man and that unfortunate woman, with a calm, proud step, that seemed no more. They took her to the front of the house and led her in.

A few minutes more and Phoebe came out, looking as white as willy and very pale, and then a long, piercing shriek was heard through the house, a shriek that awoke the echoes with its horror.

Then all was still.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE INDIAN FRIENDS.

WHEN Richard Harvey saw the party which had possession of the camp, their way, the last sign of anxiety and nervousness departed from his countenance. The Electric Artist prepared to die in the heart of the woods, without giving to the Indians any of that satisfaction they are known to experience when an enemy dies without courage, and exhausted by the exertions of the chase.

He was no less than a hundred yards from the entrance of the camp, and looking into the distance, he saw the place where the battle should begin. In the mid-

dle of the camp was a small, clear, open space, where probably many a deed of blood had been done, and here they took Dick Harvey and set him in their midst. Then the whole knavish and cowardly crew commenced chanting, dancing, yelling round him, stopping every now and then to kick and beat him.

Folding his arms, Dick stood stoically resigned to whatever fate they chose to impose on him.

He saw, with a burning face and the mien of an indignant martyr, however, that they were about to make him run the gauntlet, for the Indians were ranging themselves in a long double line about two yards apart, and were arming themselves with stout hickory sticks. At the end of this long human line of men without mercy, and boys more cruel still, Harvey was placed, and then a shower of blows from one of the nearest, gave the signal for him to run. His teeth set, his head bowed, his thoughts more full of anguish than at some more cruel but less ignominious death, he started away wildly, evading the blows with considerable dexterity.

Suddenly his eye caught sight of one who stood a little ahead of him, and who, instead of a hickory, had in his hand a small, shining ax, with which he intended probably only to maim—his death was too rich a luxury to be wasted; and he determined to balk this dusky ruffian at all events.

The line through which he had to run was right across the camp, from one side to the other. To his right was the entrance by which Custa had escaped on the occasion of his visit to the camp. To his left was the council-house, a large and prominent building, which, could he but once reach it, he knew enough of Indian customs to be aware that he would not be called on to recommence his odious task. There was no time for indecision, and his mind was made up with rapidity and vigor.



He suddenly turned to the left, hurled an Indian to the ground, and then away he darted toward the council-house, the post in front of which was now the coveted object of his desires. A shower of hickory sticks was sent after him to stay his progress if possible; but, he was not to be checked by trifles. The Indians were behind him, yelling—screaming, as he would have said—like “infernal furies.”

The wished-for post was not far distant, and Dick Harvey began to hope for a successful issue to this part of his trial, when, suddenly, right before him stood an Indian, who had just entered the camp, and who, casting off his blanket, grappled with the unfortunate prisoner, and he, being out of breath and fatigued, was easily sent to the ground. The whole ferocious gang of pursuers were upon him in an instant, and one and all began to kick and beat him, laughing at the failure of his attempt. They then tore his clothes to ribbons, and left him on the ground unconscious and faint. Presently, however, a woman—for all the women had not departed—brought him some water and a little bread. And there he lay near the council-house, all but dead.

About an hour later, the savage chief came to him, took him into the council-hall, after washing his bruises with rum and giving him a good draught to produce a factitious strength. There he lay, looking up at the chief with looks which told of undaunted and unchanged courage, and also of undying hate. Dick Harvey, the Eccentric Artist, who hitherto had looked upon Indians rather with an eye to the picturesque than any thing else, began to feel something of that fierce and burning hostility toward them which is the result of all those cruel and unprovoked acts which are the daily life of the Indian. He was now a prisoner, and he was now a victim of their cruelty.

A warrior rose, and the rest became silent, for to them one of the rich parts of such entertainments was the opportunity it offered of boasting and taunting. It was a savage-looking fellow who began, and Dick Harvey well knew that the purport of his speech was death—death without hesitation and without mercy. The man showed certain scars which had been inflicted on him in battle with the whites, and as he spoke of these the expression of his countenance was perfectly diabolical. Holding in his hand a knife and a piece of wood, he spoke with animation and fierceness, and though Dick Harvey was not able to comprehend the words used, he knew very well their purport. The whole party applauded with frenzied delight. The speaker finally sat down, and the old chief made a motion on the ground.

Two other speakers followed, and then the chief rose. Two notches were marked on the ground. Then an old man, covered with scars and medals, rose and pointed to the white man, spreading his hand gently over him. His voice was musical and soothing, and he spoke on the side of mercy, as the victim might have guessed by the murmurs which arose on all sides. Instead of grunts of approval, he met with grunts of disapproval.

Then the speaking ceased, and a motion was made on the ground. The speaker struck the weapon violently on the ground. And then the grunts on the ground were recorded as votes for death, while those who declined to strike the ground were taken no note of. They were the votes for mercy.

The chief then rose in the midst. He counted the notches. He then summed up the number of the marks he had made, counted the grunts, and then he spoke. The majority for death was very great.



A question now appeared to arise as to how his death should be compassed, and all those outside the wigwam made the "welkin ring with shouts of joy."

At this moment a messenger or scout entered the village, and made a secret communication to the young chief, Tecumseh.

The prisoner was forgotten in the excitement which followed the news thus brought. The warriors flew to arms, and the execution of Dick Harvey was adjourned. It had been determined to make a

and the prisoner was therefore given in charge to a small party of five men, who were to take him up to Chitticothe, and at the same time carry thither the news of a gathering of the whites, which was rumored as about to take

menacing danger and ruin to the Indian tribes on the frontier.

His arms were then bound loosely, and while the rest of the

men who were to go up to

ty and the savage conduct of the red-skins, as that the natural characteristics of his

against hope itself.

ones of the party, the old one of those few Shaw-  
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been fastened

followed was difficult, and it was at rather an early hour that they camped under a cliff, evidently much exhausted with the events of the day. They there made a fire, piled up grass and leaves, and

They had an ample supply of pork, the produce of poor Harrod's pigs, and an allowance of whisky, which was then beginning to enervate and destroy the red-men. While one of the party proceeded to cook their supper, the rest undertook to provide for the unfortunate white man. They took a piece of wood and stretched it across his breast, and to this fastened his hands. They then laid another piece across this, to which his neck and ankles were fastened, so that it was impossible for him to move. This was one of their common and barbarous means of securing a prisoner.

Presently the meat was ready, and the brutal red-skins began devouring their plunder with intense voracity. Dick ate one or two morsels, which he contrived to devour, as nature had exerted her supremacy, and despite his

Then the savages saw once more to his fastenings, and satisfied that he could do nothing, put a little wood on the fire, and began to sleep quite at ease as to any danger of the forest. They were all so weary that in a very few minutes he was significantly reminded that they were asleep.

His first impulse was to try his bonds. They were fastened in a way that left no hope of his breaking them. This hope had then at once to be given up, and though there was so little chance of any plan succeeding, he did not, even in that strait, wholly despair.

But the night wore on, the wind howled in the trees, the stars twinkled over his head, the moon rose and faded away. Exhausted, he actually slept for a moment. It



seemed but a moment, and then he was awake. It was nearly day. Harvey lay about three yards from the Indians. He could not turn his head far enough to see his persecutors, but he knew by the smoke of the fire that their position was under the cliff. They had not yet moved, and Dick Harvey, a little refreshed by his night's rest, tried again to move the osier band which bound his wrist. His right hand came free away at once—the knot had slipped in the night.

At this instant a slight noise attracted the attention of the young man; he looked up and instantly recognized a white man, a tall and powerful figure, who had just come out of the forest. He was looking strangely at the Indians, and he seemed to be making signs to them. In a few minutes he stalked slowly out of the forest, with noiseless step—if discovered he knew that the Indians (and especially the one named Ezram Cook) would protect him—and with a rapidity of action which gave life and hope to Harvey, cut him free from his bonds, and treated him as rapidly as he came. In five minutes he was once more on his feet, and he was looking at the Indians with a new interest.

Dick Harvey was so stiff that full ten minutes elapsed ere he could move. He then, with great difficulty, crawled to the fire, took up a gun, and then, every instant his blood circulating more freely, hurried away to where the animal loose, he drew him gently to the trail left by the peddler. He had not gone a hundred yards when a cry of fury and rage startled him, and he staggered as the beating of his heart was increased by the sound of the gun. Then using all his strength, he turned to the right, and, as he did so, he saw the Indians looking at him with a new interest.

turn to the right—keep the wind on yer left cheek; the trail's pretty good. Make tracks with yer old hoss," he continued, as he rode up to Dick Harvey; "that they come."

They could, indeed, be plainly heard coming crashing through the bushes behind with loud and furious yelling.

"You've a deal to answer for, stranger," continued the peddler—"a deal to answer for. Here am I, Ezram Cook, a neutral Ingine trader, brought into a scrimmage, and a'most afeared I've shot a Ingine. Now, if one of them devils sees me, my business is gone—right away—they'll skin, tar, scarify, and lynch me anyhow. But I couldn't see a fellow-critter prepared like a lamb for the slaughter."

"My sufferings have sorely tempted me to do wrong, but I am a Christian, and I will not do so. I tell you, Dick Harvey."

"My! Jehosaphat! Thin I tell you what, Mister Harvey, I don't care if the hull bilin' of the Indians see me—I'll go it, peny, jee! won!"

And the peddler reined in as a small column of smoke rose above the hemlock.

"Pontius Pilate!" cried the peddler, "if we ain't done. Ingines afore, Ingines behind. Never mind, spur away. What's that?"

A yell of a very fearful nature rose in the forest, bursting so suddenly upon the ear, and appearing to be of such an unearthly character, that Dick Harvey and the peddler looked at each other with the noises of the forest. It was not an Indian yell, it was not a wild beast, it was not an animal in pain; and the two men, who had been so long in the wilderness, looked uneasily at each other.



"What is that?" asked Harvey, in a low, hushed voice, almost forgetting the Indians behind.

"Rattle-snakes and henbane!" cried Ezram Cook, turning rather pale; "I don't know."

Up it rose again, that yell—once, twice, thrice—until it seemed to make the very arches of the forest ring again, every time more shrill, more horrid, more unearthly.

"On! on!" cried Dick, suddenly; "it is a human voice, shrieking for help."

"I think you're about right, Mister Harvey," said the peddler; "so here goes."

The two men gave rein to their horses, and darted down an activity which led to the hemlock tree. In ten minutes' hard gallop-

amazement and confusion.

The shrieks had ceased an instant, and they thought that all was over.

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their sockets, his whole frame shuddered, he raised himself on tiptoe and looked uneasily around, he turned an imploring glance on Dick Harvey, who made a gesture of disgust.

"Now, Master Harvey," said Ezram Cook, gravely, "you don't mean to say you'll hang this black cretter. Consider the cruelty of the thing. Besides, he's valuable property, worth a mint of dollars. He's skeared enough—cut him

"No!" replied Harvey; and then he added in a low tone, "be sure Casta is only frightening him. He's close handy, I know. So let us look for him. There

The negro, seeing them move away, began again to utter his wild shrieks of despair, shrieks that rang through the forest. Still he persevered and quietly disappeared along a trail on the edge of the small open space, just as the Indians came bounding up, themselves curious to discover the cause of these horrid cries, imprecations, promises, and threats. A fearful stream from the negro's

Harvey and Ezram dismounted and turned, rifle in hand. Feeling certain that aid was near, they de-

"My!" cried the negro, drawing up; "yah be friends. Make ole red-skin—cat de rope—won't I skin dem whites now!"

But dire was the dismay of red-skins and of the black, as four rifles were discharged, and then Harvey, and Ezram on the band, Harold bounding ahead of all the rest, flourishing his gun in one hand and waving his ax in the other.

Ten minutes later, to avoid details of a scene of sanguinary







according to his new education, "I can feel for you. You will never repeat what I say; but what Clara was to the man with the big heart, Amy Moss is to me."

Harrod raised his head and looked curiously at him. There was even a certain softness in his eyes.

"She is lost to you—Amy must be lost to me."

A strange, odd smile played about the Silent Hunter's mouth, then vanished.

"She will wed no red-skin, and Squire Barton is her future husband; but, what the air is to

me. I can be to her only the faithful hound, or watch-dog—

loves Amy of the Moss more than his life, and every friend who aids him to serve her is his brother; but the big-hearted white man can not go with Custa to-night—there are two tracks; they must part."

He spoke half angrily, half reproachfully, but his brother's heart is very

it can only be cooled by

have killed his wife, let him take a scalp for every hair of her head—but in the cave of the Ohio there are women and children, and

When he ceased, Harrod made no reply, but closed his eyes and

as silent as any ghosts of departed ones who might be supposed to haunt these woods, went upon their way toward the Great Cave on the Ohio river.

Custaloga led the party, the others following in Indian file, an arrangement which it had been agreed should be strictly adhered to. They were on the banks of the beautiful river.

"Hist!" said Custaloga, in a low and somewhat husky tone, at which all the men crowded round him; "if we part—Glen Hut."

All understood these brief words, and following the example, a small hickory stick in his hand, all entered the stream and ventured under cover of the darkness into the waters of the river, which at the time was not so much swollen as on many occasions.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### BOAT AHoy!

SIR CHARLES CARSTONE lived in a small, elegantly-furnished house in one of those streets which once were accounted fashionable.

He and Lady Carstone sat in a small boat, each on their own side of the table, while Master Carstone, a little, freckled, spoilt, saucy, but very fond of his parents' darling and the world's darling, stood on the other side of the table, a kind of

Lady Carstone was a very rich woman, with a round, rosy face, and a very vulgar; but she was rich.

Alderman Pepper had his foible, however—a very common foible in his country, one which marks the weakness of "civilization." He worshiped the aristocracy, he venerated a lord, he shook in his shoes if he happened to meet a duke.

Sir Charles Carstone was a being to dazzle the worthy alderman.



Had any man alive attempted to cheat Mr. Allerman Dever out of five pounds, he would have failed; but he was coolly fleeced of twenty thousand pounds by the polished courtier with the utmost ease. He even felt obliged to the man for taking the money. He had also taken his daughter.

Poor Lady Carstone was well educated, though she was ignorant, while the society of the aristocracy with whom she associated, instead of improving, almost ruined her.

When breakfast was over Lady Carstone retired to her chamber to dress, the boy ran out to join a groom, who had a pony to show him, and Sir Charles was alone.

He had an appointment at twelve, and was about to make a movement to keep it, when one John Barty was announced.

"Let him come in," said the baronet, somewhat quickly.

A man entered. The visitor was a man of middle height, slight, and somewhat bowed in the back, with a long, cadaverous countenance, a hooked nose, little restless gray eyes, and a general air of poverty and distress about him. He bowed meekly to the baronet, who threw himself into a chair and motioned to the other to be seated.

"And pray, Master Barty," said the baronet, in a stately tone, "what may procure me the pleasure of your company this morning? None of my bills are yet due, and I did not think of asking for a new loan, though, now you are here—"

"Sir Charles!" exclaimed the other, "not money always—do not talk of money like it was bread, or cheese, or dust; money is the thing to take the fat off to, to think of presently, to use when it is really necessary."

"Upon my word, John Barty, money is a very fine thing, but I would not think of it as you do for all the gold of the Indies. You'll be married and one of the nobles. Why, the very look of you proclaims a Croesus."

"Hush!" said the other; "why

say I am rich? You know I am not. I try to be; I make a little here, a little there; I starve myself. I go on, I have been gentlemen to moneyed men—and, Sir Charles, why do I do it?"

"Ah, why?—that is a question I have often thought of asking you," said the baronet.

"I have a daughter, Sir Charles."

"A daughter?"

"A daughter, whom I wish to leave happy, Sir Charles, and for whom I do all that I do—a daughter, the image of what her mother was, and she was beautiful."

"Upon my word, Mr. Barty, you quite interest me; and if I had not a most special appointment with the prince I should ask you to continue."

"Excuse me, Sir Charles, but I am forgetting important business. Have you not a secret in America, of—?"

"What means this introduction?" exclaimed the baronet.

"Your secret is discovered," said the miser, coolly. "Your cousin, Andrew Carstone, has left for America with an old pal of Dick Blunt's."

The baronet rose hastily, and moved impatiently across the room, clenched his fists, and seemed extremely agitated.

"Barty," he said, stopping suddenly, "this is terrible news. But how do you know?"

"Well, sir, I was down at Greenwich yesterday, and I saw that third-class fellow, Andrew Carstone, coming down the street with a bundle of papers, and a little fellow with him."

"Who is Andrew Carstone?"

"The man where Dick lodged, when we fetched him that night."

"Go on."

"In, Barty," says I, 'you're right; but what are you going to do?' 'All right,' says he, 'you won't expect me to be a hero, will you?' 'Then it's all right,' says I, 'I'm going to Meriky with Mr. Carstone, to fetch home his daughter, in a villain called Sir Charles Carstone stole from him.'"



"'Sdeath," cried the baronet, "then he knows all."

"It appears so, Sir Charles," said the money-lender.

"Go on. While you speak I may collect my thoughts."

"Just then a gentleman came up and Ragg joined him. They barque bound for New York. It sailed directly."

"This is terrible. Who could have betrayed me? But he may not know—and yet the secret voyage to America, without communicating with me. Barty!"

"Yes, sir," said the miser, looking down on the ground meekly. He felt the attack coming.

"I must have two hundred pounds by this evening, and my passage taken for America!" exclaimed the miser, looking round at him.

"Two hundred pounds!" said the miser, looking down.

"Hearken, Barty—it must be done. I have no other words. Time is every thing. I must act first. The furniture of the house is sold—take it as security, but bring me the money."

"I dare say, Sir Charles, I may do so; but, you may be gone some months—Lady Carstone is

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"So, good Barty, you shall be steward in my absence—keep good guard over my house; but now go, and let the money be forthcoming."

John Barty bowed and left the room.

"There has been some treachery," said Sir Charles, moodily; "and yet I paid the villains well—they should have been true. If he finds her, all is lost. He must know it is my doing; and then adieu, even my pension. But if I can arrive in America before him, or with him, and find that Hackett, it shall go hard but I will yet prevent the final result."

He then left the room and went to his wife's chamber, to whom he hastily communicated his intention of going to America—a piece of news which Lady Carstone heard with astonishment, but without regret. She had no reason to lament because her husband gave her a few months of liberty.

Sir Charles spent the day in making his preparations, in his dog-cart to his own companions, and at seven o'clock in the evening he waited for John Barty in his room. That individual came punctually. He was dressed in a holiday suit, and had a parcel under his arm. He was clean-shaved, and had fresh linen on.

"By my faith, Mr. Barty," cried the baronet, "you are quite a beau—you do me proud. I suppose this is in honor of my poor house."

"Why, Sir Charles, I could hardly expect the servants to mind me, if I did not look like a gentleman."

"No, certainly not;" and Sir Charles laughed heartily.

"You are amused, sir," said the money-lender.

"No; but have you the money?" asked the other, quickly.

"Here it is, and here is the bill of sale."

"Bill of sale?" cried the baronet.



"If you repay me, it is void," said John Barty, meekly.

"It is well. You are an honest money-lender in your way."

The man bowed and placed the document for the other's signature. He took up a pen and signed hastily. The miser then handed him the money.

"And about a passage to America?" asked the baronet, secreting the money about his person.

"A worthy Captain Douglas sails at daybreak—he would have you on board to-night. Is all ready?"

"Every thing is ready."

"Does her ladyship know of my position in the house?"

"That is a pleasure I have reserved for her until the last moment, Mr. Barty. She will want some consolation for my absence."

Barty grinned, and would have spoken, but Lady Carstone at that instant entered.

"No, my dear, you are really going," said she, with an affected drawl, rubbing her dry eyes very hard with a pocket-handkerchief.

"Really, my dear, I am sorry to say, the business on which I go is so imperative, that I must tear myself away."

"Well, you know best, Sir Charles; I am not at all a business woman—I never was."

"You ought to have been, my dear, considering the money you have in your pocket."

"Oh, Charles," said the lady, looking towards him reproachfully, "what do you say?"

"The money is all yours, my dear."

"Oh, Charles," said she to John Barty, "what do you say?"

"And now, my dear, I have been thinking of a plan for some time when I was with you, and now that I am going, I have thought of it. I have left Barty in charge of the

house; he'll find you in money while I am gone."

And the baronet, after an affectionate embrace, went out.

"Sir Charles," cried the money-lender, "I never promised to advance my lady a penny."

And he ran after the baronet, without replying to a series of angry questions which Lady Carstone addressed to him. In his hurry he left the deed of sale on the table. Curiosity is the characteristic of women like the baronet's wife. She took up the paper and read it, then smiled, folded it up, and put it in her pocket. At that instant the money-lender came running back, to find that the deed was gone.

"What do you say?" he asked, looking round the room. "A piece of paper—a deed—a business document."

"It is quite safe," said the baronet's lady in dulcet tones, "quite safe, and Mr. Barty shall have it back if he behaves himself. I can not think, however, of letting Sir Charles part with his furniture for so small a sum; I am too much a woman."

Barty darted a look of despair at the lady, and ran to the baronet, who was getting impatient.

That night the baronet, under an assumed name, accompanied by John Barty, went down to the boat at Greenwich. It was a cold and foggy night, and the boat was dimly seen across the stream.

Next minute the boat pulled right up to the strand, the baronet's luggage, which had been brought on board by strange porters, was taken out; he shook hands with John Barty, and cheerily oh! the boat put off toward the Sir Walter Raleigh, bound for New York.

At daylight the vessel sailed.



## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE CAVE DELIVERY.

THERE is a sublimity in the vast arch of heaven to which, however, being accustomed from our childhood, it does not inspire us with that overpowering awe which so grand a spectacle would arouse in the mind of one who opened his eyes to it for the first time; and yet no man ever entered within the deep arches and gloom of a vast cave, without feeling a kind of dread, or, at all events, an impulse of admiration, at a vastness which is so little beside the great

day to roam about at will. None suspected her of any plan to escape. A feeble woman and a

unity for any particular plan,

anxious, the cave was close and unwholesome. After debating with herself for some time, she determined to rise, and if she could not breathe the fresh air of the river, at all events to wander awhile in the larger part of the cave.

HAVING come to this determination, she rose with extreme caution and crept out of the little division occupied by herself and her more immediate companions. She paused on the threshold and looked out. Above was the vast canopy of heaven, that seemed to rise to infinite space, displaying no roof or check to the black darkness of night; behind she heard the water of a spring falling into a deep pool, the bottom of which had never been fathomed. Before her was the opening by which the cave was entered, and by this penetrated a glimmer of the moon. About ten feet below was the fire of the Indians, and round it the whole party was con-

There were seven women and two men, and a certain

After a few moments of hesitation she felt about for a ledge that commenced somewhere in this direc-



tion, and ascended to a spot above the usual orifice by which the cave was left.

There was a similar ledge, of somewhat different character, on the other side.

This, however, Amy did not know, else, it being much wider and safer, she would have selected it, especially as it led directly to the ordinary outlet of the cave.

She commenced her ascent with a beating heart, the very sound of which she imagined, in her present state of mind, awoke too loudly the echoes of the cavern. The ledge was rough and stony, and sometimes rose and sometimes fell. Amy had actually to feel her way, holding now to crags that projected, now crawling on her hands and knees. Once or twice her heart smote her, and she felt inclined to give way, but an invincible desire to witness the light of heaven impelled her on.

Presently she halted and almost fell off the ledge, so unconquerable and sudden was her terror. The light was in the center between her and the opposite side of the cave, and the fire, which burnt very low, cast from its hot embers a lurid glare on the small spot around the sleepers. And yet on the other wall of the cavern, on the dark rock, Amy distinctly saw the outline of a figure so exactly like her own, that she could not doubt it was her shadow.

She breathed not, she stooped low, and looked across with fixed eyes at the shadow which was there almost motionless. The shadow moved a little, and Amy moved a little back. It was as if it were waiting for some distance upward, and it was on this surface that Amy distinctly saw a human shadow moving. After a few minutes she moved forward. The shadow moved down, but did not follow her; it came with a convulsive motion, and then stood still.

Amy Moss drew a long breath,

and looked behind no more, but advanced slowly along the ledge, with palpitating heart, stopping now and then to listen. She was now above the group of sleepers, and next moment was in view of a narrow aperture at the end of her rude path which led into the open air. She crept very cautiously, and in a few minutes was on a platform, a few feet above that which was generally used by those entering the cavern.

It was a lovely night, and Amy leaned against the rock a moment to enjoy its freshness and its beauty. She could not see the Ohio at her feet; but she gazed on the other shore, and half-way across, and over the dark forest that stretched on all sides; and far over all she looked as if seeking to drive into the distance to where stood her home.

Suddenly she turned, and became aware that she was not alone on the platform.

She shuddered as she recognized Spiky Jonas the negro, and would have retreated, understanding the shadow that had played upon the wall. The negro was sitting on the ledge panting for breath, and swinging himself backward and forward. He had spent the whole day in coming there, and had arrived in time to warn the inhabitants of the cave of the dangers which threatened them.

But retreat was impossible. The negro sprung up, and caught her by the arm.

"What you want to do, miss, is to get out of this cave."

"What do you mean, Spiky?"

"You want to get out of this cave, miss, and you want to get out of this cave."

"I have left the child asleep—do you think I can leave it?"

The negro let go his hold and folded his arms. Amy leaned

against the rock. The shadow

was still there, and she

looked at it with a







Then Custa spoke in a loud voice, told those inside that resistance was useless, the mouth of the cave being held by white rifles. Any attempt at resistance would only bring upon them certain destruction. No answer came to these words, and then, the four men holding guard over the entrance, Amy went in, speaking aloud, so as to be recognized. The cave appeared lighter viewed from this point, and our heroine at once saw that all had disappeared from around the watch-fire.

Amy was at the mouth of the cave, and here, looking back, she found the whole party, men, women and children. The girl, whose grace and beauty had won for her so many epithets, but who was commonly known as Blue-bird, stepped forward, and caught her by the wrist.

"What they want—eh? fire gun all heap—eh? But I am a woman," she said, looking at the girl.

"I will not hurt a hair of your head," said Amy, "but I will take you to my people."

"Where is your people?" said the girl.

"In the north," said Amy, "in a place where there is a great many people, and where there is a great many things."

"There is one, the husband of Clara of the Crow's Nest," replied Amy, so saying, "who would take you to the two warriors."

The girl's face turned red with shame, and she said, "I will go with you."

"Where is your people?" said Amy, "in the north?"

The girl's face turned red with shame, and she said, "I will go with you."

to ordinary eyes. There were, indeed, small holes and recesses in the cavern of the Ohio, where a man could have lain hid for days.

Amy now called to her friends. Custaloga and Harrod were by her side in a moment, but Ezram Cook and Harvey still held the entrance. The child made one bound, gave a shout, and was in his father's arms.

"Pa—dear pa—where have you been?—where's ma?" sobbed the boy.

Harrod replied by a growl so fierce that the women, who had been staring with awe at that huge man, so fierce, so powerful, so terrible, started back alarmed. And well might they feel dismay, as, illuminated by a brand from the fire, held by Blue-bird, they saw his eyes glare around like those of a wild beast, and his fingers clutch his long knife.

"Come!" said Custaloga, gravely, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

Harrod loosened the hold on his knife, and carrying his boy, turned to go.

"Good-by, Blue-bird!" said Amy, kindly; "when peace is between my people and your people, come and see me."

"Ah!" cried Custa, starting as if he had been struck, "your father, what of him?"

"He is dead," said the girl, mournfully.

"No!" replied Custa, earnestly; "I found him wounded, and I saved his life—I left him in a cache—he was lame, but there was water and food. Blue-bird will find him alive."

He then explained his meeting with the wounded warrior, how he saved him, and how in the hurry of subsequent events he had quite omitted to see him. He had, however, food for days, and was able to go on without assistance. The girl heard the



tale of the young Wyandot with admiration. The young man then explained minutely the position of the cache, and this done, he turned from the Indians and was about to depart, when Amy spoke:

"The negro," said she, in a low whisper, and with a shudder, "he may not be dead."

Castaloga explained the accident which had occurred, and requested four of the women to come and see to the matter. The women readily agreed, and the young girl accompanied the party. In a few minutes they were all on the platform. The only person who remained was the Indian Cook only. Harvey had disappeared.

"Where is he?" asked Custa.

"Well, that ar' nigger is hard to kill; he's been a-meaning and crying, and I 'spect Harvey's gone down to finish him."

"Never!" cried Amy, impetuously; "I know Harvey better than that."

"I know you," said the Indian, "but I know Harvey better than you do."

"Well, then," cried Harvey, "I expect he may be saved."

Castaloga, after requesting the others to lead Amy to the water's edge, hurried by a circuitous path to the bottom of the cliff, where,

the negro lying nearly on his face, his head resting on the ground, in his fall.

Harvey had no compunction in turning the negro over to the women, who with a few sticks and a blanket proceeded quietly to make a bed for him.

"And now, Jonas," said Custa, gravely, "twice has your life been saved—tempt it not again. You must never show your face to the women again, and if you will promise to cease your evil conduct, your wife shall join you."

"You no Indian," replied Spiky Jonas, amazed at the other's speech.

Harvey and his companion now left him to the Indian women, and hurriedly rejoined the party, who waited for them on the bank of the beautiful river. They halted a moment to confer as to their proceedings.

"The water is deep," said Castaloga to Amy, "and you can never walk."

"What is to be done?" replied Amy, much distressed.

"Harvey, I think you might bring round one of the horses," exclaimed Custa, after a moment's reflection.

Harvey nodded his head, and without a moment's hesitation entered the water.

He had disappeared, though it was not late, and darkness now veiled the whole scene.

Harvey had disappeared, though it was not late, and darkness now veiled the whole scene.

There were no horses.

Harvey turned to home she

his feet. The cry of a bird, which of year did not frequent the river, had roused him.

"That is Harvey, and there is danger," he cried.

The men clutched their rifles, and Amy caught the child to her arms. For a few minutes all was still, and then Harvey was seen swimming in the water,



holding his gun on high, but he led no horse. In another minute he was close to them.

"The horses are gone," he said, in a tone of deep dejection; "there have been Indians on the bank. I think I heard them up river; but no time is to be lost."

Custa made no reply, but catching Amy in his arms before she had time to make any objection, entered the stream and led the way. Harrod followed with his child, while Harvey and Cook, after a whispered conference, darted up the bank by a path which, though difficult, they knew was practicable to men.

The current was swift and strong, and Custaloga was almost exhausted by the superhuman exertions he had made for several days. It was, therefore, by slow degrees that he advanced with his precious burden in his arms, his ears open to every sound, and his heart beating with a feeling of alarm and dread he had never before experienced.

"I could walk," said Amy, gently seeking to disengage herself.

"Impossible," replied he; "do not speak. There is danger in the air."

Harrod, who was a few paces in advance, distinctly saw figures moving on the bank. He stood still and turned. He then first missed two of his companions. Half guessing what had happened, he gave one of his companions a look which said more than words. The whole party were once more together. No words were spoken. They crossed a small strip of wood, and then found themselves in a barren clearing, which it would have been shorter to have crossed than skirted. They were about to make use of the trail that could be traced out by a practiced eye even at that hour, when they distinctly heard a body of Indians falling at some distance.

All sunk to the ground and listened. A few words explained the plan of the Indians.

A prowling Shawnee had found the horses, with which he had galloped away to his companions, an outlying war-party. It was instantly guessed that the cavern on the Ohio was the destination of the scouts, and the Shawnees were hurrying to catch the white men as they passed. They moved carelessly, as if quite unconscious of their danger.

Suddenly Custaloga whispered low to be ready, and his own rifle fell to a level, while Amy shut her eyes and stopped her ears. The Indians were running within ten yards of them. They hid in the deep shadow of the trees, and the Shawnees, little suspecting their own danger and the proximity of the party they sought, hurried by, and buried themselves in the forest.

In a few minutes their footsteps were no longer heard, and then away went the fugitives in solemn silence until they reached the well-known neighborhood of the Glen Hut, which appeared as if it had been abandoned as usual to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; for who could tell that there had taken place an interview of such importance and the uncertainty, of such importance to the fate of both those who were present, and of those of his companions on the skirt of the wood, at some little distance from the place, and advanced alone into the clearing. The night was dark, and there was no sign of a storm. Custaloga, aware how impossible it was for Amy and the child to reach the Block-house that night, had determined to wait for some hours—in fact, until day-break. He had shown his companions by secret and secluded paths to the home they all, save Amy, wished to gain.

Harrod, who had been in the lead, could make out. He walked



so gently, so quietly beside his  
 carrying him at times, that all  
 thought him moved from his more

Custaloga stalked across the  
 clearing, entered the hut, felt  
 about in a secret corner for flint  
 and steel, and soon made a blaze,  
 to his great surprise finding every  
 sign of a very recent fire. Upon  
 this, however, he did not pause  
 to reflect much at the time, as the

party were approaching the house.

awe that Amy gazed upon a hut,

the gloom, amid those fitful gusts,

around, victims of the  
 system, it was not an  
 place for one used to such home

enviable for many days.

But the clearing was soon cross-  
 and the hut

"you must sleep beside the child,  
 watch."

"I am of your opinion," replied  
 Harvey, whose manner of speak-  
 ing in polite company always as-  
 tonished Ezram Cook; "I could  
 not sleep—"

"But," began Amy, "this will  
 never do. You must all be weary.  
 Could not one of you watch in  
 turns?"

"There are many ways of at-  
 tack," said Custaloga, submis-  
 sively, as if he disliked to differ  
 from Amy in even the most trifling  
 way. "They must all be defen-  
 ded. I propose," continued he,  
 "that Harrod should outlie to  
 the right, Harvey to the left,  
 Ezram Cook behind the hut, over-  
 looking the river, while I stand  
 sentry over the hut door;" and  
 his voice shook a little as he  
 showed his anxious desire for the  
 post of honor.

Harrod rose and moved away to  
 the right without a moment's hesi-  
 tation; Harvey prepared to imitate  
 adieu to Amy; while Ezram Cook,  
 himself on a ledge behind the house  
 Amy, who looked rather graver  
 and more stern than she  
 when in the company of the whole

"Moss," said Custaloga,  
 Harvey's blanket coat. The sooner  
 the fire fall. It has already  
 burnt too long."

"Custa," said Amy, in a low,  
 timid tone, very unusual with her.

"Yes," replied he.

"Do not go further than the  
 door—I shall never sleep if I know  
 you are more distant," continued  
 Amy, gently.

"I will watch by the door," said  
 Custaloga, quietly.

He then drew the ashes over



the embers of the fire, and going out into the open air, sat down on the ground, his back against the fallen door, his rifle on his knees, his heart beating so tumultuously that at first he felt quite unfit for his duties. Soon, however, his forest education gained the upper hand, and he was once more the careful sentry guarding the treasure he loved best on earth.

The clouds sped quickly across the darkened heavens, the wind howled amid the tree-tops, whistling, croaking, rushing round the hut, making eddies of leaves, and dying away in the deep chasm behind the house, over which Ezram Cook nodded and dozed with the fearful belief that he was the very perfection of a sentry. But there was no other sound. Nature seemed to sleep; and it seemed as if the forests for the time were quite abandoned by all living things.

Custaloga tried to detect the slightest evidence of the presence of Harvey and Harrod close at hand, but he could hear nothing save the guarded movements of the wolves in the clearing, which, as usual, had followed in the track of the men. He listened intently, but to his ears there was no sound. Amy: but, despite the silence of his ear, he could hear no sound.

He kept himself awake only by great efforts, and succeeding, which was not the case with any of the other guards of the hut. In the morning, when the sun came out, he found the men were gone, and he was left alone.

But he was not to be taken in.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

SUDDENLY Custaloga started as if he had been awakened from sleep. He was he at the interruption to his thoughts.

"Custa," said the soft voice of Amy Moss close to his shoulder.

"Miss Amy," was all he could reply.

"I can not sleep—the gloom of this place, and my anxiety to be home, have made me feverish and restless. If I do not disturb you, I would watch with you an hour; perhaps then I may sleep."

"Miss Amy knows," replied Custaloga, "that her company is the greatest happiness Custaloga can enjoy."

"You overrate the little I have done for you," said Amy in tremulous tones.

"Little!" exclaimed Custa. "Little! you know not half you have done for me. You found me a savage, hating the whites, looking on killing and scalping as a duty, and you have made me see that all this is vain and wicked."

"I am pleased to hear you speak thus, Custa," said Amy, gently.

"And do you call it little to have taught me to read?" continued Custa.

"But never did youth of fourteen learn to read so easily," said Amy.

"Yes, I know it. 'Tis strange; but I don't seem to have learnt then for the first time. Never mind—you taught me, and I read, and my savage mind was softened; I knew the pleasure of knowledge. I continued to learn, and in seven years, you, who were children when you first found me, have made me an educated man."

"And yet you remain an Indian," said Amy Moss, in melancholy tones.

"Miss Amy Moss, you are the only white woman I have ever known, and I can not often hear words like these I am about to speak."

"Nay, utter no words," hurriedly exclaimed Amy, as if about to rise and depart.

"I will," said Amy Moss. "Why have you taught me to read? Why have you made me see that all this is vain and wicked? Why have you made me see that all this is vain and wicked?"







or left, or from the rear of the hut. Custaloga gave a second cry, this time much louder, and then hurried round to the back of the log, where he found Ezram Cook fast asleep.

"Up!" he said, shaking him violently; "up! the Indians are—"

"Eh? What, where?" exclaimed Ezram anxiously.

"Hush! stand by for a signal. Do not move," said Custaloga.

And he glided away back to the hut, and fell on his face on the ground. He now looked over the clearing in every direction, and presently distinctly saw a line of Indians coming straight toward the hut, treading one behind the other with extreme caution.

Custaloga then, giving a shout that woke the echoes of the forest, bounded inside the hut, pulled down the door across the doorway, flung a beam of wood to lock it, and then, with his ax and knife ready, began to load, hurriedly, the rifle to the door, and to still the child's cries. Three cracks of the rifle from three different quarters followed a desultory fire from the Indians, and then Cook, Harvey and Harrod came running to cover. Custaloga quietly took up a post at a chimney, and continued as far as he could to direct the affairs without.

The Indians were so startled at the multiplicity of quarters whence the firing came, and apparently so amazed at the number of persons who occupied the place, that they had at once retreated to prepare some other mode of attack, and that left the hunters a few moments' peace. The latter was in the highest degree gratified, and they all turned to look at each other.

Harrod and Cook stood, one on each side of the door, their guns ready, while Harvey, who had been sent to the side of the hut, returned to the door.

"This is not the worst of it," said Custaloga, "we must make up our minds to die this hour."

"Then we must die," replied Custa, coldly; "we must fight until the last. But for her and the child we might fight our way out—it can not be thought of now. Look!" he continued, turning to Harrod and Cook, "close by the charred stump is a black man, who wasn't there a minute ago."

The rifle of the Silent Hunter and of Cook spoke at the same time; the man fell forward, and then came a series of yells from the forest, which proclaimed the fall of the Indian. Custaloga was quiet for a moment. He appeared to be thinking deeply. Suddenly he made a sign to all his companions, and drew them into a corner.

"There is a gentle one and a child in the hut," he said in a low whisper; "four men might hold behind these logs for a week; but a stray ball might kill the daughter of Judge Moss, and Custaloga could never see the father's face again."

"Well, what is to be done?" asked Harvey, in an anxious tone.

"The bank is steep, but the water is shallow—the gentle one and the child must go down into the Haunted Pool, while three hold the hut."

"But how on airth ayre they to git down?" said Ezram Cook, rather quickly.

"The cord of the bucket is good—Custa has tried it," replied Custa.

"By the rattled rump of Ketchikan, that's good," said Harrod. "I'm for absquatulating at once—I don't mind a scolding now and then; it jist blows the dust off; but, Goram Shakes! it don't do every day in the week."

Custaloga made no reply, but turned to the corner of the hut where Harvey and the child were, and exchanged a few words with our heroine.

"Any-thing that you propose I will do," said Harvey, quietly.

Custaloga, assisted by Harvey,



examined carefully the strength of an old chair which had been left in the hut, from the fact that after the massacre of the owners no Indians had ever visited the place. It was found to be solid.

"Then!" roared Ezram, "let it to the sanguinary—heathens—blaze away."

A party of Indians had made a fire of two guns, had succeeded in reaching to within a few yards of the door, which fortunately was barricaded. The two Americans stood ready; the Shawnees came ed up to the door. They were met

the besieging party, meeting once more a resistance which promised to cost them dear, retreated, and began a desultory fire from the trees and bushes which surrounded the clearing, an attack which be-

the clouds flew from the horizon as the storm abated.

a cave about six feet inward, and was formed by earth having given though separated by this opening, Amy and the child were now brought out and seated in the chair, to which they were tied in such a way that the girl could untie the thongs herself when at the bottom.

"As soon as you touch the rocks below," said Custaloga, in a hushed, anxious whisper, "untie yourself, and step back under the rock. As you value your life, not an inch forward! In front there is a gulf of twenty feet of water."

while Custaloga and Harvey; they did very quietly, the child being submissive and still from sheer terror.

"Lower away," said Harvey.

"Defend the hut!" shouted the rope so suddenly, that, but for Custa, it must have jerked from Harrod's hand. The Wyandot dashed at the cord, flung himself on the ground, his feet

and held on—not, before the chair had fa

the Indians, a fear cries, howling, curses, and

though not wi dently, the weight being very

Presently the cord hung loose and, reaching the rope, and sprung to the hole he himself had made. The four rides of the party were standing against the wall on the inside. Custa drew them to his side with extreme rapidity, listening all the while to detect the



result of the fierce struggle within. He could hear nothing but stamping, rolling, hard breathing, and such cries as come from men in the last terrible struggle for life; but on the other side he distinctly saw a group of Indians, who appeared unwilling to enter the hut, which was already more than occupied by the combatants, and who could scarcely have been told from one another in the darkness.

By a desperate effort Custa raised two rifles, one in each hand, and fired. The Indians had secretly fled away when, peering again across, he saw that the group had disappeared. He fired, however, two more guns, and then, in the clear, ringing voice of an American backwoodsman, he shouting to supposed companions to

he saw, while loading, one dart through the open door and fly, and next instant his three companions were near him, clutch-

Custaloga had, it appeared, the clutches of an Indian even more powerful than himself, but who fled at the sound of the guns, leaving the whole force of the

word; Cook did the same, and then, after a little hesitation, Harvey.

Custaloga remained alone on the awaiting the signal from

had sent his rifle down with Harvey—the young Wyandott about to descend, when he saw a grim warrior stalk round the back of the hut—one who had cast him on the ground when the volley had been fired, and who now, in all quiet, came peering to discover the true state of affairs. He saw Custaloga, and

would have retreated; but he, thinking his secret betrayed, darted to encounter the Indian, who, however, fled, but not before he had noted the other's purposed mode of escape.

Quick as thought, Custa darted into the hut, raked up the embers, drew some out on a piece of wood, placed them on the rope, after giving it a slight cut with his ax, and then, after fanning the embers, rushed himself to escape.

Down he went, with a rapidity that surprised those below—only, it appeared, just in time; for in another minute, the rope came down after him, to the great surprise of his companions, to whom, without another word of explanation, he addressed himself:

"Quick! they know the ford. Harrod, carry your child—follow me. Miss Amy Moss, your hand—let no man speak!"

On the young man went, leading Amy by the hand, keeping close under the bank, at the summit of which he could distinctly hear the Indians conversing. They were ascending the stream, but from the peculiar formation of the cliff, they could not see those below. At the end of a hundred yards Custaloga halted.

The stream was here wide and placid. It ran swiftly by, as if hurrying to sink in the deep pool below, at the end of a descent, down which the water ran with extreme velocity. The opposite bank were clearly defined against a sky becoming lighter and clearer every moment.

"Cross," said Custaloga, in a low tone, "and when under cover, fire."

They all obeyed, darting through it in clouds of spray behind them. A loud yell from the Indians announced that they were discovered, and then the whole body congregated above where Custaloga stood, discussing how they could follow the fugitives.







the old bird, as Harvey crawled up on hands and knees to rejoin his companion.

"What is it, Custa?" he said, gravely, while his eyes fell with tender interest on the sleeping form of Amy.

"The Indians," replied Custa, in low, sad accents, almost of despair, the natural effect of his own weakness and exhaustion.

"Then, Custa," said Harvey sadly, "Amy must fly with Ezram Cook, and we three must take care to save her—it is the only hope."

"My brother," exclaimed Custa, clutching his hand, "you are right."

The heart of the artist bounded within him at these words. There was something so strange in the sensation of being called "my brother," that he could scarce think for an instant of any thing else.

Custaloga was all unconscious of this. He saw the three men, and quietly roused Amy, whom he told to go forward with the paddler, while they waited to see if any enemies came in sight. This was said with so much unconcern that the young girl readily accompanied the merchant, who, however, was rather unwilling to abandon his friends.

"Cross at the Devil's Gully," said Custa, impatiently. "Wait a quarter of an hour. If we cannot find them, make the best of your way to the Block."

Harvey, who well knew the importance of his charge, and impressed in a most striking manner, with the devotion and self-sacrifice of the three young westerners for Custaloga, Harvey, and Harrod, remained on the present ground, watching the boat, though guided by no light.

Soon after Amy disappeared, and the three men came in sight. They were about ten in number, and in Indian file on the opposite side of the stream. But when they saw their work, it was clear that there were

at least as many on the side which was occupied by the fugitives. To retreat was impossible.

"Pass me your horn," said Custaloga, as an Indian appeared close at hand.

"I haven't a charge left," replied Harvey, sadly; "the game's up."

"Let us hide our guns," continued the Indian, "and then give up quietly."

Harvey and Harrod both nodded. To run without a gun-load was useless. To surrender might perhaps save their lives; at all events, it gained them time.

Custaloga then advanced into the open clearing, followed by Harvey and Harrod, and waved his hand to the Indians in token of cessation of hostilities. With a cry of delight that shook the air, the wild troop of Shawnees bounded up, and the three young men were prisoners. The Indians were exceedingly fierce in mien; they had lost many of their companions, while their surprise at the exact character of their prisoners was prodigious.

The Indians gave a yell of pleasure, and so great was their delight at having captured the man whom they knew by report to have vowed to avenge the death of his wife a hundred fold, that all other thoughts were crushed in their bosoms. A brief conference was held, and at its termination, the three unfortunate young men heard that, to prevent any accident, and to make sure of the destruction of three such enemies, their death by the fire had been resolved on.

Three saplings close at hand were rapidly cut, and the three men, to these, without a moment's delay, the three victims were tied. Then a large heap of brush and wood was piled up, and every preparation made to fire it. The Indians were so excited that they had no time to lose, and spared their prisoners nothing of those preliminary tortures which



usually precede the last agony of death.

"At that instant something seemed to dart from the wood, which instantly took the form of Amy Moss, who, jumping amid the startled savages, dashed the burning wood about the ground and scattered the flames ere the savages could interfere.

"Wretches!" cried Amy, stand-

"They had your wives and little ones in their power, and they harmed not one—not even he whose wife and child you have slain. Why do you murder them?"

"War," said the chief, courteous-  
ly. "If my sister stand on one side—  
she is welcome. There is a wig-  
wam ready for her at Chillicothe.  
My young men will light the fire  
again."

Amy, "you shall not do it—nay, I will be heard. They are my friends, my friends, or you shall yourself—

At that instant a loud hurrah, such as only comes from American troops, was heard behind, then the heavy tramp of near footsteps, and then as Amy fell back upon the

cover, and then out burst

The prisoners loose, and they were armed with ammunition, was the work of a minute. There was no time to be lost. The enemy

was on the side of the white men.  
 ally bidding  
 whole in

Amy sunk upon her knees and prayed. In such a state of things it was all she could do.

The battle was fought with all the fury of rage and despair. The white men were burning to avenge the massacre of Crow's Nest and Big Bottom, and all the other terrible wrongs which had lately engendered feelings never to be eradicated; while the Indians, weakened, dispirited, and demoralized, fought with the sullen valor of despair. They began by retreating, and the sound of the rifles proved that the whites were pressing them hard.

Gradually the sound became quite distant, and Amy began to be alarmed at her solitary position, when a rushing was heard in the bushes, and a young Indian, quite unarmed, appeared, running for his life.

"Stop thief!" roared a hoarse voice behind, and then Ragg came in sight, running and blowing after a long chase, having taken a wounded warrior by surprise, and forced him to run to save his life.

"Spare him," said Amy Moss, rising before Ragg; "he is unarmed and helpless."

The Indian halted, laid his hand upon his heart, and before the valiant rag-dealer had recovered his surprise, disappeared in the wood.

[illegible]



## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A RIFT OF LIGHT.

MEANWHILE the judge and his young daughter Jane were in a state of painful and deep suspense.

"Oh that I had never come up to the river!" said the judge.

"It is all my own fault. In the towns I was safe with my little daughter. I am a fool, who have brought her to this place."

"I am a fool," said the judge, "for I have brought her to this place. I am a fool, who have brought her to this place."

The judge, bowing his head, said, "I am a fool, who have brought her to this place."

"Ah!" said the judge, "I am a fool, who have brought her to this place."

"'Tis close by—there on the bank!" she cried; and then she pointed to a spot on the river bank, where a small boat was visible.

"I am a fool," said the judge, "for I have brought her to this place."

As they were looking across, the judge heard the sound some little time before, and in a few minutes Squire Barton and the stranger were being sculled across, their horses swimming behind.

The judge advanced and welcomed the squire, who introduced the stranger. He was a man of fine polish of manner and elegant dress. His name was Mr. Gregg, but his real name was Sir Charles Carstone, Baronet. He was on his way to Frog's Hole, where he was to meet the squire, and he had been delayed by the accident of the river.

"Have you any news," said the judge, "of the girl who was taken?"

"I have no news," said the judge, "of the girl who was taken."

"Judge," replied Barton, who was very pale, haggard, and careworn, "there is news, and not bad news. Amy Moss is safe. All the Indians want is a heavy ransom, and that I have agreed to pay. Tecumseh wants to keep her as a hostage—I think the accursed red-skin loves her; but the tribe will be unable to resist the temptation I have held out to them in the shape of whisky, tobacco, beads, blankets, knives, and so on."

"Heaven reward you, Barton!" said the judge; "but I believe that Custaloga is trying to rescue her without ransom. Charles is out to aid him."

"Any act of folly will spoil all," said the judge, "but I have no intention that Amy should ever return to the Block except as his wife; the Indians are exasperated at a series of murders committed by the whites."

"I am a fool," said the judge, "for I have brought her to this place."

"I am a fool," said the judge, "for I have brought her to this place."

"Enter," said the judge, "enter, and you can tell me more of this ransom. How is it to be conveyed to the Indians?"

"The ransom is to be paid to the Indians," said the judge, "by the name of Sir Charles Carstone, Baronet. He asks but a tenth part of the spoil, the vermin, and he will be satisfied."

At this instant there came a joyful shout, a cry of triumph from the banks of the clearing on their side of the river, which made the judge and Jane clasp their hands, and the squire and the stranger look at each other with expressions of surprise and joy.



vey, and Charles, all waving their arms in token of success. There was not a step of the procession to warrant one feeling of alarm.

In another minute Amy had bounded from the conveyance they had made for her, to meet Jane half-way; and in another minute more, the two fond sisters were in each other's arms, while the de-

th Castaloga and Harvey, one on each side, as if they had been his own children, and not one a poor Wyandot, the other an artist who

"You have kept your words,"

verbal reply, but  
ed their pride and satisfaction.

"My father," cried Amy, who had been soothing her sobbing sister, "do not think I am ungrateful of you. But this poor silly thing is so overcome, I can not think. Thanks to our brave friends, however, we are home and see more of them."

And moving Jane gently from her rapt embrace, she turned to her father.

"They haven't done you much harm, my beautiful child," said the judge; "a little thinner and somewhat paler you are, but please God that will soon be untrue. Come, my child."

judge, with a light and  
drew Amy's arm with-

the inner  
rues of his suc-  
for

The whole party—the judge, who had kept in the background since his eye had caught sight of the remarkable features of Cornelius Ragg—now assembled in the breakfast-room, where Amy, looking all the better for a change of raiment, with Jane, soon joined them, the child having been put to

For many a day there had not been so smiling a group assembled at that hospitable table. The judge sat with one daughter on each side, and Castaloga and Harvey next to them, an arrangement that brought a frown to the face of Squire Barton. He, however, controlled himself, and congratulated Amy on the fortunate deliverance she had experienced, with a warmth of manner which was very significant.

Amy shuddered imperceptibly. "I fancy, judge," said he, in continuation, with a forced laugh, "I fancy I must call upon you to keep your promise about Amy." Moss, hurriedly. "No, squire, we are betrothed. It is no secret, and I will mention it then without reserve; but after these I can not part with my child."

"I don't mean to mention," said the squire; "but soon. I have

"You have, and my word is my bond—you shall not have the wedding," said the judge. "Amy, you do not wish to leave your old father just yet?"

Amy leaned on her father's shoulder to hide her face. But there was no maiden blush there, none of those coy looks which usually exist where there is love in a young girl. Castaloga saw her look. It was one of horror.

the inner  
rues of his suc-  
for

"Did you, Amy?"



"I did," replied Amy, firmly, but coldly, at the same time raising her head.

Suddenly a voice was raised—a voice that seemed strange to most present, so changed were its accents.

"Judge Moss," said Custaloga, gravely, dropping once for all every sign of Indian manner, "you said that Harvey and I should never ask you any thing in vain!"

There was no reply for an instant.

"You heard my question, judge?" said Custaloga, who mistook the motive of his silence.

"I did, my son; but there was that in your voice that amazed and startled me. It was a voice I have heard before—a voice as of an old friend. Alas! that can not be; he is dead long since, and has left none behind. But, Custaloga, I do remember my promise!"

"Then, judge, as your word is given before Heaven, I adjure you not to allow the marriage of your daughter for five weeks."

"Why?" said the judge, in blank amazement.

"Judge," replied Custaloga, with a firmness that appeared to put him at once in possession of the secret, "I have been unable to ask the hand of Amy Moss myself. Amy Moss, whom I love with all my heart and soul!"

"Oh!" cried Amy, with a starting voice, "you love me?"

"My friend," said the judge, kindly, "you know this can not be."

"If you wait the five weeks, it will be; because, when that time is past, Miss Amy Moss will refuse to marry James Barton, as she would refuse to marry Samson Garity."

"Villain, what mean you?" cried Barton, choked with rage; "what change will five weeks bring about?"

"What five weeks will bring about I know not," said Custa; "but I know that I have been told by one on whom I rely, that

that time will bring a mighty change. I have sworn to reveal nothing; but I have leave to say," and he turned, looking Barton full in the face, "though I do not understand the meaning, that, on the 27th of June next, Reginald Morton will be twenty-one years of age!"

"You lie!" roared Barton, clutching Custa by the throat; "you lie, fiend in human shape! Reginald Morton is dead!"

Custaloga, without noticing the tremendous effect of his words on all present, pushed the squire back, who leaned against the wall with glowing eyes and a red, flushed face. He gazed at Custaloga for a few minutes in silence, as if overwhelmed.

"I am ready to fulfill my contract," said Amy; and Barton, turning to her with a look of gratitude, respect, and thankfulness, which quite melted away all trace of evil expression from his face, said: "My wife's life will be too little to repay the debt I have incurred. I knew your promise was sacred."

"A solemn promise, James Barton," replied Amy, gently, "must always be kept."

"Yes, it must," exclaimed the judge, with a look of satisfaction, "and it is a promise which I have made to you, Amy. I have no objection to your waiting the five weeks, and five weeks is not a very long time to wait."

The judge then rose and said that he would be home at daybreak and saddle his horse. He then entered his room and slammed the door violently.

"Custaloga," said Amy, "have you any certainty of proving all this?"

"I wish I were as sure as I am of your love," said Custa; "but I have been told by one on whom I rely, that

"I am the intended wife of



"James Barton," said Amy, with much emotion.

"You will never marry him," continued Custa, earnestly.

"If before the 27th of June you release me from my vow, a vow I can never break of my own free will," said Amy, bending her eyes on the ground in great confusion, "then will I become the wife of

"Of Reginald Morton!" exclaimed Custa, wildly; "why of Reginald Morton?"

"I will tell you on the 27th of June," said Amy, in a low tone.

pressing his hand, while all the others listened in amazement, "you have not answered my question."

"One who has reason to be

brutal violence of that man, told me, not long ago, that she would tell me things of him, on the 27th of June, which would annihilate all hope of his ever becoming the husband of Amy Moss. She said that right should be done, and Reginald Morton restored to the home of his father."

"Then," said the judge, solemnly, "if indeed Reginald Morton be, thou art the man. Your Indian speech has kept my eyes veiled; but just now I knew your voice, the voice of your dead, murdered father!"

"I Reginald Morton!"

swear to the

"As like my old friend Morton as a twin brother!" cried the judge.

Amy Moss was here so overwhelmed by her emotion that she retired with Jane, alleging her late fatigue as an excuse.

The stranger took advantage of this move to rise also, to take his explanation as to the route he was to follow to reach the Frog's Hole, with a hint from the peddler to mind how he acted there, as the owner was a great rascal.

"I only escaped with my whole skin, stranger, by means of a splendid girl called Kate. Ralph there ain't no two ways about that."

A long and interesting conversation took place between those shadows of the squire's character were discussed with considerable energy.

"There was something," said Custaloga, in a low, musing tone; "there was something in the woman's look to put out the hope

Said she nothing of the other in a low, musing tone, in a low, musing tone, the tears standing in his eyes.

"Why ask you?" said the judge.

is a brief outline of his story:—

Mrs. Girty lived in a small cottage, the house of the late, who remember was being placed at school by a lawyer named Warton, who supplied his mother, as he used to call her, with money. This lawyer, who was reported to be a man, used to come down to the cottage and indulge in what he used to think very wearisome lectures to Mrs. Girty about his bringing up, and in very strong observations about Simon, who was only not hung because he was not







## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A MYSTERY SOLVED.

THERE was, on the banks of the stream nearly facing Scowl Hall, a tree which was quite worthy of being mentioned beside the most celebrated in the natural history of the world. It was an elm, and had spread its boughs right and left, until it had overshadowed a large space of ground, where naught was to be seen but the decaying leaves that formed a new soil beneath its arching shadows, and here and there the sprouting shoots from the forest tree.

It was scarcely daybreak after the atrocious outrage had been committed at the Moss, when Custaloga—for by this name we must still call him, until he obtains another—emerged from the forest, and shaking off the dew, stood within the shadow of the tree,

he knew Squire Barton dwelt. In his own mind, he had come to the conclusion that Barton was the author of the abduction of the sisters, and this from a variety of

Custaloga was convinced that the passion of the squire was not returned—that, indeed, Amy Moss rather hated than loved him.

He was equally well aware that

his prey escaping  
and would there-

his

the character of the place, not to be aware that there might be danger. The men who formed the body-guard and retainers of the squire were notorious in the whole country for villany. The young man, therefore, determined to use all the caution of his acquired habits, which seemed to him instinctively, and by second nature.

He knew that there was a ford across the stream just at the tree under which he stood, some strange to that place to gaze at the house with eyes of curiosity and longing.

The part of the mansion toward the river was clearly visible from the place where he stood. There were four windows on the two upper floors, but the basement story, which was quite on a level with the water, had a kind of porch or veranda, covered down thickly with ivy and other climbing plants, which was surrounded by a garden, which was surrounded by

Two large dogs roamed about this garden, over which in mounted guard.

present occasion.

Custaloga peered round and listened attentively; all lay still as if

"The rude ax, with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to

He was surprised that even from the outhouses on the other side there should be no sound of voices. There were on the estate, a large colony of blacks and overseers and servants, but they appeared either not yet risen, or departed at

He determined at all risks to cross the river. The stillness and he could not make it out, he could not were no busy servants about? by the sound of



ing about the house? He was not aware that it was strictly forbidden to everybody connected with Scowl Hall ever to come round to that side of the house.

At this instant he heard behind him in the distance, a little to his right, a cracking in the bushes, a tramping as of one dashing along in a hurried and angry way; and then instantly he heard another sound to his left of the same kind. He smiled a grim smile, for he almost guessed who in a few minutes were to be the companions of his solitude.

He, however, was in no way careless or neglectful of those precautions which had become to him a second nature. He drew back into the deep shadow of the tree, and gave, with tolerable certainty that his signal would be understood, the low hoot of the owl. His keenest senses could not detect for a moment the sound of human footsteps. But then the noise was heard once more, and they came dashing along, and in another minute two men came from the cover of the wood.

"Custaloga!" they both cried with one voice.

"Harvey! Bennett!" said he, advancing to meet them.

The three young men grasped each other's hand with energy, and for a moment in silence. They gazed at one another with a glance of peculiar meaning.

"Custaloga! Harvey!" suddenly said Bennett, who, as a retainer of the Moss House, took upon himself to represent the family, "speak to me; why have you come here?"

"To find Amy Moss," replied Cus-

"To find Amy Moss!" repeated Richard Harvey, emphatically.

"My friends, I came here, also, to look for my master's daughter—I thank you—three will have more chance than one. But tell me why you came here for her?"

"I am ill," said Cus-

the human heart which never deceive us. I have long suspected that the squire has been the cause of all the misfortunes of your house. It must have been he who allowed the Alligator and the negro to escape—it is he who has abducted Amy."

"But why—"

"Why!—have I not said she shall never marry him?"

"But she is his affianced wife."

"She is—but could he induce her to marry him by the use of force or terror, he would do so. There is a mystery behind that man, which I long to penetrate."

"Then let us on," said Bennett, impetuously; "I would hurl him to the earth myself. He has, I fear, been a hollow traitor to us all."

Clutching their rifles, without further speech, the three young men entered the stream, following the ford and making straight toward the house. In a few minutes they stood upon the opposite bank, near the garden of the house, and they fancied they heard low murmuring voices.

"Voices of women," said Bennett. "Follow me."

"Hush!" replied Cus-, clutching his arm to restrain his impetuosity. "Be slow."

And he glided round under the house, scarcely seeming to touch the ground until he reached the front door. He placed his hand upon the latch. It was unfastened.

"It is unfastened!" he said with a slight shiver; "she is not here."

"Let us search," replied Harvey. "I heard women's voices."

They raised the latch, opened the door; not a soul was standing in the outhouses, which were at some considerable distance from the house; but the water-dogs barked violently from every part of the building.

Before them was a long passage from which many doors opened. They tried each as they passed. The rooms were all lighted even-ly, and the furniture, though not



ly tarnished; but in no room did they find a living soul. They were at the end of the passage and about to ascend the stairs, scarcely noticing a last door, which was concealed in the shadow, when they distinctly heard several voices in altercation. They listened a moment, and then discovered the door which had escaped their first examination. They opened it, and found themselves in the room of Squire Barton. The shutters were closed, and most of the room was in obscurity; but what astounded them all was, that light streamed up from a hole in the floor, and from that hole came voices.

There were the chuckling sound of a negress, the angry tones of a white woman, and the feeble moaning as it were of a child.

They looked at each other as if  
cautiously on the heavily-  
carpeted floor, they moved round  
the trap-door and looked down.

The morning after the arrival of Custaloga, Phoebe—the  
 to—had risen from her bed, and  
 come down, without awaking any  
 of the attendants who usually  
 red to her wants and ca-  
 rices. She had gone to the kitch-  
 en, which was near the front of the  
 house, and

and, had quietly descended  
stairs that led into the cellars.  
The cellars were not very extensive,  
and the ~~doors~~ were not un-  
der the stairs, the door having sud-

denly sloped down and been taken advantage of to make a garden, and what had been intended for a strong-room, where valuables could be confined and concealed. The door of this room the negress slowly opened and peered in.

It was a long, low room, with a barred window, which was deeply overshadowed with ivy and other plants, and about a yard of it near the door was divided from the rest by means of strong wooden bars, through which not more than a human hand could pass. Within this division Phoebe entered, pushing the door behind her. Then she laid down the platter, opened a wicket, passed it inside, and then rung a bell and waited.

The light came dimly into the room, dimly and gloomily through the bars and through the ivy—shedding but little influence upon the scene. It was a sight to explain all the squire's fears and anxieties—his pallid brow, his sullen manner, his dread of society, his wish to remain forever locked up in his own castle, where none could reach him but his wife.

There were two women in that room, or rather cage.

One of them was a pale, delicate-looking girl, of about the age of twenty—pale from want of blood, which is as needful to the proper nourishment of the human frame as it is to the flower, which droops and dies when excluded from the sun. This young girl had pretty, interesting features, long curling hair, white teeth, gentle eyes half consumed with weeping, and a temper so yielding and lovable and tender, that she had never once complained of the crime of which she was the victim.

There could be no doubt that, and white Indians, in the course of the journey, she had seen that way and heard her utter no word. But she uttered none. She kissed the child that sinote her, and prayed day and night for him.



She had a stock of books, chiefly of a devotional character; and having become reconciled to the idea of utter seclusion from the world, she endeavored to think only of another and a better—even sometimes thanking Heaven that had removed from the temptations of society, her who in the world had been a laughing, giddy, merry-hearted child. She had never been happy. From the first dawn of womanhood she had known sorrow. She had married very young, and had found coldness, neglect, unkindness, and, finally, had been removed out of sight and buried from the world.

And this was the wife of Squire James Barton.

He had seen Amy Moss, and loved her with as much sincerity as belonged to his seared and rugged nature. He was a man of few, if any scruples. He at first, dimly, dimly, as it were, in the recesses of his soul, had dreamed of murder. But he shrunk, appalled, from the suggestion, when, coming home, he gazed upon his young and innocent wife.

He however set afloat the rumor that she was very ill, and then that she was dead, and even had a coffin buried beside the bodies of his mother and father.

Little did the mother of Helen Jay suspect that her child was in danger, that her father was a victim. Had but a breath of this suspicion oozed out, not all the dread of Scowl Hall and its gang would have kept the friends of the Jay family from storming the place.

The female beside this gentle girl was one of very different mold. She stood erect beside the gentle, retiring girl, and met the gaze of the world with a look of scorn.

"What want you?" said she, in a quiet, steady voice.

"Yar your break'ast."

"Leave it there and go; 't will again mark my words. I will!

There will be vengeance for all this. Your wretched master has all but run his race."

"No—he bring home nice wife and a white little lady."

But the old man, grating, and Phoebe, angry at the contempt shown her, turned to go.

"My!" was all she could say.

"Come and see the keys," said Custaloga; "make haste!"

"Massa Reginald," cried the woman, quite terror-stricken, "sabe me life, and I tell ebbery ting."

"Friends! friends!" cried Kate, clapping her hands.

"Friends indeed," cried Custaloga; "but speak, I beseech you. Who are you? Show me this woman," he added, utterly forgetting his own danger in his anxiety to free the young women.

"I am the wife of James Barton," replied the gentle being, advancing. "I am his wife—but let no harm be done him; I hope that he may be forgiven by man and Heaven."

"How shall I bear all this?" cried Custaloga. "Is not a man? Then Amy Moss is free—free! free to reject this man who holds mysterious power over her."

The negress here intimated her willingness to explain even this. But Custaloga's first thought was not to wait for the return of any of the outlying parties. He at once made his intention of taking the three women with him, as they were necessary to his plans. Helen hesitated a little, doubtful of her right to leave her husband, but at last his will. But Custaloga spoke in such a way, and Kate so ably seconded him, that Helen felt compelled to go.

They were all three taken to the arm to Kate, while Richard Harvey secured Phoebe, who, overcome by terror, and apparently offering no resistance, was being teering to tell everything, and do-



claiming that she had only consented to the crimes from fear of his servants and myrmidons, she herself hating and despising him from the bottom of her heart.

They left the house as cautiously as possible. They went to the hall, and proposed, out of materials for this purpose from the hall.

All the party gladly acquiesced in the plan. The sudden glare of the sun, the birds in the trees, the water in the t, were all so new and strange to her. The outward world, the beauty of creation, the voices of friends, appeared to rouse her somewhat to a sense of her husband's crime toward herself; and yet there was very little of this. She narrated all that she had suffered.

"I never liked him," said Richard Harvey; "never."

"And I have always hated him," said Helen, gently;

"I man, but let us hope—"

"You know not half his crime, my lady. Listen to this—"

"and then I think you will

understand why your hand can never press in forgiveness the hand of the murderer."

"Murderer!" cried Helen, wildly: "no! not a murderer."

"Listen to his accomplice," said Custaloga sternly.

Phœbe, after a few minutes' hesitation, told a story so terrible, so fearful, that all listened to it with horror and amazement, which changed to other feelings as the woman ended her tale.

"If you lose a husband, you find two brothers," said Custaloga, cordially. "But there is one more thing to be done, before we determine our course of action. Now, explain why Amy Moss feels bound to marry Barton, though evidently hating him."

The negress readily acquiesced in this demand, and continued her narrative, which was no less exciting in its nature than the preceding one.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE REASON WHY.

It was about a year before the events recorded in our present narrative, and on a bright May morning, that a young lady in a hunting dress, and mounted on a gallant steed, came galloping through the woods on the upper waters of the Scioto, in company with a gentleman. He, too, was mounted, and rode by her side.

"'Tis a lovely day, Amy," he said, "and lovelier still because you are by my side."

"It is a lovely day," replied Amy, dashing forward to escape his searching looks, "and I am glad that you are happy."

"'Tis now eleven months to the day of our marriage," continued the squire; "a long, long time!"

She dashed on still along the path, cutting the boughs of the trees with her whip.

"I am not happy," she replied again, with a laugh that was not a laugh.

He bit his lip.



"A year, nay, perhaps, go too soon for some," he said, moodily. "I fear Amy Moss has changed much in a year."

"James, have I ever said a word to the contrary?" asked Amy, turning this time gravely to him.

"Never," replied James Barton; "but I do fear a change in your affections. You seem glad that there lies this long interval between the present and the future."

"A young girl who is happy and petted at home," continued Amy, again making her horse curvet before his, "is never in a hurry to change her name."

"But you do intend to change it?" said Barton, almost fiercely.

"If you wish it," replied Amy, looking forward at the trees.

"If I wish it!" roared Barton in a state of half frenzy, "if I wish it, you shall have it. All your promises and gentleness have come to this. You will marry me because you have promised to do so."

"I have promised; and, if it is desired, I will keep my promise," said Amy, coldly.

"What means all this, I ask?" cried Barton, screaming in a passionate tone, unfortunately for himself, that sounded shrill and angry; "who has robbed me of your heart?"

"Mr. Barton, that is an impertinent question."

"Impertinent it may be, but I will have it answered."

"Will?"

"Yes, Amy. You have promised to marry me."

"You have unmanned me. I can no longer resist."

"Moss, my house is but four miles distant. It is ready to receive its mistress. In two hours I will find a priest who will unite us."

As he said these words he snatched the bridle of Amy's horse, and darted away along the trail.

Amy lost all command over herself for a moment.

"Coward," she cried, and struck him with her whip.

Barton muttered a deep curse and plunged on.

At this instant other horses' footsteps were heard, and Amy turned round.

"Hurrah!" shouted Charles; "is that you, Amy?"

Barton reined in his horse and quietly loosened his rifle from his saddle-bow. His face was livid with passion.

"As surely as he comes, he dies," he said.

"Are you an assassin?"

"Promise, then."

"I will be your wife, Barton," said Amy, in a low but distinct tone; "and I will never breathe a word of this interview."

"You swear it?"

"I do," replied Amy, proudly.

"Then," said Charles, turning round and responding to the other in a cheerful tone.

In another instant they had joined young Charles, and were riding off together.

Just as they turned, a man, who had been dogging their steps out of the thick bushes and looked after them.

"That air's a goodish secret to 't hold on. I guess she'd pay tidy to hayve that told. Well, if he don't mind, I will, by gum."

And the fellow cast his rifle on the hollow of his arm and pursued his way through the forest.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### MORE DISCOVERIES.

WHEN Harrod, with his companions, he followed the track of the Indians with terrible resolves in his mind. The sight of his child, its salvation from the hands of the savages, slightly moved his soul to softer emotions. But during

from the man's own boasting the actual murderer of his wife.



This man he had determined to sacrifice to his revenge.

wounds. He felt himself a match

of the last straggler, a warrior of the band, as he disappeared beneath the arches of the forest up a slight acclivity.

It was now with all the art and caution of a cat that Harrod dog-

of delight, the murderer of his

whole frame shook with a moment, and then he paused a while to let them go on, so that he might otherwise be taken.

The Indians, unconscious of the

for, made beds for the wounded, tended their sores, which they washed and then bound up with thongs. They then made a fire, and collecting round it in low acce-

hunting tone

on Ja-

menced, and all the members of this party combined to regret the occurrence, looking with sullen and reproachful eyes at the man who had killed Clara with his own hand.

The Indian bowed his head and said nothing. There was none of the ordinary boasting and fire in him now. He vaunted not the terrible deed, but in his heart of hearts regretted it. This in an Indian was unusual, but so was the dire calamity which the act had brought upon his tribe and race. He did not then join in the conversation, but sat apart brooding on the events of the last few days.

Harrod was so near that he heard the speaking of the men, and a heavy sorrow came over him when he heard these wild and savage creatures regretting the murder of his gentle wife. He almost felt soothed and calmed, but not toward the trembling wretch who sat cowering and silent by the fire.

It had been dark an hour, and the Indians had lain still all that

Then he leaned his rifle against the wall, took a long leather thong, drew it out, and stalked out into the open air. He seemed the incarnate spirit of war as he glided along—remorseless, his soul dead and cold to every feeling of pity, tenderness, or love, for his fellow-creatures.

There burnt still a few embers of the fire, round which the Indians slept, with their feet inward. These embers were the Silent Hunter's guide to lead him like a star to his goal of blood.

Harrod coolly picked out the embers, and sat a little apart from the others, in a place from which he sought to escape, tormented and worried him. Harrod, with a look which was for the







seemed to sleep. The Indian was in a hurry, and, raising his own head, made an attempt to burst his bonds. Harrod was on him in an instant.

"Ah! coward—I expect you want to fit—you ain't got the strength. But it ain't no use, Indian. You're tied up tight, and you don't know the way out. But you might, and so the best thing I can do is to kill you."

"Kill!" said the Indian, coldly, "big pale-face—much talk—squaw."

"Indian!" replied Harrod, gravely, as if he, so used to Indian customs, understood the sneer; "have you then a squaw?"

"I have," said the Indian, "A!" and the white man's eyes glared with surprise. "A!" he repeated—"and I mean you love her."

"She is the light of Moniwah's life—the light of his little ones," said the Indian, with some emotion.

"Moniwah!" hissed Harrod close to the Indian's ear, "if you love her, you will let me go."

"A!" said the Indian, "I expect, if he says a thing, it is true."

"Moniwah has a wife and children—

"If I said, 'Go, Moniwah, see your wife and little ones, and come back to me,' would you let me go?"

"Moniwah would stand at the foot of the tree as the sun touched its top."

"I will let you go, if you will let me go."

"You may live if you like," said the Silent Hunter.

"I will let you go, if you will let me go."

wife and child, and go our ways—then I will let you go, if you will let me go. I am alone, and you will be alone—we are quits."

"White man dog!" roared the Indian; "kill—no speak!"

"So you won't, to save your life, Indian, give up thy wife and little ones?" said Harrod, moodily.

"No!" replied the Indian, coldly, even scornfully.

"Will ye give up yer squaw?"

"No!" continued Moniwah; "kill—no talk."

"You have five minutes to decide," said Harrod, shaking in every limb, and clutching his knife.

"Kill!" cried the Indian, fiercely; "the Manitou will take care of my wife and little ones."

"Indian!" said Harrod, while the searching tears came rolling down his manly cheeks, and his whole frame quivered with wild emotion, and his form dilated, and his mien was dignified and sublime; "I never killed a deer when it defended its young. Your love for your wife and child has saved your life. Go! Harrod will kill no man in cold blood again."

So saying, he cut the thongs of the astounded Shawnee, who, however, quite understood the cause of this wonderful change, though he did not know the man who held up. Harrod stooped and kissed him. He shook him, and something of his old rancor leavened his present Christian emotions when he saw Custaloga, Perry, and Bennett burst the cover and come running up; but he did not say a word to them. He suddenly changed, and he rose to meet them with a saint smile.

He shook them all by the hand, and listened to the story of the abduction of Amy and Jane with his usual silence. He nodded his head, however, when they asked him to join them.

He then turned to the Indian and made a motion to speak. All turned toward him.

With much emotion, in the











for a fortnight — *Mrs. Brown, who knows to the contrary is dead!*"

Hackett groaned and wrung his hands. The educated villain had taken precautions of which he had never thought.

"And pray, Sir Charles, what does all this mean?" asked Hackett.

"That I have a great mind," said Sir Charles, raising his pistol to a level with Hackett's head, "to drag you to my cousin's room, reveal to him all your rascalities, and hand you over to his mercy. We should have no difficulty in getting you to the gallows, and I will not be so kind as to let you off."

"But what am I to do?" groaned Hackett.

"You see, my good fellow, that either you or Andrew must be got out of the way. If you like to live, I will undertake to be reconciled to him: but if you wish to live, the young girl knows nothing."

"Nothing," repeated Hackett, mechanically, at the same time draining off a goblet of rum.

"Then, if you wish to live, and keep the girl and the annuity, well, you have the alternative."

The baronet spoke coldly and distinctly, as if it were the most ordinary matter of business. This, however, was merely an assumed ease, to crush the resistance of Hackett. His heart beat all the time tumultuously, and it was with difficulty that he kept his face pale in his last grim moment.

"If it must be, it must be," said Hackett, with a sigh.

"And how do you propose to do it?" asked the baronet, coldly.

"Well," said Hackett, "I will go up in this part of the world, — I'll just take what few things I want, and I'll be off."

"There will be plenty of time for the others to escape, but he can't."

"Well, Mr. Hackett," continued Sir Charles, "when you try

your last attempt, perhaps you'd better be careful."

"I will," said the other.

"But I hope you will do it properly—I suppose it will be your first appearance as an incendiary?"

"No!" said Hackett, wildly, and in choking accents, "it will not—but that matters little to you, Sir Charles."

"Not a bit, my fine fellow," replied the other; "but now show me a room where I can rest my weary limbs, and wake me at dusk."

Hackett rose and showed him to Kate's room, and as he heard him lock himself in, shook his fist at the door. He was then about to return to his seat, when the two men announced the return of the expedition, at the head of which was Simon Girty.

The supposed Ralph Regin moved toward the door, and saw the motley group of Indians and renegades, headed by Simon Girty. In their midst walked Amy and Jane Moss, scarcely able to support themselves, but endeavoring to show a resolute front to the savages who had succeeded in capturing them.

"Welcome, ladies," said Hackett, *alias* Regin, affecting to consider them as travelers; "welcome to my house—it's not a first class hotel, but it is pretty comfortable."

Amy entered slowly, sweetly, and gracefully, as if she had not existed, followed by Jane, who trembled and shuddered, less accustomed than her sister to the wilds. They were both dressed. They had been gagged in their room before undressing, by four men they found ready concealed there, and borne away to the woods. Amy was still in the Moss.

"Where are we to go?" said Amy, imperiously fixing her eyes on the innkeeper.

"Well, miss, I reckon I'll show you a niceish room, anyhow," replied Regin, bowing.



He then led the way, Amy and Jane quietly following, until they reached one of the many rooms similar to that occupied by Andrew. They were joined by the negroes, who were to attend to the two young girls as their future attendant as long as they honored the Frog's Hole with their presence.

The room was the best of the between those occupied by Andrew of their arrival. The girls retained their composure until they were left alone. Then they fell into each other's arms and wept.

"Oh, Amy, who has done this?" said Jane, sobbing in a way that seemed to threaten the breaking of a blood-vessel.

"I know not," cried Amy, wildly. "I have strange suspicions, I can say nothing. We must trust my dear girl, and put our faith in Him who alone can save

by an instinctive impulse two young girls knelt down and raised their voices aloud in earnest and heartfelt prayer.

Meanwhile Ralph Regin—we call him by the name he went by in house—had

search of rest, some

search of rest, some

let her sternly, and with some degree of hesitation, as if undecided what he should do with her. At last, however, he spoke.

"Martha," he said, "be ready by dawn. Most likely we shall leave this place to-night for ever."

"Eh! vat?" exclaimed the unfortunate Dutchwoman.

"Pack up as little as possible. We shall have only two hours, and I shall have my load! Hush!"

And he turned to greet a new arrival in the shape of Squire Barton, who entered with a flushed and eager countenance.

"All is well," said Ralph Regin, quickly.

"I knew it," replied Squire Barton, hurriedly. "All is well in so far as they are concerned. But do they suspect any thing?"

"I did not ask any questions."

"Ralph, no nonsense," cried Barton, impatiently; "shut that door, and let us talk. You perfectly understand me. I am supposed to be here to the rescue, and save them from Girty and his

Ralph; "but, Squire Barton, tell me the best time you and I can be together."

"Why, pray?"

"Because before midnight I shall have left the Frog's Hole, which will be burnt down—by accident?"

"Ah!" said Barton, looking curiously at him; "why by accident?"

"Squire Barton, I don't doubt but you will say yes. If I tell you other people's secrets, why should I keep yours from other people?"

"There is some reason in that. Have you seen Kate lately?" he added, looking hard at Ralph.

"Well, I've seen her, the colonel, you know, and he says—about the 27th June."

"Again!" shrieked Barton, exclaiming with an air of slight terror, "again that date."

"And, since we are pret-ty well, I must tell you Kate's father has turned up, and wants to kill every body as interferes with her."

"Indeed!" said the squire,



moodily, as he remembered where he had left Kate.

"And Colonel Butler did say that Robert Jay would give you a call about that, some time," continued Ralph, who enjoyed the terrors of his fellow-criminal.

"There is no time to be lost," cried Barton, in a tremulous tone; "the time for action has come. Ralph! at eight this evening I will be ready!"

"Very good, squire."

"See that my knaves make themselves respectable by that time," said Barton, "so that Amy may not know them."

The innkeeper acquiesced, and then Barton went to a recess behind the bar, and throwing his weary frame on a couch, was soon in a sound sleep.

The shades of evening were falling, the band of desperadoes had unpainted their faces and as far as possible made themselves look like the decent retainers of a wealthy house; Ralph was cutting his supper, looking at every thing ready for the night, when a Indian came in from the kitchen. He was a tall, dark, stout fellow, with his hair parted over his head, streaked with red dye, es- say- ing the fashion of a wig, and the hair behind him gathered up and fastened with a belt. He had an ample supply of bells upon his person, that jingled as he went.

The guard on the door let him pass without check, but looked hard at him to see what reception he would meet with.

"Bartolomeo, brother of the white ky!" said the Indian, in a guttural tone.

"Take it and I charge it to you," replied Barton, smiling.

"How much?" said the Indian, with a grin.

"Oh, if you have a dollar, it's all right," said Barton, looking at his watch. He looked out the door for the guard, and when he perceived without a shadow of doubt that he was alone, he said, "You'd better be off, or I'll shoot you."

"Me no want to die," continued

the Indian, in broken English, "Me want drink, eat, sleep."

"Well, we're pretty full of strangers, but you can sleep outside, I guess—"

"A pretty fellow you," said Barton, advancing from behind the bar; "you expect gentlemen to put up with the same treatment to drunken Indians."

"Drunken Indian good as you," replied the Indian, without another word.

Barton started, looked nervously at the Indian, and then said:

"Who are you, and whence came you?" he asked, curiously, as he surveyed his paint and features.

"Him Muskwash," said the other, moving with all the gait of a drunken man.

"Ah!" exclaimed Barton, quietly, for he knew Muskwash well, "and since when have you taken the name of Muskwash?"

"Since Muskwash, my brother, was killed by the whites."

"Mr. Custaloga," exclaimed Barton, gravely, "I have long wished to see you, and now I have you. Hold the door there; at the peril of your lives let none pass. Hackett, on him!"

Custaloga—for it was indeed our hero—looked at Barton for a moment, and then said:

"It is useless—you have come into my quarters as a spy, and you need not think that I will let you go. Why would you not come?"

"I have a message from the white man," said Custaloga, looking at Barton with a steady eye.

"The white man has a message for you," answered Barton, calmly, looking at Custaloga. "I have a message for you. Surrender, or I fire."

"Fire!" said Custaloga, looking at Barton with a steady eye, and then he said:



## CHAPTER XXXII.

## FIRE!

As Barton and the Indian Custaloga, stood confronting each other, the former with his finger still on the trigger of his pistol, a dark form rushed in between them. It was the negro woman, Judy.

"Nebber!" shrieked the old woman, "you no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"Silence, you old hag—you lie," roared Barton, catching her by the throat. "Down with him! away with him!"

And while Custaloga was dragged away, the new light in which he saw things, Barton continued to scream and shake the negress, until Regin and himself were alone with the old woman.

"What mean you, wretched old woman?"

"I mean, you no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!" roared Barton, shaking her by the head and shoulders.

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

"You no kill you brudder Reginald!"

cell, and all began to prepare for departure.

Barton was the first who was on the move. He went out at the front door, with a select party of his men, and ascended the valley. The rest, with instructions to regain Scowl Hall, went down by the pool.

There remained Ralph, Martha, Judy, and Sir Charles.

Ralph and Sir Charles were deadly pale. The latter came and went hurriedly to and fro, muttering to himself, changing his mind, making it up again, and unmaking it.

The old Dutch clock of the house struck eleven. Martha and Judy were told to go down and saddle the horses.

Ralph and Sir Charles began firing the house. They placed a large pile of furniture in the very center of the apartment with a quantity of dry fuel, and ignited it. Then they entered the long passage, and pulled down one or two logs that might have impeded the progress of the flames.

"The place is on fire!" roared Andrew Carstone, as a volume of smoke was driven by the wind up the passage, penetrating every nook and cranny.

"Fire! monsters!" roared Custaloga, rushing with violence at his barred door.

There came no sound from the room in which the girls were confined.

"Come on," said Regin in a hoarse tone, "come on, Sir Charles, or I shall let them out. I have my treasure to get yet. There is plenty of time."

"On! on!" cried Sir Charles, in a menacing voice, himself returning to his room.

"Sir Charles!" exclaimed Andrew, in a tone of agony and despair, and he fell senseless on the floor of his room.

Custaloga continued frantically to knock at the door. The two ends in human shape passed on, but the passage was filled by dense columns of smoke.



When Amy and Jane Moss were placed together in one of the many rooms of the mysterious building familiarly known as the Frog's Hole, they stood motionless for some time, so overwhelmed were they by this cruel and double misfortune. They clasped each other's hands, too much overwhelmed with woe and grief to speak. The room, to which their eyes grew rapidly accustomed, was neat, provided with a bed, a table, and some chairs; the whole illumined in a dim, mysterious way from the roof. All this was taken in at a glance, and then the sisters sat down.

"Amy," said Jane, in a low whisper, creeping close to her, as if for protection, "what is the meaning of this? Are we dreaming? Is this some dreadful nightmare from which we shall presently awake?"

"No, child," replied Amy, who had from experience more courage to face the horrors that had befallen them, having so lately passed through one that was worse; "this is, unfortunately, reality."

"Where are we?"

"I know not, and yet I suspect," replied Amy. "I have heard so much of the Frog's Hole, that I feel I am in it."

"The Frog's Hole! Why, they tried to murder Mr. Morton," said Jane with a shudder.

"Yes," said Amy, "but they will not attempt to murder us."

"Why not?" asked the terrified girl.

"We are taken from the Moss, Jane, by one who has reason to fear the future. It is to prevent to become his wife that Barton has done this."

"Barton—do you think it is Barton, Amy?"

"Who else, my dear sister, could have done it?—who else could have penetrated to our chamber and gagged us while we slept? Doubt it not, Jane: we are that man's prisoners."

"But why has he done this?" exclaimed Jane, wildly.

"Jane, he must feel in his heart that Custaloga has made no vain boast, and dreading exposure, he has dragged us away."

"You think, then, that what Custaloga says may be true?"

"I do."

"I mean that Custaloga is really Rinaldo Morton."

"I am almost as convinced of it as of my life," replied Amy warmly.

"But he may have been deceived," continued Jane.

"Father said his features were exactly those of the parent he claimed. Besides, I saw enough of Barton's look of dread not to doubt that even he believed it."

"Then all that story of the Indians having killed them is untrue?"

"Jane, if what we suspect be true, the man who has been released from all influence at his mother's death, must have invited a band of murderers to assault the hall, slay Mr. Morton, and carry away the children."

"Horrible! Barton can never be so wicked," urged Jane.

"I know not," said Amy coldly. "It is possible of anything."

"Then it is quite possible," said Jane, hiding her face, "that if what Custaloga says be true, Harvey may be his brother."

"From his story I should think it most probable. Simon Girty is known to have been present at the attack on the Block; he must have saved one child at least—who saved the other we shall know in time."

"'Tis very strange," said Jane, "that I have never seen Custaloga quite an Indian."

"I did," replied Amy; "but I thought him a noble fellow for an Indian."

"Did you know he loved you?"

"I always knew it," said her elder sister with a strange smile.

"Since you knew Barton?"

"Of course. When I first knew



Barton I was a child, and I received his addresses and accepted his hand months, however, before I began to understand his character and to

"I know you did; you handed  
me over to him; I understand it before," said Jane,  
quite startled.

"I began to feel that, considering my position, I had no right to be on such intimate terms with a woman. I am sure that the point I

"You were always very unkind to poor Custa,"

"How could I be otherwise? I was an affianced bride, and he was an Indian. Had I been free, I could not have accepted his affections."

"I know it," repeated Jane, "I know it, but I cannot help it. It is a prejudice. Why is not a

"That would take us too long to argue, dear girl. We must think now, not of the future. It is a terrible . . . As . . . are

round the neck, began to weep  
bitterly.

The sobbing Jane, gently disengag-

"I will knock; perhaps they may hear us," replied Amy, taking up a piece of wood and striking the door with violence.

No answer came, and yet the  
ive, curling in dense clouds over  
their heads, and exhibiting every

"We shall be stilled," cried Jane wildly, "the smoke is thicker!"

At this moment they heard the heavy footsteps of a man passing, while cries began to resound from various parts of the great cave.

said Amy, as the man passed the door.

He did not even deign to answer. A horrible suspicion flashed across the minds of the two girls, and as they felt its full force they fell on their knees.

"Jane," cried Amy, "I am so sorry about it. I am so sorry. It is dreadful! I fear we are left here on purpose."

"It can not be—no—they are  
to lose the ordinary calm-  
ness of judgment which other  
men have.

Still the smoke flooded onward, and they could hear the crackling sounds of the fire.

"Let us pray, Jane; it is our only hope," said the elder sister in a tone of agony. "Man has abandoned us — we must trust

"My sister, we can open that door—'tis hard to die thus," exclaimed Jane, who rose hurriedly to her feet.

"Jane, my dear love, do not deceive yourself. Escape is impossible, unless aid soon comes from without. Let us hope to the last, dear girl; but while we hope, let us also fear and pray."

And she gently drew her sister

“What is to be done?” said Amy, to her sister to her heart; “the place is on fire!”



to her side, and raised her rich and musical voice in prayer to Him in whom alone she now put her trust. It was a beautiful and touching picture—one of those scenes which are known only to the Christian, for in him alone is the faith and the belief that could utter a distinct prayer in such a time as this.

And still the smoke and heat increased.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Amy, rising. "Hark! footsteps."

"Help! help!" shouted Jane.

A hand was heard upon the door, its bolts were unfastened, and it flew open.

The flames burst quickly over every part of the front of the building known as the Frog's Hole—so long the theater of many a plot and crime—and now the prison of Amy and Jane Moss, and of Custaloga.

There was no time to be lost, and Hackett knew this well. His wish was to collect his gold and escape without caring for any one else, quite satisfied that he should be able to find Kate wherever she might be concealed.

The smoke of the fire spread on all sides, and, as we have said, invaded the cells. Amy and Jane began to cry aloud for assistance, and Custaloga raged like a wild beast, though so choked was his voice that he was not recognized by the other listeners.

Andrew Carstone struck the panels of his door violently with the hilt of his sword, and also cried aloud that the place was on fire.

Hackett pursued his way toward his secret treasure without vouchsafing an answer to any of their cries; Barton had disappeared; and the others, in the confusion of the moment, were too busy to think of anything but their own safety. The smoke was so thick that they could not see each other, and the heat was so intense that they were unable to stand. They were all in a state of great excitement, and were all looking for the others.

Suddenly Barton entered the place, followed by several of his more decent-looking retainers, passed through the kitchen, which was also beginning to fill with smoke, and rushed along the passage. He threw open the door of the cell in which the sisters had been placed, caught them both by the hand, and hurried them along, regardless of their piercing cries to save others who were in equal danger with themselves.

"There are plenty to save them—come away, or the Indians will be on us," said Barton, sternly.

"Squire Barton!" exclaimed Amy, retreating from him, and pulling her hand away violently as they entered the kitchen.

"You are surprised," said the squire, bitterly: "you thought it was another. I am allowed no merit—not even that of humble devotion to you and your family."

"You know best; James Barton," replied Amy, while Jane examined him with suspicion; "you know best why I have reason to doubt you."

"I know," said Barton humbly; "I know that you have every right to find fault; but I hope to be forgiven yet."

"Take me home, squire!" exclaimed Amy, coldly; "take me from this place—to which I have every reason to believe you brought me."

"I knew not even you were here," cried the squire of Scowl Hall, furiously. "I heard that James Barton was here, and I have seen carrying you up here, and I have seen you being carried down. I will rescue you."

"You know best the truth," said Amy, still coldly and doubtfully.

Barton made no reply, but for reasons of his own hurried them eagerly away from the Frog's Hole to the kitchen, and then to the door of the house, once making off in the direction of the Moss.



Sir Charles Carstone now came from the small bar, where he had stood all this while unperceived, and with a grim smile upon his face as he saw that others were making that place a field of crime as well as himself, crossed the kitchen to the bedroom he had recently occupied. There he remained a quarter of an hour, and waited for Hackett. At the end of that time, the fire making approaches toward that part of the house, he sallied forth hurriedly, beginning to have strange misgivings about the highwayman, and ran against a new party of men.

"Hollo!" said he, starting back with the violence of the collision.

"Where is Custaloga?" said Harvey in a husky, menacing tone.

"Who do you mean?" replied Sir Charles, recovering himself. "I have but just left my bedroom."

"But saw you not an Indian come here?" continued Harvey impatiently, while Charles and Harrod stood menacingly beside him.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Charles quietly, "I am a total stranger to you all, and if you wish to know yourselves, I will tell you all I know."

"Well," said the stranger, whose impetuosity was now bounded.

"In the next place, two young men, one of whom was violently clutching his rifle,

entered my rooms," continued Sir Charles.

"Which?" shrieked Harvey, preparing to dash into the flames.

"From which they were this morning removed by one Squire Barton and a party of hunters."

Charles Moss, clutching his rifle nervously.

"About a quarter of an hour,"

"They went on horseback?" said Charles sadly.

"Yes."

"That was the party that woke me," exclaimed the young man sadly; "and ere I was up they were lost in the wood."

"But the Indian—"

"Well, an Indian did come, and after some talk was seized by some one, I know not whom, and dragged into the interior of this

Harvey heard no more, but plunged up the steps into the very thick of the flames.

"Custa! Custa!" he cried passionately, "speak to me! speak!"

"Here, quick!" said a faint voice up the passage. The corridor was narrow, flames burst from its left-hand side, the smoke was dense and choking, and yet Harvey knew nothing nor felt nothing of it. On he bounded with fury until the sound directed him to the door. Suddenly he struck against a man.

"Who?" he cried, "who is this?"

"Hor rite," growled a thick voice; "jist lift the bar, and he's safe as ninepence—it ain't werry bad yet."

And Corney Ragg brushed past him.

Harvey, who was now alone, stood for a moment, looking at the door, and then, with a gasp, he turned back.

He saw the Indian, who was now by the door, looking at him with a steady gaze.

A few minutes more, fainting air, Harrod and Harvey being alone with him.

Charles had disappeared, having been seen by the Indian, and darted on the track of the highwayman.

He noticed with surprise that, among the men who accompanied Amy and Jane Moss had turned into the track which led toward the Black-house. Charles felt surprised and alarmed. The stranger, whom he recollected as having been at the



Moss on a former occasion, had said that the girls had been rescued from one Simon Girty by Squire James Barton.

Were, then, all their suspicions with regard to the proprietor of the saloon, and the man who he and his friends had been outlying in the woods on the lookout for the young girls, the man who had been so suspected and doubted by them all had effected the rescue of his two sisters, and was bearing them in triumph to their home.

Charles mused much on all this as he rode along, and it was with great difficulty that he could reconcile the strange character of the events which had occurred during the past few days.

Suddenly, as he urged his horse to the utmost speed, he heard before him the sound of a cavalcade, and, hurrying on, soon perceived a party of riders. A quiet conversation, while he was in the rear.

"Who?" shouted Charles, in a

voice, looking back, and re-

marking the young man, as well

as the girls, who were riding

with extreme cordiality, and

"My dear sisters," riding impetuously

"whence came you?"

"From the 'Frog's Hole,' re-

plied Amy, "where we were held

by Simon Girty."

"And I thank you, dear girls,

that you owe your release to

Squire Barton?" continued the

man, with both, heartily.

"It appears so," said Amy, and

Charles, in the tone of a deeply-injured

man, "you would have been

to ask the question had not your mind been poisoned against me by those mad youths, Custaloga and Harvey, whose brains have been turned by some prating old woman."

"Barton," said Charles, frankly, "I must confess your kind conduct to-day in hurrying up to save my sisters does shake me much in my preconceived ideas. But why did you not save Custaloga also from that miscreant Girty?"

Amy Moss, quickly, at the same time glancing at Barton.

"I knew it not," replied Barton, quietly. "My first thought was to get free from Girty and his gang. But there are plenty of others there to save. Custa is in no danger."

There was a moment of silence, after which Barton, leaving the sisters to talk with their brother, rode on first. The party behind were in great perplexity. Their doubts and difficulties appeared to increase rather than to diminish. Barton was so positive, so cool, so

that all were thrown into doubt and perplexity. Amy Moss was very pale and anxious in her manner. She was staggered, indeed,

by the coolness of the

critic. It appeared to her too great

a refinement of cruelty on the part

of the squire to be possible. To

steal her away, with the theatrical

object of bringing her back, seemed

to her a monstrous

"Is Custa safe, think you?"

asked she, suddenly, of her

brother.

"I believe he is quite safe," re-

plied Charles. "I have seen him

and put our trust in

the future."

"You are right," said Amy,

and she turned to her brother

and said, "I have seen him

and put our trust in

the future."



And the light of the sun, the  
tone of her mind quite restored by  
the fresh air and the view of the  
country, she felt much better than  
she had done for some time.

"Well, squire," replied Jane,  
"I am much obliged to you for  
your kind offer, but I must  
go to our home—see, the Moss is  
very dry, and I am sure it  
will be!"

Amy and Charles came dashing  
up to the house, and the  
latter, who was very much  
excited, said to the squire,  
"I am very sorry to hear of  
your illness, but I am glad to  
see you are now better."

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"I am much obliged to you for  
your kind offer, but I must  
go to our home—see, the Moss is  
very dry, and I am sure it  
will be!"

the squire. All the rest were seated at tea.

"I am very sorry to hear of  
your illness, but I am glad to  
see you are now better."

"Well, squire," replied Jane,  
"I am much obliged to you for  
your kind offer, but I must  
go to our home—see, the Moss is  
very dry, and I am sure it  
will be!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### "OKK RIGHT."

MEANWHILE, the squire, who  
was very much excited, said to  
the squire, "I am very sorry to  
hear of your illness, but I am  
glad to see you are now better."

"Well, squire," replied Jane,  
"I am much obliged to you for  
your kind offer, but I must  
go to our home—see, the Moss is  
very dry, and I am sure it  
will be!"

Amy and Charles came dashing  
up to the house, and the  
latter, who was very much  
excited, said to the squire,  
"I am very sorry to hear of  
your illness, but I am glad to  
see you are now better."

"Well, squire," replied Jane,  
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your kind offer, but I must  
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Amy and Charles came dashing  
up to the house, and the  
latter, who was very much  
excited, said to the squire,  
"I am very sorry to hear of  
your illness, but I am glad to  
see you are now better."



"Eh, mazzell!" he cried as he rushed in, surprised to hear no sound.

No answer came to his call.

"It's mazzell! Corney—it's orr rite—it's Ragg—git up."

He received no answer to this appeal any more than to the other, and feeling about soon found Andrew Carstone extended insensible on the bed.

"Orr rite," he said, snatching up the form of the merchant, who was half suffocated by the smoke of the green wood of which Frog's Hole was principally built—"kim along!"

And with these words he darted out of the room just as the flames began to crackle and burst forth with an energy which showed how wise he had been to lose no time. All retreat by the way Harvey had taken Castaloga was now impossible. This he saw at a glance, and yet the weight of the man he carried was such that it appeared equally impossible to ascend the stone steps on the inside with such a burden.

Corney, however, was not to be deterred. He roused all his strength, and with a great effort, to the great astonishment of the silent hunter, he carried the merchant up the stairs, up which the smoke was now rushing with rapidity.

"Leave me, leave me!" muttered Andrew Carstone in a choked voice.

"Orr rite," replied the worthy, coolly ascending the stairs.

"My brain is bursting," continued Andrew; "where am I?"

"Never you mind," said Corney firmly; "but just shut your mouth, or you'll swallow more smoke nor is pleasant."

Corney had reached the first platform, and had his reasons for allowing no sound to reach the merchant, who was still slowly and deliberately drawing up his packages in the flames as a room.

He laid out Mr. Carstone on the back, where he held him with one

hand. He had but one to ascend the ladder with. It was impossible. Corney cast a glance at the stooping villain, and let Mr. Carstone slide slowly to the ground. Then he fastened his arms round his neck, and succeeded in making him clasp them. His hands were now both free, and he commenced a cautious and slow ascent of the ladder. Several times Carstone appeared about to let go: but at last, after some unexampled efforts, Ragg let him fall on the upper platform. Corney then laid him down on a soft, turfy, open space surrounded by trees, with a stream of balmy air above his head.

He then left him and returned to the upper platform of the shaft.

Arrived there, he deliberately drew up the ladder and passed it out of the cave. It must be recollected here what Cornelius Ragg was, what his education and usages of his associates had been.

Having drawn up the ladder, he sat himself down on the edge of the platform. Above him was an aperture that lighted the whole shaft, and through this the smoke whirled, leaving the upper platform nearly free from smoke altogether.

"Hackett!" said Corney suddenly, in a deep, hollow voice.

The man started violently, looked around, stood up, and waited.

"Hackett!" repeated Corney.

The man bounded into the platform and slammed the door behind him. He uttered a savage cry as he saw the merchant lying on the back. He then rushed to the ladder, and Ragg sitting on the edge of the platform.

"What do you want?" said he, in a deep, hollow voice.

"I want to know what you want," said Corney.

"I want to know what you want," said Hackett, with a savage cry.



muttered, in a low tone, "What will Sir Charles say?"

"Oh, orr rite," continued Ragg. "Sir Charles was in the secret. Pays well, eh?"

"What mean you?" said Hackett, sullenly; "get out of my way while I get up out of this place; it's getting too hot."

"Orr rite; but vere's yer ladder?" grinned Ragg. "I thinks as how you're freed, my boy."

Hackett felt with his hands, and discovering the truth, gave a yell of terror and fury which made Ragg start and shudder.

"Give me the ladder!" said Hackett wildly, "give me the

"It's orr rite," replied Ragg, "I'll give you the ladder, old fellow. You knows the lor better nor I do—you are a murderer and a thief, and you must die."

"Die!" said the ruffian, with a roar, as the idea of death, and in one of its worst forms, was realized to him. "Die! I can not, I will not die!"

"They all says that," exclaimed Ragg, with supreme contempt; "you ain't hart a chap."

"Ragg," said the highwayman, in a supplicating voice, "I never did you any harm—let me get up—I'll split on Sir Charles if you will—you'll want me to prove who Kate is."

"No ve don't—no ve von't," said Ragg, coldly.

Hackett, gaining new terrors from the other's cold and deliberate manner.

"All I wants is the fun."

"You are not such a monster,

re, who began to see the flames he had himself illumined slowly and steadily to-

ett, for a moment filled with hope.

"Then yer wouldn't mind paying a good round sum for it, eh?"

"Where am I to get it?" said the highwayman, in a faltering voice.

"Now none of your nonsense," exclaimed Ragg, contemptuously.

"What do you mean?" asked Hackett, half defiantly. He could not give up his money.

"Now, Hackett, you've been a werry bad man; you've tried to murder my master—you've been paid for it—vell, you give up your money, and make me sure you ain't got ne'er a penny, and I'll give you the ladder."

"Monster! would you leave me to starve?" shrieked Hackett, wildly.

He was about to die by fire, and he could think of starvation.

"Vich is best, old fellow," jeered Ragg, "to be roasted or to vork honestly for a living?"

"Take half," cried Hackett, wildly, as the flames advanced with a crackle and a roar that were perfectly awful.

"All or nuffin," said Ragg, quietly preparing to go.

"Leave me a little—only a little," replied the highwayman, frantically.

"All or nuffin," repeated Ragg, who saw in the treasure of Hackett a snug little competency for himself, and who could not but feel that the robber, murderer, and assassin could not be too severely punished.

He was no more cruel than the law, but he made himself the law, and no human society can allow this.

"Take it, monster!" said Hackett, wildly, as the flames were carried close to him by a violent puff of wind.

"Orr rite," replied Ragg, grinning, and reaching his hand toward the ladder.

Hackett held up a small valise, tightly fastened. Ragg had seen him put the money in it. He



stepped over and clutched it in his hand. It was as much as he could do to reach it. He, however, did so, and having deposited it in a safe place, he handed the ladder down to the highwayman. Immediately he had done this he hurried out into the open air.

Mr. Andrew Carstone was sitting upon the grass, pretty well recovered.

"Well, Ragg," he said, warmly, "I owe this to you. What have you in your hand?"

"Orr rite, sir," replied Ragg, looking to his pocket, "it's the letter that was in the bag. He left you to burn on purpose."

"Why?" asked Andrew Carstone, wildly.

"Cos Sir Charles told him to do it," replied Ragg.

"Sir Charles!" said Andrew, bounding to his feet; "where is he?"

"Round in the inn," continued Ragg, "and he's looking for you. He's pale, tottering, and bursting with rage."

"Tell him I'm here," said Andrew, "and my money, my property."

"He'll take it," said Ragg, hoarsely, "you have robbed me of my child, you received the wages of sin and guilt, and you leagued with my cousin to murder me. Go! be satisfied that your life is spared."

"That's all right," said Andrew, "but I don't want to accuse me of anything. The guilt is his, not mine."

"That is nothing to me—you leave it to Ragg to say."

"That's all right," said Ragg, "but I don't want to accuse me of anything. The guilt is his, not mine."

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anxious for the *dénouement*. They felt that the meeting of the cousins would be terrible.

In a few minutes they came in sight of the front of the house. This part was not yet in flames, but the heat had become intense, and all those who had been in the hut had left it, and were standing round a rude bench, on which reclined Custaloga, who had been brought to his senses with much difficulty.

Andrew Carstone laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword and his face was pale. A look of hate and rage shot across his face, as he saw Sir Charles standing up with his back turned to him. He had determined to secure his person on the double charge of arson and attempted murder.

"Surrender, villain!" he cried, "I'll shoot you dead."

Sir Charles turned round quickly, with a glance of horror and a look of perfect frightfulness in his eyes. His eye caught a look of triumph from the latter was a look of demoniacal triumph.

"Traitor!" he cried, discharging a pistol full in his face: and then away he bounded impetuously, to escape the well-merited anger of his cousin.

"Save me—I die!" cried the old man, while all the others looked on with horror.

Next minute the two cousins were in the open air.

Andrew Carstone was looking at Sir Charles with a look of triumph.

"That's all right," said Ragg, "but I don't want to accuse me of anything. The guilt is his, not mine."

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In the trial of the case, the witness testified that he was strained by any gentle angel, that so often hovers over the good and the bad, and that he was the railing that kept people from falling over into the pool, and fell headlong down into the water below.

The pool was deep, its waters black, and down he went headlong. Andrew Carstone gazed over in horror.

The body did not come up again.

They returned hastily to where Hackett, supported by his wife and the negress, lay prostrate.

"Mr. Carstone," he said faintly, "I am deeply repent the injury I have done you after I had charge of."

"Who is she?" asked Carstone.

"I know not."

"Then ask not my forgiveness,"

THEY ASK NOTHING FOR THEMSELVES,

*[Illegible text]*

...the ... of ...

... ..

[illegible]

...the ... of ...

"Sir Charles dead!" shrieked

Hackett wildly; "then there is a God. Crime is always pun-

"Always," said Custaloga solemnly. "Ah! who comes?"

A horseman was distinctly heard

...up, and next moment a  
...and powerful man ascended  
the ...

loga

"Yes!" said that individual. "Come. No time is to be lost. You must ride with me. We can talk by the way. Whence comes this fire?"

Custaloga hurriedly explained,

"Leave me with the women," said Mackett faintly.

"Orr rite," replied Ragg. "I'll stop and nurse you--and blow me if I don't give yer half yer money back."

den of crime, and made the best of their way in the direction indicated by their leader. Custalot undertook to call on Kate by the way.

I who had brought discovery  
on my side.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

HA! HA! HA!

It was a gloomy day. The feeling in the street was one of sadness and dread. The people were going about with their heads bowed and their faces pale. The air was heavy with a sense of foreboding. The sun was hidden behind a thick layer of clouds, and the light was dim and grey. The people were walking quickly, as if they were trying to escape from something. The streets were empty except for a few stragglers. The silence was broken only by the sound of footsteps and the occasional cough or sob. The scene was one of despair and hopelessness.

"I have promised my child to Barton, he having restored her to me, and yet—"

—“You are not satisfied, my dear sir,” replied Charles, quickly; “could not we delay it for a day or two longer?”

"No! In the exuberance of my joy at her second safe return, I said, 'Take her; name your own day.'"

"You did, father, and but for  
ta, Harvey, and their friends, I  
should hesitate still more."

"I should hesitate but for the



unaccountable calmness of Amy," said the father; "she has raised no objection, nor does Jane—'tis mysterious and puzzling. The events of the last few weeks, indeed, have utterly amazed me. I know not what to think."

"I have ridden far and near to get a trace of either Custa, or Harvey; but they have disappeared and left no sign. Sometimes I dread a crime."

"Charles, there is a Providence above us, and in it we must put our trust," said the father solemnly. "See, the girls are up; they nodded to me from their window."

The two gentlemen then, after kissing their hands to the girls, turned slowly toward the river, on which side the guests were expected to arrive. Barton was to come at eleven with the minister who was to officiate and pronounce the blessing on this ill-starred and ill-omened marriage.

At an early hour, two of the neatest and sprightliest of the attendants of the Moss entered the room of the sisters. They were engaged in laying out the simple finery which was to adorn them on this memorable occasion.

"Many happy returns of the day!" said Rosa with a laugh, while the other girl curtsied in silence. Like all of their race, a

"Thank you," said Amy.

"Will Miss Amy dress for breakfast now?" continued the girl.

"No; make our excuses to my father and bring us breakfast here," replied our heroine, who

The attendants went out to obey these directions and left the

to me—the bridegroom will be here directly."

"I never saw you look so beautiful."

"Hush, silly one! There is fever in my blood, the fever of anxiety and doubt. With all my bold resolves I begin to be very nervous."

"Dear, dear Amy: are you quite sure you know what you are about?" exclaimed Jane, leaning on her shoulder tenderly.

"Quite sure, dear Jane. I feel that I am doing but right, however strange my conduct may appear."

"How grave and sad father looked just now," mused Jane, shaking her pretty curls; "he does not think it right."

"Of course he does not. Jane, dear, trust in me. I am acting for the best: I am acting so as to insure my own happiness and the happiness of others. Wait awhile and you will understand better," added Amy.

"Dear sister, I am accustomed to hearken to your words and to me strange after all that has passed, that you should at last consent with so much ease to marry James Barton, simply to please father."

"But father does not wish it," said Amy with a merry smile.

"Upon my word," cried Jane, "I do begin to think you are not in your right senses to torment me thus."

"Thank you, Miss Jane Moss," said Amy with much solemnity,

"What, Amy, what do you mean?" said Jane, turning quickly round.

"I ask you, Jane, when I agreed to marry James Barton?"

"Did not father fix this day, and did not you consent?"

"I consented, but the groom be ready."

to me—the bridegroom will be here directly."

"He may be here, but not ready,



"I fancy," continued Amy, taking up a white veil and throwing it over her luxuriant tresses. "Shall I wear a white veil?"

"Incomprehensible girl!" said Jane, somewhat relieved by her manner; "I do not understand you, but I will endeavor to be easy in my mind."

At this moment, Rosa entered with a mysterious look on her face, while her companion came behind with the breakfast-things.

"What is it?" asked Amy Moss, who was truly incomprehensible to move or surprise her.

"A lady at the postern gate want to speak private to Miss Amy Moss," said the girl, her usual from the decided mystery of the case.

"Show her in, and say not a word to any one," replied Amy.

"Who can it be?" asked Jane, who began to be bewildered more and more every moment.

"A friend," said Amy, "whom I have been expecting for some days."

"Yes, Amy, who can it be?"

"Dear child, there shall be no mystery for you now—wait."

At this moment Rosa returned, in a lady, closely veiled, apartment, uncovered her face, but her face was careworn, pale and thin. She trembled violently, and sunk on a chair.

"I know it—I know it—I know that I may now live in peace. But it is not so much that, as—as—a—my husband!" said the trembling

"Strange mysterious tie!" cried Amy. "This man has tortured your body and soul, and yet you regret being the instrument of his punishment—'tis natural, after all."

"No. I do not regret—I only dread the moment. When once I am sure 'tis over I shall be happier. I hoped never to have seen him again. He is far more wicked than I could have believed him."

"Sister Amy!" cried Jane passionately; "explain to me what all this means, or I shall go mad!"

"This is my sister Jane—and listen, Jane, this is poor Mrs. Barton, whom he pretended dead!"

Jane raised her hands, pressed them on her forehead, and sunk into a chair.

"why, where, then, has she been?"

"In a dungeon under his house, where he believes her still—and to that house this monster would have taken me this night!" said Amy with a voice of horror.

"And how discovered you all this?" asked the bewildered Jane.

"I discovered it by a letter from our salvation."

"Ah!" cried Jane, turning pale and red by turns; "then they have not deserted us?"

"They have not," said Amy with a smile and a blush; "but come, let us have breakfast and arrange our plans."

The breakfast was laid before them. For some time the two sisters listened to the story of the married wife with deep interest. It was necessary to prepare for the events of the day.

"Jane," said Amy, "I have deeply, I have been married to my sister and"



"What mean you?" cried Jane, again bewildered.

"There will be a minister here, and 'twill be hard to make him come for nothing," added Amy in considerable confusion.

"But how is it possible?" exclaimed Jane.

"Reginald Morton will be here at twelve o'clock," continued Amy.

"Naughty Amy, why have you done this?"

"Because he wished it," said Amy solemnly; "he feared that if explanations were given to all, the just exposure and punishment of the guilty would not have been."

"When did you see him?" asked Jane, anxiously, yet timidly.

"He wrote to me, and he came here one night when you were asleep, and talked to me two hours at that window," said Amy, who was now more confused than her sister.

"Well, Amy, you have done for the best. Does Reginald come alone?"

"No, silly one; his brother comes with him, and if Amy Moss becomes the wife of Reginald, why not Jane of Walter?"

Jane hid her burning, blushing face on her sister's breast and sobbed aloud, while Mrs. James Barton, or Helen, as we may call her, looked on with a half-sad, half-gratified smile.

"Jane, dear," said Amy, caressing her, "if it grieves you I will say no more of it."

"It does not grieve me, sister, — that is, Walter —"

"But he will ask you, and that this very day. He never dared to ask you before, because he was a poor fellow; but now he is rich, and you. A pretty state of affairs, I am going to marry you your drawing-room."

A cry of surprise and indignation burst from Amy's lips.

Meanwhile, events were occurring in the Block, to which it is necessary to return. When the father and son received the message of the girls, intimating that they would breakfast in their own room, they went into the breakfast-room at once and sat down to their meal in somewhat solemn silence. They were both in a state of nervous excitement, fearing what they knew not what.

"Rash promises, my son," said the judge, earnestly, "are always sure to bring their own punishment."

"But, my dear sir," replied Charles, "as Amy is satisfied, what more can we ask?"

"Charles! Charles!" continued the judge, shaking his head, "there is a mystery about Amy I would gladly fathom. She raised no objection to this marriage, she consented to the day; and yet she scarce speaks to the squire when he is here, while he is constrained and forced in his manner, as if his heart were torn by some strange, 'tis wondrous strange!"

"I really can not make Amy out," said Charles, "last night she laughed at me, and this morning she said she had reflected, and the bridegroom came, she would be married to-day."

"Yes, she does say the bridegroom is here. She avoids his name."

"Father! whatever is to be, for weal or woe, will soon be decided; for here is Barton and poor Clara's father is here, and he will be bell violently."

The judge stifled a sigh and went out to meet his guests.

Barton was dressed with scrupulous care, and though evidently pale and agitated, looked handsome. He was in a state of excitement into which he was thrown by the circumstances of the day. He shook hands with the judge, and addressed him in low and humble tones, that



the father was quite touched. He also with Charles; the young man was naturally so.

"Welcome!" said the judge, heartily, to the grave and father of Clara; "'tis not often we see the face of a minister of God. My poor house is honored by your presence."

"My humble services are yours," replied the minister, gravely. "I am glad to see you, judge. You are a good man, William Moss: I am alone in the world."

"No," said a timid voice beside him, "no, grandpa!"

The minister of the gospel quivered all over as these words came to his ears, and, turning, beheld a beautiful boy looking up in his face—a boy to whom one of the ladies had whispered that that was his grandfather.

"Is it so?" exclaimed the minister, deeply affected. "Is this my Clara's child? Father of mercy, I thank Thee! There is, then, some of human interest yet left for me in this world."

And moving apart with the child, he left the others to their conversation, to give way to the judge.

There is a magic in the second look of a man for their children's sake.

For that, good as he was, was counterbalanced by the unutterable joy of having in the offspring of his beloved daughter.

There is no love so unutterably deep, so mysterious, so

adjourned to the breakfast-table, in general

crops, and the Indian war, beguiling the

Barton spoke in an undertone to the judge, expressed his deep

gratitude for the honor done him, protested his love for Amy, and his earnest wish to make her happy. He spoke with deep and sad feeling—his emotion was overwhelming.

"May you be happy!" cried the judge, "I hope you will deserve to be a tender plant. Be good to her."

"I will, as I hope for mercy myself," said the squire, with an earnestness quite startling.

At this moment the minister entered, leading the child by the hand. There was a pause, and a general silence, for all felt that the critical hour was arriving.

"Judge, I thank you! This is an unexpected blessing. I heard confused accounts of my child's death. I knew not the boy was saved. But no more of this—the time advances. This is a day of sober gladness; I will not interrupt it."

"Go, ask your mistress to come to the drawing-room," said the judge gravely.

The men rose, the judge leading the way to the drawing-room, which was fitted up with considerable taste and elegance. Flowers and white curtains had been used extensively, and the effect was very pleasing.

At the same instant that the judge entered the drawing-room, the minister entered the other. There was a moment of greeting, and then, had a thunder-bolt, none could have been more astounded.

"James Barton," said Amy Moss, time advancing close up to him; "you have come here to marry me this day."

"I have," replied he, rather surprised at her tone.

"And you would really go through the ceremony?" continued Amy.

"Why not?" asked Barton, while the judge stood still in silent amazement.



"Why not?" said a gentle voice near. "Why not? Am I not your wife, James Barton?"

"Helen!" roared he, his eyes starting from his head; "where came you from?"

"From the tomb, James Barton, where you buried me alive, to save this innocent girl."

All stood as if the ghosts of their ancestors were passing before them in solemn array. Never on or off the stage had a prepared effect. It was too bewildering, too incredible, too horrible for instantaneous belief. Too many sensations were crowded upon them in one instant of time.

The general accusations against Barton burst upon the minds of all, and Judge Moss appeared for a moment as if paralyzed.

"Then there is no need for my services?" said the minister, who alone of all present could find words, and who really wished to hurry away.

"Stay, my dear sir," replied Amy, with burning blushes; "the bridegroom has not come yet."

"Orr rite," said a strange voice; "Mr. Reginald and Mr. Walter Morton."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### CONCLUSION.

THE SCENE IN THAT room at that moment was one to which the eye could never return. On one side of the room, up against the wall, stood Barton—or rather leaned this man of crime and guilt—his eyeballs distended, his lips moving but not speaking, his face ghastly in its pallor, his hands held up to hide all the world, all life, all nature from his view.

At the other end of the room, Helen, poor victim, had fainted, and was supported by the sisters; while Kate, who with her father and the judge, had been to assist her.

The judge and Charles, with all the gentlemen invited to the party, stood silent, amazed, utterly unable to realize in one instant the awfully-dramatic scene which was taking place before them.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said the judge wildly.

"My dear sir," replied Reginald, taking his band, "it means that the squire has had all his crimes discovered at the same time; and that it has been done publicly, at the wish of Colonel Butler."

"Colonel Butler," muttered Barton, looking round for a weapon. He was unarmed.

At the same instant two powerful hands were laid upon him by two men, who had crept upon him, unawares—fellows who acted with a calmness quite dreadful.

"James Barton," said one of these men, "I arrest you for the wilful murder of Mr. Morton, fifteen years ago. Here is my warrant."

A shudder went through the whole room.

"Who dares," said Barton, "who dares accuse me of this foul and unnatural crime?"

"All your crimes are known," said one of the men, "you had best come along quietly."

"Take me away," he replied, closing his eyes. "I have the heart to shoot me?"

None answered, and he was carried out by the officers of justice, without another word or another struggle.

"Reginald," said the judge, shaking him earnestly by the hand, "I thank you; you have saved my child from worse than death."



"No, he has not, papa," replied Amy, leaving Helen who was now sensible.

"What mean you, my child?" continued the judge, who was more puzzled every minute.

"I never meant to marry James Barton; I said I would be married to-day, if the bridegroom was ready. And there he is!"

"My more than father," exclaimed Reginald, taking the hand of the beautiful girl, "the minister is here, to make Amy a bride: shall he not do so?"

"But, my dear children, this is very sudden. What do I see?" exclaimed the judge, as Walter and Jane also stood before him hand-in-hand.

"Scowl Hall will not be ready for a year," said Walter with a smile; "we do not wish to leave you."

"But will any one explain to me the mystery of this day?" replied the judge. "Was all this arranged beforehand?"

"My dear father," said Amy Moss, "I alone was in the secret. Castaloga—I mean Reginald—said it was necessary, and I obeyed his orders. Blame me—blame no one else."

"I blame no one," continued the judge; "but really it is very sudden."

"My dear friend," said the minister earnestly, "this is a day of rejoicing and gladness; your lambs have been saved from the wolf. Let me make them further happy. Marriage is God's holy ordinance."

"God bless you!" put in Harrod, who came in unobserved, leading his child by the hand.

The judge took his two girls on one side and spoke to them in affectionate and earnest tones. They replied to him in the same manner, and wept tears of love as they heard him.

Meanwhile, to the astonishment of all present, a further conversation of a very similar character was taking place in a corner.

"Mr. Carstone," said Charles,

timidly, "I have sincerely to congratulate you on having recovered your daughter."

"Who is, Mr. Charles, all that I could have hoped. Allow me to thank you for the part you have all taken in her release from the den of that villain!" replied the merchant earnestly.

"How do you like America?" continued Charles, with a blush.

"Very much," said Andrew Carstone, fixing his eyes keenly on him.

"I wish you could persuade papa never to leave it," said Kate with a smile.

"Mr. Carstone!" said Charles impetuously, "I love your daughter—I have had more than one opportunity of judging of her character and disposition. I have thought of her ever since our first meeting. Mr. Carstone, will you send for your wife and settle with us?—America can not afford to lose so fair a daughter."

"I have already written to my wife to sell all and come here," replied the merchant with a smile.

"Dear father!" exclaimed Kate.

"Do you accept the addresses of this young man?" continued the merchant, who remembered her dear mother at the same age.

"Yes!" said Kate faintly.

"Heaven bless you!" replied Charles, taking her unresisting hand.

"Mr. Moss!" exclaimed the merchant, dryly turning to the assembled company; "have you decided the fate of your two daughters?"

"I have, sir," said the judge quickly; "I am about to give two good girls to two of the best boys on earth."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Reginald, clasping his fair one's hand.

"Judge, I can't speak," said Walter. "I'm entirely cut up. This is happiness I never could have believed. How could I have expected such a wife?"

"I'm not your wife yet," said Jane maliciously.



Walter hung down his head, and said nothing.

"Well, then, judge," continued the merchant, "here is another knotty point to settle."

"Pray what is that, sir?" asked Mr. Moss, with a good-natured smile.

"Why, here's your son wants not to be behind your daughters; so he has inveigled me out of my Kate!"

"What!" exclaimed the judge, once more amazed and puzzled.

"Yes, dear father; it is not fair that Amy and Jane should marry, and leave me forlorn and alone," replied Charles, laughing.

"But you never saw this young lady before?" said the judge.

"Oh, yes, I have," said the young man, smiling, while the whole party, despite their own private matters of interest, listened attentively.

"My dear son," said the father, much moved, "this is a very strange day. It can not be said I am about to lose any of my children—but all are about to marry. I am quite overcome. All I can say is, God bless you all!"

The joy of the whole party now knew no bounds. Such a merry marriage-day had not been known for some time. All the painful incidents of the past were forgotten for a moment, and the minister, who had been conversing seriously with Harrod, turned and intimated that he was ready.

Suddenly Helen Barton was missed.

This is what had happened:

As soon as she had quite recovered, she slipped out of the room quite unobserved, and speaking with one of the negroes, found that Barton, handcuffed and otherwise secured, was in the Block House, while his captors refreshed themselves in the kitchen. Passing rapidly across the grounds, she in a moment more confronted the marshal's officer.

"I want to see my husband for ten minutes," she said, firmly.

One of the men raised his head; the others continued eating.

"You are Mrs. Barton?" he replied, respectfully.

"I am."

"Never refused a wife in my life; I guess I won't begin now," said the officer of justice, warmly, and he rose from his seat.

"Thank you," said Helen, simply.

The man took a key, and guided by a hint from Helen, took his round at the back of the Block until he turned the inner side of it, quite unperceived.

In another moment, Helen was inside the Block, locked in with her husband, who sat moodily on a chair.

"James!" said she, gently.

"What want you?" he replied, raising his manacled hands. "Do you come here to insult my misery?"

"No, James—I come here to comfort and console," replied Helen, warmly.

"Can this be true?" said that man of sin to himself: "then get me a file and help me to escape!"

"No, James; I can not do that. I would if I could. But this I will do—I will follow you wherever you go—I will nurse you in prison—I will try and ease your unhappy moments, and poor Christian that I am, endeavor to lead you to repentance."

"And why all this?" asked Barton, overwhelmed with remorse and astonishment.

"Because you are my husband. 'Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder.'"

"Helen!" exclaimed that man, starting up and then falling on his knees, "if I escape with my life, if I rid myself of chains, and fly to some distant spot where I can expiate my sins in obscurity, will you—can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, James—I will love you!" sobbed the devoted, still loving woman.

"And I have trodden this girl under foot. Go, Helen: I can not



“I will not leave you,” said Helen; and she sat down a little distance off.

There they found her; but no argument or reason would make her move; and about half an hour afterward she left the Moss in company with her husband.

Two nights afterward he escaped from prison, and both he and his wife disappeared.

Years after there came letters from Helen. She was happy. Barton was a quiet, hard-working farmer, who strove, by daily labor and industry, and the exercise of social duties, to expiate the crimes of his past.

And the others were married. First Charles, then Reginald, then Walter; and never did three couple appear better to merit their full cup of joy.

Reginald pulled down Scowl Hall, and erected a fine, open, clear mansion on its site. He called it Amy Hall, discarding forever the disagreeable epithet it had so long suffered under. He lived there, loved and respected by his friends and a numerous family, for all of whom he provided well out of his ample patrimony.

Walter built himself a house half way between the Moss and Amy Hall, where he spent much of his share of the paternal estate in pleasures, and continued, with his dear wife, those studies that had made them acquainted.

Charles and Mr. Andrew Car-

stone first began the extension of the Moss into a town, for they both built fine mansions close to it.

Mrs. Carstone — Fanny — came out, and rejoiced much when she pressed her daughter in her arms. Communication in those days was so slow, that before she came out there was another Fanny, whom she loved even more than her own lost one.

Judge Moss lived to a good old age, and saw his children and children's children growing up around him.

Harrod made another clearing, and devoted himself to making an inheritance for his son. He ceased to be an avenger; and though he frequently was called to the field, to punish the marauding savages, he took no scalps, nor left behind him *headless* corpses. But he ever remained a sad, silent man, finding his chief pleasure in training his boy to emulate the virtues of his dead mother, which the child did to an eminent degree; and when the deeds of the Silent Hunter had passed into tradition, the name of Harrod was one to command admiration and respect.

Corney Ragg stopped in America. He could not leave Mr. Carstone, and hearing his wife was dead, he married, and became a farmer, and not an unsuccessful one.

Hackett and Spiky Jonas both lived and disappeared somewhere out west, and were heard of no more.

No one was more happy than Amy, and, as she always called him, dear Custa.



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